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Shakespeare

THE

# PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH THE

CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:

COMPREHENDING

A Life of the Poet,

AND

AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

BY

THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.

*WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.*

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ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ
ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. *Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

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" Take pains the genuine meaning to explore;
" There sweat, there strain; tug the laborious oar;
" Search every comment that your care can find;
" Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind:
" When things appear unnatural and hard,
" Consult your author with himself compar'd."

ROSCOMMON.

C. Baldwin, Printer,
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# TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

# COMEDY OF ERRORS.

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS

# THE TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

# VERONA.

# THE TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

# VERONA.

# PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

SOME of the incidents in this play may be supposed to have been taken from The Arcadia, Book I. chap. vi. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots. (The Arcadia was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, August 23d, 1588.) The love-adventure of Julia resembles that of Viola in Twelfth Night, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels. STEEVENS.

Mrs. Lenox observes, and I think not improbably, that the story of Proteus and Julia might be taken from a similar one in the "Diana" of George of Montemayor.—"This pastoral romance," says she, "was translated from the Spanish, in Shakspeare's time." I have seen no earlier translation than that of Bartholomew Yong, who dates his dedication in November, 1598; and Meres, in his Wit's Treasury, printed the same year, expressly mentions the Two Gentlemen of Verona. Indeed, Montemayor was translated two or three years before, by one Thomas Wilson; but this work, I am persuaded, was never published *entirely;* perhaps some parts of it were, or the tale might have been translated by others. However, Mr. Steevens says, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old novelists. FARMER.

There is no earlier translation of the Diana entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, than that of B. Younge, Sept. 1598. Many translations, however, after they were licensed, were capriciously suppressed. Among others, "The Decameron of Mr. John Boccace, Florentine," was "recalled by my lord of Canterbury's commands." STEEVENS.

It is observable (I know not for what cause) that the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote. POPE.

It may very well be doubted whether Shakspeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished, as being of a different stamp from the rest. HANMER.

To this observation of Mr. Pope, which is very just, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakspeare's "worst plays, and is less corrupted than any other." Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, "that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere.

How otherwise," says he, "do painters distinguish copies from originals? and have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgement as a painter?" I am afraid this illustration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules somewhat resembling those by which critics know a translation, which, if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; so, if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent work by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life; but it abounds in γνωμαι beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages, which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription. JOHNSON.

That it ever should have been a question whether this comedy were the genuine and entire composition of Shakspeare, appears to me very extraordinary. The notions of Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Upton on this subject, which have been above stated, in my opinion only show their want of taste and critical skill, and their deficiency of information respecting the history of Shakspeare and the chronological order of his dramas. They never

seem to have considered whether the Two Gentlemen of Verona were his first or one of his latest pieces; and it might, for aught which they appear to have known, have belonged, like The Tempest, to the latter class, notwithstanding its having so forward a place in the first authentic edition of his plays. But reasons have been already assigned, to show that it was the earliest, or at least one of the earliest, of his dramatick compositions; and therefore it is not to be weighed against that late most beautiful and highly-wrought comedy, which in the volume published by the players is preposterously placed before it.

Is no allowance to be made for the first flights of a young poet? nothing for the imitation of a preceding celebrated dramatist, which in some of the lower dialogues of this comedy (and these only) may, I think, be traced? But even these, as well as the other parts of this play, are as perfectly Shakspearian (I do not say as finished or as beautiful) as any of his other pieces; and the same judgment must, I conceive, be pronounced concerning the Comedy of Errors and Love's Labour Lost, by every person who is intimately acquainted with his manner of thinking and writing.

Mr. Pope has expressed his surprise, that "the style of this comedy is less figurative and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of this author's, THOUGH supposed to be one of the first he wrote." But I conceive it is natural and unaffected, and less figurative, than some of his subsequent productions, in consequence of the very circumstance which has been mentioned—because it was a youthful performance. Though many young poets of ordinary talents are led by false taste to adopt inflated and figurative language, why should we suppose that such should have been the course pursued by this master genius? The figurative style of Othello, Lear, and Macbeth, written when he was an established and long-practised dramatist, may be ascribed to the additional knowledge of men and things, which he had acquired during a period of fifteen years; in consequence of which, his mind teemed with images and illustrations, and thoughts crowded so fast upon him, that the construction in these, and some other of his plays of a still later period, is much more difficult and involved than in the productions of his youth, which in general are distinguished by their ease and perspicuity; and this simplicity and unaffected elegance, and not its want of success, were, I conceive, the cause of its being less corrupted than some others. Its perspicuity rendered any attempt at alteration unnecessary. Who knows that it was not successful? For my own part, I have no doubt that it met with the highest applause. Nor is this mere conjecture; for we know from the testimony of a contemporary well acquainted with the stage, whose eulogy on our author I have already produced, that he was very early distinguished for his comick talents, and that before the end of the year 1592, he had

excited the jealousy of one of the most celebrated dramatick poets of that time.

In a note on the first scene of this comedy, Mr. Pope has particularly objected to the low and trifling conceits which he says are found there and in various other parts of the play before us: but this censure is pronounced without sufficient discrimination, or a due attention to the period when it was produced. Every composition must be examined with a constant reference to the opinions that prevailed when the piece under consideration was written; and if the present comedy be viewed in that light, it will be found that the conceits here objected to were not denominated by any person of Shakspeare's age low and trifling, but were very generally admired, and were considered pure and genuine wit. Nothing can prove the truth of this statement more decisively than a circumstance which I have had occasion to mention elsewhere,—that Sir John Harrington was commonly called by Queen Elizabeth her WITTY godson, and was very generally admired in his own time for the liveliness of his talents and the playfulness of his humour; yet when we examine his writings*, we find no other proof of his wit than those very conceits which have been censured in some of our author's comedies as mean, low, and trifling. It is clear therefore that the notions of our ancestors on this subject were very different from ours; what we condemn, they highly admired; and what we denominate true wit, they certainly would not have relished, and perhaps would scarcely have understood.

Mr. Pope should also have recollected, that in Shakspeare's time, and long before, it was customary in almost every play to introduce a jester, who, with no great propriety, was denominated a CLOWN; whose merriment made a principal part of the entertainment of the lower ranks, and, I believe, of a large portion of the higher orders also. When no clown or jester was intro-

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* See particularly his "Supplie" [or Supplement] to Godwin's Account of the English Bishops; which abounds in almost every page with such conceits as we are now speaking of. The titles of some of our poet's comedies, which appear to have been written by the booksellers for whom they were printed, may also be cited for the same purpose; thus we have "A pleasant *conceited* comedy called Love's Labour's Lost," &c. 1598; that is, a comedy full of pleasant *conceits*. The bookseller doubtless well knew the publick taste, and added this title as more likely to attract purchasers than any other he could devise. See also "A most pleasant and excellent *conceited* comedy of Syr John Falstaffe," &c. 1602, i. e. a comedy full of excellent *conceits*.

duced in a comedy, the servants of the principal personages sustained his part; and the dialogue attributed to them was written with a particular view to supply that deficiency, and to amuse the audience by the promptness of their pleasantry and the liveliness of their conceits. Such is the province assigned to those characters in Lilly's comedies, which were performed with great success and admiration for several years before Shakspeare's time; and such are some of the lower characters in this drama, the Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, and some others. On what ground therefore is our poet to be condemned for adopting a mode of writing universally admired by his contemporaries, and for not foreseeing that in a century after his death, these dialogues which set the audience in a roar, would by more fastidious criticks be denominated low quibbles and trifling conceits * ?

With respect to his neglect of geography in this and some other plays, it cannot be defended by attributing his errour in this instance to his youth; for one of his latest productions is liable to the same objection. The truth, I believe, is, that as he neglected to observe the rules of the drama with respect to the unities, though before he began to write they had been enforced by Sidney in a treatise which doubtless he had read; so he seems to have thought that the whole terraqueous globe was at his command; and as he brought in a child in the beginning of a play, who in the fourth act appears as a woman, so he seems to have wholly set geography at defiance, and to have considered countries as inland or maritime just as it suited his fancy or convenience.

With the qualifications and allowances which these considerations demand, the present comedy, viewed as a first production, may surely be pronounced a very elegant and extraordinary performance.

Having already given the reasons why I suppose this to have been our author's first play, it is only necessary to say here, that I believe it to have been written in 1591. See the Essay on the Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays. MALONE.

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* See this topick further discussed, in the preliminary observations to the Comedy of Errors.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen of Verona.
PROTEUS[1], }
ANTONIO, father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia, in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, servant to Proteus.
PANTHINO[2], servant to Antonio.
HOST, where Julia lodges in Milan.
OUT-LAWS.

JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.
SILVIA, the Duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine.
LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

*SCENE*, sometimes in VERONA; sometimes in MILAN; and on the frontiers of MANTUA.

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[1] PROTEUS,] The old copy has—Prot*h*eus; but this is merely the antiquated mode of spelling *Proteus*. See the Princely Pleasures at Kenelworth Castle, by G. Gascoigne, 1587, where "Prot*h*eus appeared, sitting on a dolphyns back." Again, in one of Barclay's Eclogues:

"Like as *Protheus* oft chaungeth his stature."

Shakspeare's character was so called, from his disposition to change. STEEVENS.

[2] PANTHINO.] In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Antonio is called *Panthion*, but in the play, always *Panthino*. STEEVENS.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München



# THE TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

# VERONA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### An open place in Verona.

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

*Val.* Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus[3];
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits[4]:

[3] PROTEUS.] Mr. Steevens has justly observed that *Protheus*, which is found in the old copy throughout this play, is merely the old spelling of Proteus, a circumstance which escaped him and all other editors till the year 1793. Thus in "the True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke," 1595, on which Shakspeare formed the Third Part of King Henry VI.:

"And for a need change shapes with *Protheus*."

Again in Greene's Philomela:

"Nature foreseeing how men would devise
"More wiles than *Protheus*, women to entise."

Our ancestors seem to have been fond of introducing the letter *h* into proper names to which it does not belong; and hence, even to this day, our common christian name *Antony* is written improperly *Anthony*. Even scholars shewed the same disregard to propriety in this respect as the unlearned. Thus Sir John Davys, in his fine Eulogy on the English law, prefixed to his Reports, folio 1615:—"a greater combustion than that which happened when the chariot of the Sun did want a guide but half a day, as is lively expressed in the fable of *Phaethon*."

So also Sackville in the Mirrour for Magistrates:

"And *Phaethon* now near reaching to his race."

Tubervile in his Tragical Tales, 1567, has *Thunis* for *Tunis*.

Lydgate, in like manner, has *Thelephus* and *Anthenor*; and in an old translation of the Gesta Romanorum, printed about 1580, we find in p. 1, *Athalanta* for *Atalanta*. MALONE.

[4] HOME-KEEPING youth have ever HOMELY wits:] Milton

Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness [5].
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

*Pro.* Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success.

*Pro.* Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont [6].

has the same play on words, in his Masque at Ludlow Castle:

" It is for *homely* features to *keep home*,
" They had their name thence." Steevens.

5 —— SHAPELESS IDLENESS.] The expression is fine, as implying that *idleness* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. Warburton.

6 ——— some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.] The poem of Musæus, entitled Hero and Leander, is meant. Marlowe's translation, or rather imitation, of this piece was entered on the Stationers' books, Sept. 18, 1593; but it did not appear till 1598, when the first two Sestiads, which were all that Marlowe had finished, were published by Edward Blount, for whom, in conjunction with Isaac Jaggard, our author's plays were afterwards printed. The remainder of this poem was added by Chapman, in 1600. Marlowe's production was extremely popular, and deservedly so, many of his lines being as smooth as those of Dryden. Our author has quoted one of them in As You Like It. He had probably read this poem in manuscript recently before he wrote the present play; for he again alludes to it in the third act:

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
*Val.* 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.
*Pro.* Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots[7].
*Val.* No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
*Pro.* What?
*Val.* To be in love where scorn is bought with groans;

"Why then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
"Would serve to scale another *Hero's* tower,
"So bold *Leander* would adventure it." Malone.

[7] — nay, give me not the BOOTS.] A proverbial expression, though now disused, signifying, don't make a laughing stock of me; don't play upon me. The French have a phrase, *Bailler foin en corne;* which Cotgrave thus interprets, *To give one the boots;* to sell him a bargain. Theobald.

Perhaps this expression took its origin from a sport the country-people in Warwickshire use at their harvest-home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanors committed in harvest, and the punishment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and slapped on the breech with a pair of *boots.* This they call *giving them the boots.* I met with the same expression in the old comedy called Mother Bombie, by Lyly:

"What do you *give mee the boots?*"

Again, in The Weakest goes to the Wall, a comedy, 1618:

"—— Nor your fat bacon can carry it away, if you *offer us the boots.*"

The *boots,* however, were an ancient engine of torture. In MS. Harl. 6999—48, Mr. T. Randolph writes to Lord Hunsdon, &c. and mentions in the P. S. to his letter, that George Flecke *had* yesterday night *the boots,* and is said to have confessed that the E. of Morton was privy to the poisoning the E. of Athol, 16 March, 1580: and in another letter, March 18, 1580: "—that the Laird of Whittingham *had the boots,* but without torment confess'd," &c. Steevens.

The *boot* was an instrument of torture used only in Scotland. Bishop Burnet in The History of his own Times, Vol. I. 332, edit. 1754, mentions one Maccael, a preacher, who, being suspected of treasonable practices, underwent the punishment so late as 1666: "—He was put to the torture, which, in Scotland, they call the *boots;* for they put a pair of iron boots close on the leg, and drive wedges between these and the leg. The common

Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished [8].

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

*Val.* So, by your circumstance [9], I fear you'll prove.

*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

*Pro.* Yet writers say; as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells [1]; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say; as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even so by Love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

torture was only to drive these in the calf of the leg: but I have been told they were sometimes driven upon the shin bone." Reed.

[8] However, but a FOLLY, &c.] This love will end in a *foolish action*, to produce which you are long to spend your *wit*, or it will end in the loss of your *wit*, which will be overpowered by the folly of love. Johnson.

[9] So by your CIRCUMSTANCE.] *Circumstance* is used equivocally. It here means, conduct; in the preceding line, circumstantial deduction. Malone.

[1] ——— As in the SWEETEST BUD
The eating CANKER dwells,] So, in our author's 70th Sonnet: "For *canker* vice the *sweetest buds* doth love." Malone.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
*Val.* Sweet Proteus no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan, let me hear from thee by letters[2],
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
*Val.* As much to you at home! and so, farewell!
[*Exit* Valentine.
*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself[3], my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit[4] with musing weak, heart sick with thought[5].

[2] To Milan, let me hear from thee by letters.] Thus the only authentick edition, for which the modern editors following the second folio of 1632, have substituted—*At* Milan, &c. But there is no occasion for departing from the original copy. The construction is—Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan, i. e. directed or addressed to Milan. In Act. IV. Sc. I.:

" ——— you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise *to* the Porcupine."

i. e. to meet me *at* the Porcupine.

[3] I LEAVE myself, my friends, and all for love.] The old copy has—I *love* myself. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. In Antony and Cleopatra, Act. V. Sc. I., we have in the old copy—For Cæsar cannot *leave* to be ungentle—for *live* to be ungentle. Malone.

[4] MADE wit with musing weak,] The construction is—Thou hast made me neglect—thou hast made wit with musing weak. Malone.

[5] This whole scene, like many others in these plays (some of which, I believe, were written by Shakspeare, and others interpolated by the players,) is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placerent*. I wish I had authority to leave them out; but I have done all I could, set a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. Pope.

That this, like many other scenes, is mean and vulgar, will be universally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players,

*Enter* SPEED.

*SPEED.* Sir Proteus, save you: saw you my master?
*PRO.* But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.
*SPEED.* Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep[6], in losing him.
*PRO.* Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An* if the shepherd be awhile away.
*SPEED.* You conclude, that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep[7]?
*PRO.* I do.
*SPEED.* Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.
*PRO.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
*SPEED.* This proves me still a sheep.
*PRO.* True; and thy master a shepherd.
*SPEED.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
*PRO.* It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.
*SPEED.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not

* First folio, *And*.

seems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticism. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope, when he published his edition of these plays, was, I believe, very little acquainted with the ancient dramatick writers that immediately preceded Shakspeare. In his earliest plays something of their manner may be traced. The notion that this and other scenes were interpolated, is so wild and capricious, as not to deserve a moment's consideration. MALONE.

[6] And I have play'd the SHEEP—] The jest, such as it is, may escape the reader, unless he recollect that in Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Hertfordshire, and probably in some other counties, a sheep is pronounced a *ship*. The two words seem, in consequence of this communication, to have been used indiscriminately, and confounded. Thus in Playford's "Dancing-Master," 10th edition, 1698, in the table we have as the name of a dance, "Three *sheep* skins," p. 215; and in the page referred to we find "Three *ship* skins." MALONE.

[7] And I A sheep.] The article which is wanting in the only authentick copy, 1623, was added in the second folio. MALONE.

the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry baa.

*Pro.* But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

*Speed.* Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton [8]; and she, a laced

[8] I, a LOST MUTTON, gave your letter to her, a LACED MUTTON;] Speed calls himself a *lost mutton*, because he had lost his master, and because Proteus had been proving him a *sheep*. But why does he call the lady a *laced mutton?* Wenchers are to this day called *mutton-mongers;* and consequently the object of their passion must, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. And Cotgrave, in his English French Dictionary, explains *laced mutton*, *Une garse*, *putain*, *fille de joye*. And Mr. Motteux has rendered this passage of Rabelais, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Cailles coiphees mignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coated quails and* laced mutton *waggishly singing*. So that *laced mutton* has been a sort of standard phrase for *girls of pleasure*. THEOBALD.

Nash, in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1595, speaking of Gabriel Harvey's incontinence, says, "he would not stick to extoll rotten *lac'd mutton*." So, in the comedy of The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft, 1610:

"Why here's good *lac'd mutton*, as I promis'd you."

Again, in Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra, 1578:

"And I smelt he lov'd *lac'd mutton* well."

Again, Heywood, in his Love's Mistress, 1636, speaking of Cupid, says, he is the "Hero of hie-hoes, admiral of ay-mes, and monsieur of *mutton lac'd*." STEEVENS.

A *laced mutton* was in our author's time so established a term for a courtezan, that a street in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was then called *Mutton-lane*. It seems to have been a phrase of the same kind as the French expression—*caille coifée*, and might be rendered in that language, *mouton en corset*. This appellation appears to have been as old as the time of king Henry III. "Item sequitur gravis pœna corporalis, sed sine amissione vitæ vel membrorum, si raptus fit de *concubinâ* legitimâ, vel *aliâ quæstum faciente*, sine delectu per-

mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray[9]; 'twere best pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

*Pro.* But what said she? did she nod[1]?

*Speed.* I. [*Speed nods.*

*Pro.* Nod, I? why that's noddy[2].

sonarum: has quidem *oves* debet rex tueri pro pace suâ." Bracton de Legibus, lib. ii. Malone.

9 Nay, in that you are astray, &c.] For the reason Proteus gives, Dr. Thirlby advises that we should read—*a stray*, i. e. a stray sheep, which continues Proteus's banter upon Speed. Theobald.

1 —did she nod?] These words have been supplied by some of the editors, to introduce what follows. Steevens.

They were supplied by Mr. Theobald. In Speed's answer the old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained; otherwise the conceit of Proteus (such as it is) would be unintelligible. Malone.

2 —that's noddy.] *Noddy* was a game at cards. This play upon syllables is hardly worth explaining. The speakers intend to fix the name of *noddy*, that is, *fool*, on each other. So in the second part of Pasquil's Mad Cappe, Sig. E.: "If such a *noddy* be not thought a fool."

Again in Wit's Private Wealth, 1612, if you see a trull scarce, give her a *nod*, but follow her not, lest you prove a *noddy*. Reed.

There can be no doubt concerning the meaning of *noddy*, as used in the text; the game at cards throws no light whatsoever on the present passage. Malone.

*Speed.* You mistook, sir; I say she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say I.

*Pro.* And that set together, is noddy.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

*Pro.* No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

*Pro.* Well sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

*Speed.* Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind [3]. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

[3] —in telling YOUR mind.] The editor of the second folio, not understanding this, altered *your* to *her*, which has been followed in all the subsequent editions. The old copy is certainly right. The meaning is,—She being so hard to me who was the *bearer* of your mind, I fear she will prove no less so to you in the act of *telling* your mind, i. e. when you address her *in person*.

*Pro.* What, said she nothing?

*Speed.* No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me [4]; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard [5],
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*

The opposition is between *brought* and *telling*. Though Mr. Steevens had before him this easy and clear explanation of the words found in the only authentick copy of this play, he adhered to the sophisticated reading of the second folio, the words which are above explained being "to him unintelligible."

Malone.

[4] —you have testern'd me;] You have gratified me with a *tester*, *testern*, or *testen*, that is, with a sixpence. Johnson.

The old reading is—*cestern'd*. Steevens.

This typographical error was corrected by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

Mr. H. White, in Mr. Steevens's edition of 1803, quotes a passage from one of Latimer's sermons [preached at Stamford in 1750] to show that a *tester* was in Latimer's time of the value of tenpence: the truth is, that it had a different value at different times. See Fleetwood's Chronicon Pretiosum, p. 32. "*Testens*, or as we now commonly call them, *testers*, from a head that was upon them, were coined (as is before said) 36 Hen. VIII. [1542]. Sir H. Spelman says they were French coin of the value of 18d.; and he does not know but they might have gone for as much in England: he says it was brass, and covered over with silver; and in Henry the Eighth's days, for 12d.; but 1 Edw. VI. [1547], it was brought down to 9d. and then to 6d. (which still retains the name)." Malone.

[5] Which cannot perish, &c.] The same proverb has been already alluded to in the first and last scenes of The Tempest.

Reed.

## SCENE II.

### The Same. The Garden of JULIA's House.

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*JUL.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?
*LUC.* Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
*JUL.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
*LUC.* Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
*JUL.* What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
*LUC.* As our knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine[6].
*JUL.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
*LUC.* Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so
*JUL.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
*LUC.* Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
*JUL.* How now, what means this passion at his name?
*LUC.* Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus[7] on lovely gentlemen.

[6] —he SIR EGLAMOUR never should be mine.] Perhaps *Sir Eglamour* was once the common cant term for an insignificant inamorato. So, in Decker's Satiromastix:

"Adieu, *Sir Eglamour;* adieu lute-string, curtain-rod, goose-quill," &c. *Sir Eglamour of Artoys* indeed is the hero of an ancient metrical romance, "Imprinted at London, in Foster-lane, at the sygne of the Harteshorne, by John Walley," bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

[7] Should CENSURE thus—] To *censure*, in our author's time,

*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
*Luc.* Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
*Jul.* Your reason?
*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
*Jul.* And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
*Jul.* Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.
*Luc.* Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.
*Luc.* Fire that's closest kept, burns most of all [8].
*Jul.* They do not love, that do not show their love.
*Luc.* O, they love least, that let men know their love.
*Jul.* I would, I knew his mind.
*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam.
*Jul.* *To Julia,*—
Say, from whom?
*Luc.* That the contents will show.
*Jul.* Say, say; who gave it thee?
*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,

generally signified to give one's judgment or opinion. So, in The Winter's Tale, Act II. Sc. I.:

" ———How blest am I
" In my just *censure?* in my true opinion?"

See the note there. Malone.

[8] Fire that's closest kept, burns most of all.] The second and third words in this line are thus abbreviated in the only authentick copy of this play; and hence it appears that *fire* is here, as in many other places in these plays, used as a dissyllable. So, in the "Letting of Humour's Blood," 8vo. 1600:

" O rare compòund, a dying horse to choke,
" Of English *fyer* and of Indie smoke."

If it should be urged, that "*Fire* that is closest" is a smoother line, I answer that we are not to re-write our author's plays. Malone.

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker[9]!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
*Jul.* Will you * be gone?
*Luc.* That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
*Jul.* And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that[1]
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!

* First folio, *ye*.

[9] — a goodly BROKER!] A *broker* was used for matchmaker, sometimes for a procuress. JOHNSON.

So, in Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1599:

"And flie (o flie) these bed-*brokers* unclean,
"The monsters of our sex," &c. STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in "Look to 't, for I'le stab ye," a collection of satirical verses by S. R. i. e. Samuel Rowlands, 8vo. 1604:

"You scurvie fellow in the *broker's* suite
"A sattin doublet fac'd with greace and ale,
"That of the art of bawdry can'st dispute,
* * * * * *
"Thou that within thy table hast set down
"The names of all the squirrils in the towne," &c.
MALONE.

[1] — say No, to that, &c.] A paraphrase on the old proverb, "Maids say *nay*, and take it." STEEVENS.

How angerly[2] I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter* LUCETTA.

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?
*Jul.* Is it * dinner-time?
*Luc.* I would, it were;
That you might kill your stomach[3] on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
*Jul.* What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?
*Luc.* Nothing.
*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop then?
*Luc.* To take a paper up that I let fall.
*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?
*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.
*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.
*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
*Jul.* As little by such toys[4] as may be possible:

* First folio, *Is't*.

[2] How ANGERLY—] Thus the old copy; and such was the usage of that time; not *angrily*, as several of the modern editions have exhibited the word. So, in Macbeth:
"Why how now, Hecate? thou look'st *angerly*." MALONE.

[3] — stomach—] Was used for *passion* or *obstinacy*. JOHNSON.

[4] As little BY such toys—] *Set* is here used equivocally, in the preceding speech, in the sense in which it is used by musicians; and in the present line with the addition of the preposition *by*, in a quite different sense. To set *by* in old language signifies to make account of. So, in the First Book of Samuel, xviii. 30: "David behaved himself more wisely than all, so that he was much set *by*." MALONE.

Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*[5].

*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.

*Jul.* Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

*Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

*Jul.* And why not you?

*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.

*Jul.* Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

*Jul.* You do not?

*Luc.* No, madam; tis too sharp.

*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.

*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant[6]:
There wanteth but a mean[7] to fill your song.

*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly base[8].

*Luc.* Indeed I bid the base for Proteus[9].

5 — Light o' love.] This tune is given in a note on Much Ado About Nothing, Act III. Sc. IV. STEEVENS.

6 And mar the concord with too harsh a DESCANT:] *Descant* signified formerly what we now denominate *variations*. So in some ancient poem of which I have neglected to preserve the title:

"O what a world of *descant* makes my soul
"Upon the voluntary *ground* of love!" MALONE.

7 There wanteth but a MEAN—] The *mean* is the tenor in musick. So, in the Interlude of Marie Magdalen's Repentance, 1569:

"Utilitie can sing the base full cleane,
"And noble honour shall sing the *meane*." STEEVENS.

8 — with YOUR unruly base.] The only authentick copy of 1623 has, by a mistake of the press, of *you* unruly base. This typographical errour was corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

9 Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.] The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress employed) from the *base* in *musick* to a country exercise, *bid the base:* in which some pursue, and others are made prisoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by this, to say, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Proteus's passion. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is not quite accurate. The game was not called *bid* the base, but *the base*. To *bid the base* means here, I believe, "to challenge to an encounter." So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

*Jul.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me. Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*

"To *bid* the wind a *base* he now prepares,
"And wh'er he run, or fly, they knew not whether."

Again, in Hall's Chronicle, fol. 98. b: "The Queen marched from York to Wakefield, and *bade base* to the Duke even before his castle."

Again, in a letter from Lord Henry Howard to James King of Scotland, Cecil's Correspondence, p. 41, 8vo. 1766:—"It were a vain part for him to contend alone, or to *bid base* foolishly."

Mr. Todd, in a note on Spencer's Pastoral for September, p. 162, contends that Dr. Warburton is right, and that the game was called "*to bid the base;*" which he infers from the following lines of that poet:

"Whylome thou wont the shepheard's handes to lead
"In rimes, in riddles, and in *bidding base.*"

But, not to insist that the quotation by no means proves what it is supposed to prove, the following instances will decisively shew that the game was called *the base*, or *prison base*, or *prison bars*. The first is found in Cymbeline:

"——— lads more like to run
"The country *base*, than to commit such slaughter."

Again, in Annalia Dubrensia, 4to. 1636, Signat. C. 4:

"Yet was no better than our *prison base.*"

Again, in The Silke Wormes and their Flies, 4to. 1599:

"All flies were made ere wormes beganne to peepe,
"Both they which all day long at *base* do play."

Again, in the Letting of Humours in the Head-vaine, 8vo. 1600:

"To drinke half pots, or deale at the whole canne;—
"To play at *base* or pen and ynkehorne Sir Jhan."

To the same purpose the celebrated Doctor Caius, or Key, in his Treatise "On the Sweat," printed by Berthollet, 1552, affords another example: "Tossing the windee balle, skirmish at *base*, an exercise for a gentleman, much used among the Italians."

On the passage in Cymbeline, Act IV. Sc. II. (above quoted), Mr. Steevens has produced four other instances of the same phraseology: there can therefore, I conceive, be no doubt entertained that the game was called *the base*, or *prison base*, or *prison bars*, and not "*bidding the base*" or "*to bid the base.*"

In further confirmation of what has been here stated, I may add that Coles in his Dictionary, 1679, has *prison base*, "a play, *diffugium;*" and "to *bid* battle" he renders by "hostem provocare."

In Ireland this game is called *prison bars*. I have often played at it, when a school-boy. Malone.

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
*Luc.* She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps; to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—*kind Julia;*—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus:*—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee[1], till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down[2]:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
*Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,*
*To the sweet Julia;*—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:

Mr. Malone's explanation of the verb—*bid*, is unquestionably just. So, in one of the parts of K. Henry VI.:

"Of force enough to *bid* his brother battle." Steevens.

[1] —my BOSOM, as a BED, shall lodge thee,] So, in Venus and Adonis:

"Here was thy father's *bed*, here in my breast." Malone.

[2] —written DOWN:] To "write *down*," is still a provincial expression for—to *write*. Henley.

Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter* LUCETTA.

*Luc.* Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
*Jul.* Well, let us go.
*Luc.* What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take them up.
*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold[3].
*Jul.* I see, you have a month's mind to them[4].

3 Yet here they shall not lie FOR catching cold.] i. e. lest they should catch cold.

So, in an ancient "Dialogue both pleasaunte and profitable," by Willyam Bulleyn, 1564:

"My horse starteth, and had like to have unsaddled me; let me sit faster, *for falling*."

Again, in Plutarch's Life of Antony, translated by Sir Thomas North: "So he was let in, and brought to her muffled as he was, *for being known*," i. e. for fear of being known.

Again, in Peele's K. Edward I. 1503:

"Hold up your torches *for* dripping."

Again, in Love's Pilgrimage:

"Stir my horse, *for* catching cold."

Again, in Barnabie Riche's "Soldiers Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill," 1604, p. 64: "Such other ill-disposed persons, being once press'd, must be kept with continual guard, &c. *for* running away." STEEVENS.

4 I see you have a MONTH'S MIND to them.] A *month's mind* was an *anniversary* in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a less solemnity directed by the will of the deceased. There was also a *year's mind*, and a *week's mind*. See *Proverbial Phrases*.

This appears from the interrogatories and observations against the clergy, in the year 1552, Inter. 7: "Whether there are *any month's minds* and *anniversaries?*" Strype's Memorials of the Reformation, vol. vii. p. 354.

"Was the *month's mind* of Sir William Laxton, who died the last month, (July 1556,) his hearse burning with wax, and the morrow mass celebrated, and a sermon preached," &c. Strype's Mem. vol. iii. p. 305. GREY.

*A month's mind*, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or

*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see; I see things too, although you judge I wink.

*Jul.* Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in Antonio's House.

*Enter Antonio and Panthino.*

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk[5] was that, wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

inclination, but remembrance; yet I suppose this is the true original of the expression. Johnson.

In Hampshire, and other western counties, for "I can't *remember* it," they say, "I can't *mind* it." Blackstone.

Puttenham, in his Art of Poetry, 1589, chap. 24, speaking of *Poetical Lamentations*, says, they were chiefly used "at the burials of the dead, also at *month's minds*, and longer times:" and in the churchwarden's accompts of St. Helen's in Abingdon, Berkshire, 1558, these *month's minds*, and the expences attending them, are frequently mentioned. Instead of *month's minds*, they are sometimes called *month's monuments*, and in the Injunctions of K. Edward VI. *memories*, Injunct. 21. By *memories*, says Fuller, we understand the *Obsequia for the dead*, which some say succeeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*.

If this line was designed for a verse, we should read—mon*thes* mind. So, in A Midsummer Night's Dream:

"Swifter than the moone*s* sphere."

Both these are the Saxon genitive case. Steevens.

The old copy reads—"*month's*, not *monthes*," which shew what was intended. Why should we suppose that the line was meant for a verse? Our author throughout these plays frequently intermixes prose with his verse; though Mr. Steevens has laboured, by the aid of interpolation and omission, to efface all vestiges of this practice. Malone.

[5] — what sad talk—] *Sad* is the same as *grave* or *serious*. Johnson.

So, in The Wise Woman of Hogsden, 1638:

"Marry, sir knight, I saw them in *sad* talk,
"But to say they were directly whispering," &c.

Again, in Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra, 1578:

"The king feigneth to talk *sadly* with some of his counsel."

Steevens.

*Pant.* 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
*Ant.* Why, what of him?
*Pant.* He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation[6],
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away[7];
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to impórtune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age[8],
In having known no travel in his youth.
*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:

[6] —— OF slender reputation,] i. e. who are thought slightly of, are of little consequence. STEEVENS.

[7] Some, to discover islands far away;] In Shakspeare's time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families in England, went very frequently on these adventures. Such as the Fortescues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickerings, Littletons, Willoughbys, Chesters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing fashion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. WARBURTON.

[8] — great IMPEACHMENT to his age,] *Impeachment* in this passage means reproach or imputation. So Demetrius says to Helena in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"You do *impeach* your modesty too much,
"To leave the city, and commit yourself,
"Into the hands of one that loves you not." M. MASON.

Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

*Pant.* I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court[9].

*Ant.* I know it well.

*Pant.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

*Pant.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

*Ant.* Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time[1],—now will we break with him[2].

9 Attends the emperor in his royal court.] Shakspeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction, by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removeable at their pleasure. Such was the Duke of Milan mentioned in this play. Mr. Monck Mason adds, that "during the wars in Italy between Francis I. and Charles V. the latter frequently resided at Milan." Steevens.

1 —IN GOOD TIME,] *In good time* was the old expression

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*PRO.* Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

*ANT.* How now? what letter are you reading there?

*PRO.* May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

*ANT.* Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

*PRO.* There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

*ANT.* And how stand you affected to his wish?

*PRO.* As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

*ANT.* My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition [3] thou shalt have from me.

when something happened which suited the thing in hand, as the French say, *à propos*. JOHNSON.

So, in King Richard III.:

"And in *good time* here comes the sweating lord."

STEEVENS.

[2] — now will we BREAK with him.] That is, *break* the matter to him. The same phrase occurs in Much Ado About Nothing, Act I. Sc. I. M. MASON.

[3] — EXHIBITION—] i. e. allowance.

So, in Othello:

"Due reference of place and *exhibition*."

To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* Antonio *and* Panthino.

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth [4]
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Again, in The Devil's Law Case, 1623:
"—— in his riot does far exceed the *exhibition* I allowed him."
Steevens.

The term is still in use at Oxford. Boswell.

[4] O, how this spring of love *resembleth*.] It was not always the custom among our early writers to make the first and third lines rhime to each other; and when a word was not long enough to complete the measure, they occasionally extended it. Thus Spenser, in his Faery Queen, B. II. c. 12:

"Formerly grounded, and fast *setteled*."

Again, B. II. c. 12:

"The while sweet Zephirus loud *whisteled*, &c."

From this practice, I suppose our author wrote *resembeleth*, which, though it affords no jingle, completes the verse. Many poems have been written in this measure, where the second and fourth lines only rhime. Steevens.

*Resembleth* is here used as a quadrisyllable, as if it was written *resembeleth*. See Com. of Errors, Act V. Sc. the last:

"And these two Dromios, one in *semblance*."

So, in As You Like It, Act II. Sc. II.:

"The parts and graces of the *wrestler*."

*Re-enter* PANTHINO.

*PANT.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

*PRO.* Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Milan. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

*SPEED.* Sir, your glove.

*VAL.* Not mine; my gloves are on.

*SPEED.* Why then this may be yours, for this is but one[5].

And it should be observed, that Shakspeare takes the same liberty with many other words, in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant. See Com. of Errors, next verse but one to that cited above:

"These are the parents to these *children*."

Where some editors, being unnecessarily alarmed for the metre, have endeavoured to help it by a word of their own:

"These *plainly* are the parents to these children." TYRWHITT.

See the notes at the end of this play. BOSWELL.

5 *Val.* Not mine, my gloves are ON.

*Speed.* Why then, this may be yours; for this is but ONE.] It should seem from this passage, that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*. The quibble here is lost by the change of pronunciation; a loss, however, which may be very patiently endured. In Shakspeare's time, probably in consequence of this similar pronunciation, the two words are frequently confounded. In some manuscript letters of Lord Burghley's, about the year 1585, he very generally writes *on* for *one*.

See a note in King John, Act III. Sc. III. on the words—"Sound *one* into the drowsy car of night," where various instances of the two words *one* and *on* being confounded are accumulated. MALONE.

*Val.* Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

*Speed.* Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

*Val.* How now, sirrah?

*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.

*Val.* Why, sir, who bad you call her?

*Speed.* Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.

*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

*Val.* Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

*Speed.* She that your worship loves?

*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet[6]; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas[7]. You

[6] — TAKES DIET;] To *take diet* was the phrase for being under a regimen for a disease mentioned in Timon:

"— bring down the rose cheek'd youth
"To the tub-fast and the *diet*." STEEVENS.

[7] — Hallowmas.] That is, about the feast of All-Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes less comfortable. JOHNSON.

It is worth remarking, that on All-Saints-Day the poor people in Staffordshire, and perhaps in other country places, go from parish to parish *a souling* as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's Dict. explains *puling*) for *soul-cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry? This custom is mentioned by Peck, and seems a remnant of Popish superstition to pray for departed souls, particularly those of friends. The *souler's* song, in Staffordshire, is different from that which Mr. Peck mentions, and is by no means worthy publication. TOLLET.

were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions [8]; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without ye.

*Val.* Without me? they cannot.

*Speed.* Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would [9]: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

*Val.* But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

*Speed.* She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

*Speed.* Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

[8] — like one of the lions;] If Shakspeare had not been thinking of the lions in the Tower, he would have written "like a lion." RITSON.

[9] — none else would:] None else would *be so simple*. JOHNSON.

*Speed*. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

*Val*. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed*. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

*Val*. How long hath she been deform'd?

*Speed*. Ever since you loved her.

*Val*. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

*Speed*. If you love her, you cannot see her.

*Val*. Why?

*Speed*. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered[1]!

*Val*. What should I see then?

*Speed*. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

*Val*. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

*Speed*. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

*Val*. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed*. I would you were set[2]; so, your affection would cease.

[1] — for going UNGARTERED!] This is enumerated by Rosalind in As You Like It, Act. III. Sc. II. as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your hose should be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded, &c." MALONE.

[2] I would you were SET;] *Set* for *seated*, in opposition to *stand* in the preceding line. M. MASON.

I believe the opposition above-mentioned was intended; but the meaning was surely of a very different nature from any thing connected with being *seated*. How being *seated* would diminish Valentine's affection, Mr. Mason has not told us. The poet more probably used *set* metaphorically, with a view to the sense in which

*Val.* Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

*Speed* And have you?

*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—
Peace, here she comes.

*Enter Silvia.*

*Speed.* O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet[3]! Now will he interpret to her.

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

*Speed.* O, 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant[4], to you two thousand.

it is employed when applied to the sun, when it falls below the horison in the west. Malone.

[3] O excellent MOTION! &c.] *Motion*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *puppet*. In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair it is frequently used in that sense, or rather perhaps to signify a *puppet-show;* the master whereof may properly be said to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. The speech of the servant is an allusion to that practice, and he means to say, that Silvia is a *puppet*, and that Valentine is to interpret *to* or rather *for* her. Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in The City Match, 1639, by Jasper Maine:

"——— his mother came,
"Who follows strange sights out of town, and went
"To Brentford for a *motion*."——

Again, in The Pilgrim:

"—— Nothing but a *motion?*
"A *puppet* pilgrim?"—— Steevens.

A *motion* certainly signified a *puppet-show*, not a *puppet*. See the extracts from Sir Henry Herbert's Office Book, vol. iii. Speed means to say, what a fine *puppet-show* shall we have now? Here is the principal *puppet* to whom my master will be the interpreter. The master of the *puppet-show*, or the person appointed by him to speak for his mock actors, was in Shakspeare's time frequently denominated the interpreter to the *puppets*. Malone.

[4] Sir Valentine and SERVANT,] Here Silvia calls her lover

*Speed*. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

*Val*. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

*Sil*. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done[5].

*Val*. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off[6];
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

*Sil*. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

*Val*. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

*Sil*. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed*. And yet you will; and yet another yet.
[*Aside*.

*servant*, and again below, her *gentle servant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakspeare wrote.
SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in Marston's What You Will, 1607:
"Sweet sister, let's sit in judgement a little; faith upon my *servant* Monsieur Laverdure.
"*Mel*. Troth, well for a *servant*; but for a husband!"
Again, in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour:
"Every man was not born with my *servant* Brisk's features."
STEEVENS.

5 — 'tis very CLERKLY done.] i. e. like a scholar. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:
"Thou art *clerkly*, sir John, *clerkly*." STEEVENS.

6 — it CAME hardly OFF;] A similar phrase occurs in Timon of Athens, Act I. Sc. I.:
"This *comes off* well and excellent." STEEVENS.

*Val.* What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

*Sil.* Yes, yes! the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

*Sil.* And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

*Val.* If it please me, madam; what then?

*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit Silvia.*

*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

*Val.* How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself[7]?

*Speed.* Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reason.

*Val.* To do what?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom?

[7] — reasoning with yourself?] That is, *discoursing, talking*. An Italianism. JOHNSON.

So, in The Merchant of Venice:

"I *reason'd* with a Frenchman yesterday." STEEVENS.

*Speed.* To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me?

*Speed.* What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end [8].

*Val.* I would, it were no worse.

*Speed.* I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

*For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,*
*Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;*
*Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,*
*Her self hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.*—

All this I speak in print [9]; for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

[8] — and there an end.] i. e. there's the conclusion of the matter.

So, in Macbeth:

" —— the times have been,
" That when the brains were out the man would die,
" *And there an end.*" Steevens.

[9] All this I speak IN PRINT;] *In print* means with exactness. So, in the comedy of All Fooles, 1605:

" ——— not a hair
" About his bulk, but it stands *in print.*"

Again, in The Portraiture of Hypocrisie, bl. l. 1589:

" — others lash out to maintaine their porte, which must needes bee *in print.*"

Again, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 539:

*Val.* I have dined.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved[1].

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

*Enter Proteus and Julia.*

*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*

*Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should;
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

[*Exit Julia.*

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

"—he must speake *in print*, walke *in print*, eat and drinke *in print*, and that which is all in all, he must be mad *in print*."

Steevens.

[1] —be moved, be moved.] Have compassion on me, though your mistress has none on you. Malone.

*Enter* PANTHINO.

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

*Pro.* Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

*Enter* LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

*Launce.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe[2] is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis:

[2] —this LEFT shoe—] Shoes in Shakspeare's time appear to have been adapted to the right and left foot, a fashion revived in our time. So, in K. John, Act IV. Sc. II.:

" Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
" Had falsely thrust upon contràry feet." MALONE.

now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog[3]:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing;* now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman[4];—well, I kiss her; why there 'tis;

[3] —I am the DOG, &c.] This passage is much confused, and of confusion the present reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I am the dog, no, the dog is himself, and* I *am* me, *the dog is* the dog, *and* I *am myself.* This certainly is more reasonable, but I know not how much reason the author intended to bestow on Launce's soliloquy. JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in a play printed earlier than the present. See A Christian turn'd Turk, 1612:

"—you shall stand for the lady, you for her *dog*, and I the page; you and the *dog* looking one upon another: the page presents himself." STEEVENS.

The accidental circumstance, that The Christian turn'd Turk was printed before The Gentlemen of Verona, as Mr. Steevens well knew, gave that play no priority to our poet's, with respect to *composition*. The Gentlemen of Verona, we know, was written many years before 1612; and therefore it is not reasonable to have supposed that Shakspeare is here indebted to any other dramatist. See the Essay on the chronological order of his plays. MALONE.

[4] —like a WOOD WOMAN;] The first folios agree in *would woman;* for which, because it was a mystery to Mr. Pope, he has unmeaningly substituted *ould woman*. But it must be writ, or at least understood, *wood woman*, i. e. crazy, frantic with grief; or distracted, from any other cause. The word is very frequently used in Chaucer; and sometimes writ *wood*, sometimes *wode*. THEOBALD.

Print thus: "Now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a *wood woman*."

Perhaps the humour would be heightened by reading—(O, that *the shoe* could *speak* now!) BLACKSTONE.

I have followed the punctuation recommended by Sir W. Blackstone. The emendation proposed by him was made, I find, by Sir T. Hanmer.

here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter* PANTHINO.

*Pant.* Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Launce.* It is no matter if the ty'd were lost [5]; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

*Pant.* What's the unkindest tide?

*Wood*, for wild, or mad, frequently occurs in our old English writers. So, in Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, 1600, vol. ii. p. 72:

"If the seed of that melon which runneth up in one stalke be reduced into powder and strewed, .... she will be so *wood* after the companie of a man." MALONE.

Launce is describing the melancholy parting between him and his family. In order to do this more methodically, he makes one of his shoes stand for his father, and the other for his mother. And when he has done taking leave of his father, he says, *Now come I to my mother*, turning to the shoe that is supposed to personate her. And in order to render the representation more perfect, he expresses his wish that it could speak like a woman frantic with grief! There could be no doubt about the sense of the passage, had he said—"O that it could speak like a *wood woman!*" But he uses the feminine pronoun in speaking of the shoe, because it is supposed to represent a woman. M. MASON.

5 —if the TY'D were lost;] This quibble, wretched as it is, might have been borrowed by Shakspeare from Lylly's Endymion, 1591: "*Epi.* You know it is said, the *tide* tarrieth for no man.—*Sam.* True.—*Epi.* A monstrous lye: for I was *ty'd* two hours, and tarried for one to unlose me."

The same play on words occurs in Chapman's Andromeda Liberata, 1614:

"And now came roaring to the *tied* the *tide*." STEEVENS.

This joke may boast of more antiquity than has yet been assigned to it. It is in Heywood's Epigrams:

"The *tyde* taryeth no man, but here to scan
"Thou art *tyde* so that thou taryest every man." BOSWELL.

*Launce.* Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

*Pant.* Tut, man, I mean thou't lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

*Launce.* For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

*Pant.* Where should I lose my tongue?

*Launce.* In thy tale.

*Pant.* In thy tail?

*Launce.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service:—And the tide[6]. Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

*Pant.* Come, come, away man; I was sent to call thee.

*Launce.* Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

*Pant.* Wilt thou go?

*Launce.* Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

Milan. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.*

*Sil.* Servant,—

*Val.* Mistress?

*Speed.* Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

[6] And the tide.] I have here followed a punctuation recommended by Mr. Steevens; but have not followed him in arbitrarily omitting the word—*and*. He omitted it, I suppose, because the *tide* is first mentioned, and he therefore considered the copulative unnecessary. But Shakspeare, when he repeats words already spoken, often departs from his original formula. Thus

*Speed.* Not of you.
*Val.* Of my mistress then.
*Speed.* 'Twere good, you knock'd him.
*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.
*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.
*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?
*Val.* Haply, I do.
*Thu.* So do counterfeits.
*Val.* So do you.
*Thu.* What seem I, that I am not?
*Val.* Wise.
*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?
*Val.* Your folly.
*Thu.* And how quote you my folly[7]?
*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.
*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.
*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.
*Thu.* How?
*Sil.* What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?
*Val.* Give me leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Panthino says—" thou'lt lose the *flood;* and, in losing the *flood,* lose thy voyage," &c. But Launce, quoting his words, says—" lose the *tide.*" There is therefore clearly no need of change; and of all changes omission is the most dangerous.

Not adverting to this usage, Mr. Pope, to make the two speeches conformable to each other, makes Launce say—" Lose the *flood* and the voyage," &c. Malone.

[7] — how QUOTE you my folly?] To *quote* is to *observe.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" I am sorry that with better head and judgment,
" I had not *quoted* him." Steevens.

Valentine in his answer plays upon the word, which was pronounced as if written *coat.* So, in The Rape of Lucrece, 1594:

" —— the illiterate, that know not how
" To cipher what is writ in learned books,
" Will *cote* my loathsome trespass in my looks."

In our poet's time words were thus frequently spelt by the ear.
Malone.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

*Val.* You have said, sir.

*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

*Val.* I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know you Don Antonio, your countryman[8]?

[8] Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?] "The characters being Italians, not Spaniards," Mr. Ritson proposes to omit *Don*, though we have had (as he acknowledges) *Don* Alphonso in a preceding scene; which shews decisively how very improper such an omission would be. For this incongruity the youthful poet must answer. Malone.

*Val.* Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed [9].

*Duke.* Hath he not a son?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well?

*Val.* I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature [1], and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

9 And not without desert, &c.] And not dignified with so much reputation without proportionate merit. JOHNSON.

1 He is complete in FEATURE,] He has all the advantage which is derived from a handsome well formed person. *Feature* in the age of Shakspeare often signified both beauty of countenance, and elegance of person. See Bullokar's Expositor, 8vo. 1616: "*Feature;* handsomeness, comelinesse, beautie."
So, in K. Henry VI. First Part.
"Her peerless *feature*, joined with her birth,
"Approves her fit for none but for a king."
Again in K. Richard III.:
"Cheated of *feature* by dissembling nature." MALONE.

*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
*Duke.* Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it[2]:
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*
*Val.* This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
*Sil.* Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
*Val.* Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.
*Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
*Val.* Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
*Thu.* They say, that love hath not an eye at all[3].
*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

*Enter Proteus.*

*Sil.* Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
*Val.* Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

[2] I need not 'CITE him to it:] i. e. *incite* him to it. MALONE.

[3] They say, that love hath not an eye at all.] Thus certainly Cupid hath been long represented by the moderns; and on this fancy, Amaltheus formed his beautiful lines on Acon and Leonilla. But it is remarkable that no trace of such a notion has been found in any ancient Latin or Greek poet; nor has it been ascertained at what period or by whom this delineation of the god of love was first given. MALONE.

*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability;—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

*Sil.* That you are welcome?

*Pro.* No, that you are worthless[3].

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam[4], my lord your father would speak with you.

*Sil.* I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*]
Come, sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.*

*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

*Val.* And how do yours?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

[3] No, that you are worthless.] I have supplied the particle *no*, to fill up the measure. Johnson.

[4] *Ser.* Madam, my lord your father—] This speech in all the editions is assigned improperly to Thurio; but he has been all along upon the stage, and could not know that the duke wanted his daughter. Besides, the first line and half of Silvia's answer is evidently addressed to two persons. A servant, therefore, must come in and deliver the message; and then Silvia goes out with Thurio. Theobald.

*Val.* How does your lady; and how thrives your love?

*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious * thoughts [5] have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction [6],

* First folio, *emperious*.

[5] Whose high imperious thoughts —] For *whose* I read *those*. I have contemned love and am punished. *Those* high thoughts, by which I exalted myself above human passions or frailties, have brought upon me fasts and groans. Johnson.

I have no doubt that the reading of the old copy is right. *Imperious* (which in our author's time generally signified imperial), is an epithet very frequently applied to *love* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. So, in The Famous Historie of George Lord Faulconbridge, 4to. 1616, p. 16: "Such an *imperious* God is love, and so commanding." A few lines lower, Valentine observes, that "love's a *mighty lord*."

That *imperious* formerly signified imperial, is shewn by a passage in Hamlet:

"*Imperious* Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay —"

and various others quoted there and elsewhere. See also Cowdray's Alphabetical Table of Hard Words, 8vo. 1604: "*Imperious;* desiring to rule; full of commanding; stately." Malone.

[6] — no woe to his correction,] No misery that *can be compared to* the punishment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the Liturgy a little before his death, saying, *None* to *them*, *none* to *them*. Johnson.

The same idiom occurs in an old ballad, quoted in Cupid's Whirligig, 1607:

"There is no comfort in the world
"To women that are kind." Malone.

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

*Val.* Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

*Pro.* No; but she is an earthly paragon[7].

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O flatter me; for love delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality[8],
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Val.* Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

[7] No; but she is AN EARTHLY PARAGON.] So, in Cymbeline:

"By Jupiter an angel, or if not,
"An earthly paragon." MALONE.

[8] —a PRINCIPALITY,] The first or *principal* of women. So the old writers use *state*: "She is a lady, a great *state*." Latymer. "This look is called in *states* warlie, in others otherwise." Sir T. More. JOHNSON.

There is a similar sense of this word in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, viii. 38: "nor angels nor *principalities*."

Mr. M. Mason thus judiciously paraphrases the sentiment of Valentine: "If you will not acknowledge her as divine, let her at least be considered as an angel of the first order, superior to every thing on earth." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation, "the *principal* of women," appears to me questionable. Both from the preceding and the subsequent words, Valentine seems to mean that his mistress was more than any earthly sovereign, and subordinate only to the Divine Nature. The poet was probably thinking of the words in the Sacred Writings quoted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss [9],
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower [1],
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism * is this?

*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone [2].

* First folio, *braggadisme.*

9 —lest the BASE EARTH
Should from her vesture chance to steal a KISS,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root, &c.] So, in King Richard II.:

"———— You debase your knee
"To make the *base earth* proud by *kissing it*."

Again, in Venus and Adonis:

"But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
"The *earth* in love with thee thy footing trips,
"And all is but to rob thee of a *kiss*." MALONE.

1 — SUMMER-SWELLING flower,] I once thought that our poet had written *summer-smelling;* but the epithet which stands in the text I have since met with in the translation of Lucan, by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, b. viii. p. 354:

"—— no Roman chieftaine should
"Come neare to Nyle's Pelusian mould,
"But shun that *sommer-swelling* shore."

The original is, "—— ripasque *æstate tumentes*," l. 827. May likewise renders it *summer-swelled* banks. The *summer-swelling* flower is the flower which swells in summer, till it expands itself into bloom. STEEVENS.

2 *Val.* She is alone.
*Pro.* Then let her alone.] These speeches, and innumerable others of the same kind which occur in these plays, might have shewn Mr. Steevens how improper and unwarrantable it is, by insertion or omission of words, to make all our poet's lines blank verse in those scenes where the dialogue in general is metrical. So,

*Val.* Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you?

*Val.* Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before; I shall enquire you forth:
I must unto the road[3], to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste?

*Pro.* I will.— [*Exit* Valentine.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love

below: "But she loves you," which makes no part of a verse. Again, afterwards in this scene:

"*Val.* Will you make haste?

"*Pro.* I will." Malone.

[3] —unto the road,] The haven where ships ride at anchor. So, in the Merchant of Venice:

"For here I find for certain that my ships
"Are safely come to *road*." Malone.

Is by a newer object quite forgotten [4].
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise [5],

4 Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.] Our author has frequently introduced this kind of imagery in subsequent plays. So in King John:

"——falshood falshood cures, as fire cures fire,
"Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd."

Again, in Julius Cæsar:

"As fire drives out fire, so pity pity."

Again, in Coriolanus:

"One fire drives out one fire, one nail one nail."

The latter image occurs also in the Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet, 1582: which the poet may here have had in his thoughts, having, like the author of that poem, applied this imagery to the subject of love:

"And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
"So novel love out of the minde the ancient love doth rive."

MALONE.

5 Is IT her MIEN, or Valentinus' praise,] The only authentick copy of this play, the folio 1623, reads—

"It is mine, or Valentine's praise?"

Finding no sense here, the editor of the second folio, perceiving a note of interrogation at the end of the sentence, very rightly made the words *it is* change places; but absurdly supplied the word omitted by reading—

"*Is it* mine then, or Valenti*nean's* praise?"

Dr. Warburton supplied the word *eye;* and the subsequent editors read with him, "*Is it* mine *eye*, or," &c. I shall subjoin his note, that the reading which he suggested may not be deprived of such support as it affords.

For the present judicious and happy emendation, I am indebted to my friend the Rev. Mr. Blakeway, Vicar of St. Mary's, in Shrewsbury: "*Is it* her *mien*, i. e. countenance, air," &c. The word *mien* occurs but in one other place in these plays, Merry Wives of Windsor, Act. I. Sc. III. when it is spelt as it is here: "but the revolt of *mine* is dangerous;" indeed that is the general spelling of this word in Shakspeare's age, adopted from the French language, from which the word was taken.

It appears to me more probable that a compositor should omit a personal pronoun than the principal and important word of the clause; that is, that *her* was omitted, rather than *eye*. Besides,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire[6],
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:

this emendation is much more consonant to the following line, with which the present, thus amended, exactly corresponds:

"*Is it* her *mien*, or Valentines praise,
"Her true perfection, or my false transgression?"

Again, below: "She is fair; &c."

For *Valentines*, the old genitive case of Valentine, I formerly substituted Valentinus', which is found in a former scene; [Act I. Sc. III.]; and Mr. Steevens afterwards adopted the same reading; for he had before printed Valenti*nos*. But there is no need of departing in this instance from the old copy, which is supported by similar examples elsewhere. MALONE.

Here Proteus questions with himself, whether it is his own praise, or Valentine's, that makes him fall in love with Valentine's mistress. But not to insist on the absurdity of falling in love through his own praises, he had not indeed praised her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend asked it of him.

A word is wanting in the first folio. The line was originally thus:

"It is mine *eye*, or Valentino's praise?"

Proteus had just seen Valentine's mistress, whom her lover had been lavishly praising. His encomiums, therefore, heightening Proteus's ideas of her at the interview, it was the less wonder he should be uncertain which had made the strongest impression, Valentine's praises, or his own view of her. WARBURTON.

[6] —a WAXEN IMAGE 'gainst a fire,] Alluding to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy. See my note on Macbeth, Act I. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

King James ascribes these images to the devil, in his treatise of Daemonologie: "to some others at these times he teacheth how to make pictures of *waxe* or claye, that by the roasting thereof the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, and dried away by continual sicknesse." See Servius on the 8th Eclogue of Virgil, Theocritus Idyl. 2. 22. Hudibras, p. 2. l. 2. v. 331. S. WESTON.

O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice[7],
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld[8],
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections[9],
There is no reason but I shall be blind.

[7] —with more ADVICE,] Is, on further knowledge, on better consideration. STEEVENS.

The word is still current among mercantile people, whose constant language is "we are *advised* by letters from abroad;" meaning—*informed*. So, in bills of exchange, the conclusion always is, "without further *advice*—." So, as Mr. Steevens has observed, in Measure for Measure:

"Yet did repent me, after more *advice*." MALONE.

[8] 'Tis but her PICTURE —] This is evidently a slip of attention, for he had seen her in the last scene, and in high terms offered her his service. JOHNSON.

I believe Proteus means to say that, as yet, he had seen only her outside form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind. So, in Cymbeline:

"All of her that is *out of door* most rich!
"If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare," &c.

Again, in The Winter's Tale, Act. II. Sc. I.:

"Praise her but for this her *without-door* form."

Perhaps Proteus is mentally comparing his fate with that of Pyrocles, the hero of Sidney's Arcadia, who fell in love with Philoclea immediately on seeing her portrait in the house of Kalander. STEEVENS.

I do not believe the poet had the Arcadia at all in his thoughts. When a passage affords a natural and easy meaning, why should we suppose that the writers had a passage of a preceding author in contemplation, which, instead of confirming that interpretation, is inconsistent with it, and presents a circumstance wholly different. MALONE.

[9] And that hath DAZZLED my reason's light;
But when I look, &c.] Our author uses *dazzled* as a trisyllable. So, also, Drayton:

"A diadem once *dazzling* the eye,
"The day too darke to see affinitie," &c.

The editor of the second folio, not perceiving this, introduced *so*, ("And that hath dazzled *so*," &c.) a word as hurtful to the sense as unnecessary to the metre. The plain meaning is, Her mere

If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit*.

## SCENE V.

A Street.

*Enter* SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

*Speed*. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan[1].

*Launce*. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

*Speed*. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

*Launce*. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed*. But shall she marry him?

*Launce*. No.

*Speed*. How then? Shall he marry her?

*Launce*. No, neither.

*Speed*. What, are they broken?

*Launce*. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

outside has *dazzled* me;—when I am acquainted with the perfections of her mind, I shall be struck *blind*.

Mr. Steevens, who, in the three editions which preceded mine, had followed the corrupt reading of the second folio, has here not subjoined one word in defence of that adulterated copy. MALONE.

[1] — to Milan.] It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on Act III. Sc. III. POPE.

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them?

*Launce.* Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

*Launce.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me[2].

*Speed.* What thou say'st?

*Launce.* Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Launce.* Why, stand-under and understand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Launce.* Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tale, and say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is then, that it will.

*Launce.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover[3]?

[2] My staff UNDERSTANDS me.] This equivocation, miserable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem, b. vi:

" —— The terms we sent were terms of weight,
" Such as we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
" And stagger'd many; who receives them right,
" Had need from head to foot well *understand;*
" Not *understood*, this gift they have besides,
" To shew us when our foes stand not upright." JOHNSON.

The same quibble occurs likewise in the second part of The Three Merry Coblers, an ancient ballad:

" Our work doth th' owners *understand*,
" Thus still we are on the mending hand." STEEVENS.

[3] — how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?] i. e. (as Mr. Mason has elsewhere observed) What

*Launce.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how?

*Launce.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistaks't me.

*Launce.* Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Launce.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew [4], and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why?

*Launce.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale [5] with a Christian: wilt thou go?

*Speed.* At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

say'st thou to this circumstance,—namely, that my master is become a notable lover? Malone.

[4] If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, &c.] The word *so*, which is not found in the original copy, was added in the second folio; and though I am extremely doubtful whether it is necessary, I have yet admitted it into the text; because Falstaff, I think, more than once used the same phraseology. But certainly the old copy, without any additional word, is intelligible, if we place a comma after the word *wilt*. If *thou wilt*, go with me to the ale-house; if not, &c. If it be thy pleasure, accompany me, &c. In the Sacred Writings we have "*thou wilt*" in the same sense. Malone.

[5] —the ale—] *Ales* were merry meetings instituted in country places. Thus, Ben Jonson:

"And all the neighbourhood, from old records
"Of antique proverbs drawn from Whitson lords,
"And their authorities at wakes and *ales*,
"With country precedents, and old wives' tales,
"We bring you now."

Again, in Ascham's Toxophilus, edit. 1589, p. 2:

"—or else make merry with their neighbours at the *ale*."

Again, as Mr. M. Mason observes, in the play of Lord Cromwell:

## SCENE VI.[6]

### The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*PRO.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love[7], if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.

" O Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the *ale* there!"
See also Mr. T. Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 128. STEEVENS.

[6] It is to be observed, that, in the folio edition there are no directions concerning the scenes; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more consistency or regularity to the drama by such alterations. I make this remark in this place, because I know not whether the following soliloquy of Proteus is so proper in the street. JOHNSON.

The reader will perceive that the scenery has been changed, though Dr. Johnson's observation is continued. STEEVENS.

[7] O sweet-suggesting love,] To *suggest* is to *tempt* in our author's language. So, again:

" Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*."

The sense is, O *tempting love*, if thou hast *influenced me to sin*, teach me to excuse it. JOHNSON.

I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious [8] in itself;
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope [9].
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor [1]:

[8] For love is still MOST precious in itself;] So the original copy. For *most*, Mr. Steevens has in his last three editions substituted *more*. MALONE.

[9] And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.] So, in Love's Labour's Lost:

"Thou for whom Jove would swear
"Juno but an Ethiope were." MALONE.

[1] — in counsel, his COMPETITOR:] Myself, who am his *competitor* or *rival*, being admitted to his counsel. JOHNSON.

*Competitor* is confederate, assistant, partner.
So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Is it not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
"One great *competitor?*"

And he is speaking of Lepidus, one of the triumvirate. STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in asserting, that *competitor*, in this place, means confederate, or partner.—The word is used in the same sense in Twelfth Night, where the Clown, seeing Maria and Sir Toby approach, who were joined in the plot against Malvolio, says, "The *competitors* enter." And again, in K. Richard III. the messenger says:

Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight[2];
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift[3]! [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

Verona. A Room in JULIA's House.

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*JUL.* Counsel, Lucetta: gentle girl, assist me!
And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee[4],—

" —— The Guildfords are in arms,
" And every hour more *competitors*
" Flock to the rebels."

So, also, in Love's Labour's Lost:

" The king and his *competitors* in oath." M. MASON.

[2] — PRETENDED flight;] *Pretended* flight is *proposed* or *intended* flight. So, in Macbeth:

" —— What could they *pretend*."

Mr. M. Mason justly observes, that the verb *pretendre* in French has the same signification. STEEVENS.

Again, in Dr. A. Borde's Introduction of Knowledge, 1542, sig. H 3: " *I pretend* to return and come round about thorow other regyons in Europ." REED.

[3] I suspect that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next scene should begin the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance. JOHNSON.

[4] And, e'en in kind love, I do CÒNJURE thee,] The verb to *conjure*, or earnestly request, had the accent on the first syllable in our author's time. So, in Macbeth:

" I *cònjure* thee by that which you profess."

Again, in The Winter's Tale:

" I *cònjure* thee by all the parts of man."

Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage [5],
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,

Again, in The Comedy of Errors:

"I *cònjure* thee to leave me and begone."

Again, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"She *cònjures* him by high almighty love." MALONE.

[5] — the FIRE's extreme rage,] *Fire* is here, as in many other places, used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?

*Jul.* Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastick, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

*Jul.* That fits as well, as—" tell me, good my lord,
" What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what * fashion thou best lik'st†, Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a cod-piece [6], madam.

* First folio, *that*. † First folio, *likes*.

[6] — with a COD-PIECE, &c.] Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dress, may consult Buliver's Artificial Changeling, where such matters are amply discussed. It is mentioned, however, in Tyro's Roaring Megge, 1598:

" Tyro's round breeches have a cliffe behind;
" And that same perking longitude before,
" Which for a *pin-case* antique plowmen wore."

Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shown as John of Gaunt's in the Tower of London. The same fashion appears to have been no less offensive in France. See Montaigne, chap. xxii. The custom of sticking pins in this ostentatious piece of indecency was continued by the illiberal warders of the Tower, till forbidden by authority. STEEVENS.

*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta [8]! that will be ill-favour'd.
*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.
*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.
*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.
*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

However offensive this language may appear to modern ears, it certainly gave none to any of the spectators in Shakspeare's days. He only used the ordinary language of his contemporaries. Thus in the middle of King James's reign, Lodowick Barry puts the same language into the mouth of a lady, who is disguised in the dress of a page:

" —— methinks this *cod-piece*
" Should betray me." RAM ALLEY, 1611.

Again, ibid.:

" —— Sure we never more shall see
" A good leg worne in a long silk stocking,
" With a long *cod-piece*, of all fashions
" That carried it, father."

Here also the speaker is a lady. MALONE.

[8] OUT, OUT, Lucetta! &c.] Dr. Percy observes, that this interjection is still used in the North. It seems to have the same meaning as *apage*, Lat.

So, in Chapman's version of the thirteenth Iliad:

" *Out, out*, I hate ye from my heart, ye rotten-minded men!"
STEEVENS.

So, in Every Man out of his Humour, Act. II. Sc. VI.:

" *Out, out!* unworthy to speak where he breatheth." REED.

And instances of the infinite of love[9],
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey[1].

9 And instances of THE infinite of love,] The old copy has—*of infinite* of love; from which I have only deviated by the introduction of *the* before *of*. We have in other places *the infinite* used as a substantive. Thus, in Much Ado About Nothing:

"It is past the *infinite* of thought."

Again, in Troïlus and Cressida:

"The past proportion of his *infinite*."

*Infinites* appears even in the latter end of the sixteenth century to have been used as a substantive in the sense of an *infinity*. Thus in the Memoirs of Lord Lonsdale, written in 1688, and printed in 1808, p. 49:

"*Infinites* of men prest for the shippes and forces drawn out of Ireland."

The person who revised the second folio gave the reading which has been adopted in all the modern editions.:

"And instances *as* infinite of love."

But *of* and *as* are by no means likely to have been confounded. Besides, *as* is not supported by the context; for the oaths mentioned in the preceding line were not *infinite*, their number, though a large one, being specified. MALONE.

1 — my LONGING journey.] Dr. Grey observes, that *longing* is

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

**Milan. An Ante-room in the DUKE's Palace.**

*Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

*DUKE.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.—
[*Exit THURIO.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

*PRO.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

a participle active, with a passive signification; for *longed*, wished or desired. STEEVENS.

I believe that by her *longing* journey, Julia means a journey which she shall pass in longing. M. MASON.

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To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But fearing, lest my jealous aim [2] might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested [3],
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble Lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at [4];

[2] —jealous AIM —] *Aim* is *guess*, in this instance, as in the following. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"I *aim'd* so near when I suppos'd you lov'd." STEEVENS.

So, also, in Othello:

"Yet in these cases, where the *aim* reports,
"'Tis oft with difference." MALONE.

[3] —suggested,] Tempted. This use of the word is frequent in Shakspeare; see before, p. 60. BOSWELL.

[4] —be not AIMED AT;] Be not *guessed*. JOHNSON.

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence[5].

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*

*Enter Valentine.*

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import?

*Val.* The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord; and sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

*Duke.* No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

[5] — of this pretence.] Of this *claim* made to your daughter. JOHNSON.

*Pretence* is *design*. So, in K. Lear: "—to my affection to your honour, and no other *pretence* of danger." Again, in the same play: "—*pretence* and purpose of unkindness." STEEVENS.

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where[6] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like
duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this?

*Duke.* There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here[7],
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time[8] is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;

[6] And, WHERE —] *Where* for *whereas*. It is often so used by our old writers, particularly in the preambles of ancient acts of parliament. MALONE.

[7] — sir, IN MILAN, here,] It ought to be thus, instead of —*in* Verona, *here:* for the scene apparently is *in Milan*, as is clear from several passages in the first act, and in the beginning of the first scene of the fourth act. A like mistake has crept into the eighth [fifth] scene of Act II. where Speed bids his fellow-servant Launce welcome to Padua. POPE.

The old copy has—

"There is a lady in Verona here,"

And the circumstance that the word Verona exactly suits the metre, which is not the case with *Milan*, seems to indicate that this was an oversight of the youthful authour. Mr. Pope, to make out the verse, was obliged to add *sir;* but it is very unlikely that the compositor should have made two blunders of so different a kind in one line. However, to prevent the confusion that would arise from the introduction of Verona here, I have reluctantly followed all the other editions in adopting this emendation. MALONE.

[8] — the fashion of the time —] The modes of courtship, the acts by which men recommended themselves to ladies. JOHNSON.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind [9].

*Duke*. But she did scorn a present that I sent her [1].

9 Win her with GIFTS, if she respect not WORDS;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.] An earlier writer than Shakspeare, speaking of women, has the same unfavourable (and, I hope, unfounded) sentiment:

" 'Tis wisdom to give much; a *gift* prevails,
" When deep persuasive oratory fails."

*Marlowe's Hero and Leander.*

Our poet had probably read the popular poem recently before he composed this play. See the next page:

" Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
" So bold Leander would adventure it."

See also p. 10, n. 6. To this note in Mr. Steeven's last two editions some passages have been added, for which I am not answerable. I know not where they came from. MALONE.

Again, in the First Part of Jeronymo, 1605: though written much earlier:

" ——— let his protestations be
" Fashioned with rich jewels, for in love
" Great *gifts* and gold have the best tongues to move.
" Let him not spare an oath without a jewel
" To bind it fast: oh, I know women's hearts
" What stuff they are made of, my lord; *gifts* and giving,
" Will melt the chastest seeming female living." REED.

In the fourth of the preceding lines *spare* is undoubtedly an errour of the press in the old edition of Jeronymo, for *swear*.

MALONE.

1 —SENT HER.] Mr. Steevens, to produce (as he says) "a more accurate rhyme," would read—that I sent, *Sir;* and Mr. J. M. Mason, with the same view, leaving the first line as it now stands, would read in that which follows,—what best *content* her, i. e. those gifts which best content her. I know not which of these suggestions is most exceptionable. He who has observed the laxity of ancient rhymes will not suspect any errour in the text; only three lines lower we find the word *you* repeated as rhyme; which might have cautioned Mr. Steevens against tampering with the old copy on the ground of too great a similarity of the rhymes. So, in the Tempest:

" Hourly joys be still upon you,
" Juno sings her blessings on you." MALONE.

*Val.* A woman sometime scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away:*
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why then I would resort to her by night.

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What lets[2], but one may enter at her window?

*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

[2] What LETS,] i. e. what hinders. So, in Hamlet, Act I. Sc. IV.:

"By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me."

STEEVENS.

*Duke*. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me, where I may have such a ladder.
*Val*. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
*Duke*. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
*Val*. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
*Duke*. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
*Val*. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.
*Duke*. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
*Val*. Ay, my good lord.
*Duke*. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.
*Val*. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
*Duke*. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*
*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*
*And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:*
*O, could their master come and go as lightly,*
*Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.*
*My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them*[3];
*While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,*
*Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,*
*Because myself do want my servants' fortune:*
*I curse myself, for they are sent by me*[4],

[3] My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom, &c.] i. e. the thoughts contained in my letter. See a subsequent note in this scene, on the words, "Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love."
MALONE.

[4] —FOR they are sent—] *For* is the same as *for that, since*. JOHNSON.

*That they should harbour where their lord should be.*
What's here?
*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:*
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son[5],)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence[6].
[*Exit* DUKE.

[5] —Merops' son,)] Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terræ filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached. JOHNSON.

This scrap of mythology Shakspeare might have found in the spurious play of K. John, 1591:

"——as sometime Phaeton,
"Mistrusting silly Merops for his sire."

Or in Robert Greene's Orlando Furioso, 1594:

"Why, foolish, hardy, daring, simple groom,
"Follower of fond conceited Phaëton," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.] So, as Mr. Boaden suggests to me, in King Lear:

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection[7].
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom[8]:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter Proteus and Launce.*

*Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
*Launce.* So-ho! so-ho!
*Pro.* What see'st thou?

" Five days we do allow thee for provision,——
" And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
" Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following
" Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
" The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
" This shall not be revok'd." Malone.

[7] And feed upon the shadow of perfection.]
*Animum pictura pascit inani.* Virg. Henley.

[8] I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:] *To fly his doom*, used for *by flying*, or *in flying*, is a gallicism. The sense is, By avoiding the execution of his sentence I shall not escape death. If I stay here, I suffer myself to be destroyed; if I go away, I destroy myself. Johnson.

*Launce.* Him we go to find: there's not a hair[9] on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

*Pro.* Valentine?

*Val.* No.

*Pro.* Who then? his spirit?

*Val.* Neither.

*Pro.* What then?

*Val.* Nothing.

*Launce.* Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

*Pro.* Who would'st thou strike[1]?

*Launce.* Nothing.

*Pro.* Villain, forbear.

*Launce.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

9 —there's not a HAIR —] Launce is still quibbling. He is now running down the *hare* that he started when he entered. MALONE.

1 WHO would'st thou strike?] Our author throughout his plays has confounded the personal pronouns, and uses one for the other: (*who* for *whom*, *she* for *her*, *him* for *he*, &c.) Nor was this inaccuracy peculiar to him, being very common when he wrote even among persons of good education.

So, in Othello:

" *Iago.* He's married:

" *Cas.* To *who?*"

Again, in Othello:

" *Oth.* Ha, with *who?*"

Again, in Cymbeline:

" ——— he hath a court

" He little cares for, and a daughter *who*

" He not respects at all."

See various other instances to the same purpose in the Essay on Shakspeare's Phraseology:

The reviser of the second folio was so little acquainted with the phraseology of a former period, that he has here, and in various other places, substituted *whom* for *who*; in which he has been followed by Mr. Steevens, and all other modern editors. MALONE.

So much of bad already have possess'd them.

*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

*Val.* Is Silvia dead?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

*Launce.* Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

*Pro.* That thou art banish'd, O, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

*Val.* O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit [2].
Doth Silvia know that I am banished? *

*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe;
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

* First folio, *banish'd*.

[2] O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now EXCESS of it will make me SURFEIT.] So, in Twelfth Night:

"Give me *excess* of it, that *surfeiting*,
"The appetite may sicken and so die." MALONE.

That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

*Val.* No more, unless the next word that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love[3].

[3] Even in the MILK-WHITE BOSOM OF THY LOVE.] So, in Hamlet:

"These *to her excellent white bosom*," &c.

Again, in Gascoigne's Adventures of Master F. J. first edit. p. 206: At delivery thereof, [i. e. of a letter,] she understood not for what cause he thrust the "same *into her bosom*."

Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this *address of letters to the bosom of a mistress* can be understood, it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. Thus Chaucer, in his Merchantes Tale:

"This *purse* hath she in hire *bosome* hid."

In many parts of England the rustic damsels still observe the same practice; and a very old lady informs me that she remembers when it was the fashion to wear very prominent stays, it was no less the custom for stratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them. STEEVENS.

See Lord Surrey's Sonnets, 1557:

"My song, thou shalt attain to find the pleasant place,
"Where she doth live, by whom I live; may chance to have the grace,

The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me me at the north gate.

*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

*Val.* O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Proteus.

*Launce.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave[4].

" When she hath read, and seen the grief wherein I serve,
" *Between her brests she shall thee put, there shall she thee reserve.*" Malone.

[4] *Launce.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave.] Where is the sense, or, if you won't allow the speaker that, where is the humour of this speech? Nothing had given the fool occasion to suspect that his master was become double, like Antipholis in The Comedy of Errors. The last word is corrupt. We should read:

— if he be but one *kind*—

He thought his master was *a kind of knave;* however, he keeps himself in countenance with this reflection, that if he was a knave *but of one kind*, he might pass well enough amongst his neighbours. This is truly humourous. Warburton.

This alteration is acute and specious, yet I know not whether, in Shakspeare's language, *one knave* may not signify a *knave on only one occasion*, a *single knave*. We still use a *double* villain for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. Johnson.

This passage has been altered, with little difference, by Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer.—Mr. Edwards explains it,—" if *he only* be a knave, if *I myself* be not found to be *another*." I agree with Dr. Johnson, and will support the old reading and his interpretation with indisputable authority. In the old play of Damon and Pythias, Aristippus declares of Carisophus: " You lose money by him if you sell him for *one knave*, for he serves for *twayne*."

He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck [5] that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips [6]: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare christian [7]. Here is the

This phraseology is often met with: Arragon says, in The Merchant of Venice:

" With *one fool's* head I came to woo,
" But I go away with *two*."

Donne begins one of his sonnets:

" I am *two fools*, I know,
" For *loving* and for *saying so*," &c.

And when Panurge cheats St. Nicholas of the chapel, which he vowed to him in a storm, Rabelais calls him "a rogue—a *rogue and an half—Le gallant, gallant de demy*." FARMER.

Again, in Like Will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587:

" Thus thou may'st be called a knave in graine,
" And where knaves be scant, thou may'st go for *twayne*.

STEEVENS.

My master is a kind of knave; but that were no great matter, if he were but *one* knave; but he is *two*—a knave to his friend and a knave to his mistress. CAPELL.

5 — but a team of horse shall not pluck —] I see how Valentine suffers for telling his love-secrets, therefore I will keep mine close. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Launce was not intended to shew so much sense; but here indulges himself in talking contradictory nonsense.

STEEVENS.

So, in Twelfth Night:

" I think oxen and wain ropes cannot hale them together."

MALONE.

6 — for she hath had GOSSIPS:] *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between these is evident.

STEEVENS.

7 — a BARE christian.] *Launce* is quibbling on. *Bare* has two senses; *mere* and *naked*. In Coriolanus it is used in the first:

" 'Tis but a *bare* petition of the state."

cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions[8]. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*: Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter* SPEED.

SPEED. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

LAUNCE. With my master's ship[9]? why, it is at sea.

SPEED. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

LAUNCE. The blackest * news that ever thou heard'st.

SPEED. Why, man, how black?

LAUNCE. Why, as black as ink.

SPEED. Let me read them.

LAUNCE. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

SPEED. Thou liest, I can.

LAUNCE. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

SPEED. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

LAUNCE. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother[1]: this proves, that thou canst not read.

* First folio, *the black'st*.

Launce uses it in both, and opposes the *naked* female to the water-spaniel *cover'd with hairs of remarkable thickness*.

STEEVENS.

[8] — CONDITIONS.] i. e. qualities. The old copy has *condition*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] — with my MASTER'S SHIP?] The old copy reads—*master-ship*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[1] — the son of thy GRANDMOTHER:] It is undoubtedly true

*Speed.* Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.
*Launce.* There; and saint Nicholas be thy speed[2]!
*Speed.* Imprimis, *She can milk*.
*Launce.* Ay, that she can[3].
*Speed.* Item, *She brews good ale*[4].

that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. I suppose Launce infers, that if he could read, he must have read this well-known observation. Steevens.

[2] — saint Nicholas be thy speed!] *St. Nicholas* presided over scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks*. Hence, by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in The First Part of Henry the Fourth, are called *Nicholas's clerks*. Warburton.

That this saint presided over young scholars may be gathered from Knight's Life of Dean Collet, p. 362; for by the statutes of Paul's school there inserted, the children are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on his anniversary. The reason I take to be, that the legend of this saint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy. Sir J. Hawkins.

So, Puttenham, in his Art of Poetry, 1589: "Methinks this fellow speaks like bishop Nicholas; for on *Saint Nicholas's* night commonly the scholars of the country make them a bishop, who, like a foolish boy, goeth about blessing and preaching with such childish terms, as maketh the people laugh at his foolish counterfeit speeches." Steevens.

[3] *Speed.* Imprimis, She can milk.

*Launce.* Ay, that she can.] These two speeches should evidently be omitted. There is not only no attempt at humour in them, contrary to all the rest in the same dialogue, but Launce clearly directs Speed to go on with the paper where he himself left off. See his preceding soliloquy. Farmer.

Of all the modes of emendation, *omission* is, in my opinion, the most dangerous; and therefore nothing but the most cogent reasons shall ever induce me to omit what is found in the most authentic copies. A compositor may inadvertently repeat a word in a line, or his eye may catch a word from a preceding or subsequent line, and hence the sense of a passage may be destroyed; but he never invents whole lines or speeches, nor do transcribers. Shakspeare, we know, in repeating a letter already recited from a paper, sometimes varies the words, in spite of the adage, *litera scripta manet*; and therefore, I am confident, took no care that Speed should begin where Launce left off. Malone.

[4] — She brews good ale.] Females were much employed in

*Launce.* And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart [5], you brew good ale.

*Speed.* Item, *She can sew.*

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, Can she so?

*Speed.* Item, *She can knit.*

*Launce.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench; when she can knit him a stock [6]?

*Speed.* Item, *She can wash and scour.*

*Launce.* A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

*Speed.* Item, *She can spin.*

*Launce.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed. Here follows her vices.*

*Launce.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* Item, *She is not to be kiss'd fasting* [7], *in respect of her breath.*

*Launce.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath a sweet mouth* [8].

Shakspeare's time in *brewing ale*, and the same office is still performed by them in many counties in England. Malone.

[5] Blessing of your heart, &c.] So, in Ben Jonson's Masque of Augurs:

" Our ale's o' the best,
" And each good guest
" *Prays for their souls* that brew it." Steevens.

[6] —knit him a stock?] i. e. a *stocking*. So, in Twelfth Night:

" —it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd *stock*."

Steevens.

[7] —She is not to be kiss'd fasting,] The old copy reads,—she is not to be fasting, &c. The necessary word, *kiss'd*, was first added by Mr. Rowe. Steevens.

[8] —sweet mouth.] This I take to be the same with what is now

*Launce.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

*Launce.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* Item, *She is slow in words.*

*Launce.* O villainy, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

*Speed.* Item, *She is proud.*

*Launce.* Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath no teeth.*

*Launce.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* Item, *She is crust.*

*Launce.* Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

vulgarly called a *sweet tooth*, a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats. Johnson.

So, in Thomas Pagnell's translation of Ulrick Hutton's book *De Medecina Guaiaci et morbo Gallico*, 1539:—"delicates and deynties wherewith they may stere up their *sweete mouthes*, and provoke their appetites."

Yet how a *luxurious desire of dainties* can make amends for offensive breath, I know not. A *sweet mouth* may however mean a *liquorish mouth*, in a wanton sense. So, in Measure for Measure:

"Their saucy *sweetness*, that do coin heaven's image, &c."

Steevens.

There is, I conceive, no difficulty here. When Speed uses the term *sweet mouth*, he may use those words with a view to the works of the confectioner, and allude to a "luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats;" but in Launce's reply,—the same words may be understood in a quite different sense, as expressive of the beauty playing about that part of the face, which, according to him, may make amends for an offensive breath.

Hall in his Satires, book iv. sat. l., 1599, has used the expression here introduced:

"Let *sweet mouth'd* Mercia bid what crownes she please,
"For half-red cherries, or greene garden peas," &c. Malone.

SPEED. Item, *She will often praise her liquor*[9].

LAUNCE. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

SPEED. Item, *She is too liberal*[1].

LAUNCE. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help[2]. Well, proceed.

SPEED. Item, *She hath more hair than wit*[3], *and more faults than hair, and more wealth than faults.*

LAUNCE. Stop there; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

SPEED. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*—

LAUNCE. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll

9 — praise her liquor.] That is, shew how well she likes it by drinking often. JOHNSON.

1 — too LIBERAL.] *Liberal,* is licentious and gross in language. So, in Othello: "Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?" JOHNSON.

Again, in The Fair Maid of Bristow, 1605, bl. 50:

"But Vallenger, most like a *liberal* villain,
"Did give her scandalous ignoble terms." STEEVENS.

Again, in Woman's a Weathercock, by N. Field, 1612:

"—— next that the fame
"Of your neglect and *liberal*-talking tongue,
"Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong." MALONE.

2 — cannot I help.] Thus the old copy, for which Mr. Steevens has given us—I cannot help. This minute matter is noticed, lest it should be supposed that the printer had committed an errour. MALONE.

3 — She hath MORE HAIR THAN WIT,] An old English proverb. See Ray's Collection:

"Bush natural, *more hair than wit.*"

Again, in Decker's Satiromastix:

"*Hair!* 'tis the basest stubble; in scorn of it
"This proverb sprung,—*He has more hair than wit.*"

Again, in Rhodon and Iris, 1631:

"Now is the old proverb really perform'd;
"*More hair than wit.*" STEEVENS.

prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt [4], and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

*Speed.* —*And more faults than hairs,*—

*Launce.* That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

*Speed.* —*And more wealth than faults.*

*Launce.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious [5]: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then?

*Launce.* Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

*Speed.* For me?

*Launce.* For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him?

[4] —the COVER of the salt hides the salt,] The ancient English salt cellar was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover, to keep the salt clean. There was but one salt cellar on the dinner table, which was placed near the top of the table; and those who sat below the salt were, for the most part, of an inferior condition to those who sat above it. MALONE.

[5] —makes the faults GRACIOUS:] *Gracious*, in old language, means *graceful*. So, in K. John:

"There was not such a *gracious* creature born."

Again, in Albion's Triumph, 1631:

"On which [the *freeze*] went festoons of several fruits in their natural colours, on which in *gracious* postures lay children sleeping."

Again, in The Male Content, 1604:

"The most exquisite, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by candle-light." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word *gracious* has been controverted, but it is right. We have the same sentiment in The Merry Wives of Windsor:

"O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd *faults*

"Look *handsome* in *three hundred* pounds a year!" MALONE.

*Launce*. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed*. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit*.

*Launce*. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter; An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit*.

## SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter Duke and Thurio; Proteus behind.*

*Duke*. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love
you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu*. Since his exíle she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

*Duke*. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice[6] which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

*Pro*. Gone, my good lord.

*Duke*. My daughter takes his going grievously[7].

[6] Trenched in ice—] Cut, carved in ice. *Trancher*, to cut, Fr. Johnson.

So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

"Is deeply *trenched* in my blushing brow." Steevens.

[7] —grievously,] So some copies of the first folio, 1623, the only authentick copy of this play; others (of which mine is one) have *heavily*. Those copies which have *grievously*, have also, in one of Launce's speeches in the preceding scene, "in that *last* article," instead of which, in the copies that read *heavily*,

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
*Duke.* Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.
*Pro.* I do, my lord.
*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?
*Pro.* The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.
*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance[8], be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.
*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.
*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend[9].
*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,

we find "in *that* article." Both these corrections appear to have been made while the sheet was working off at the press. MALONE.

[8] — with circumstance,] With the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief. JOHNSON.

[9] — his VERY friend.] *Very* is *immediate*. So, in Macbeth:
"And the *very* ports they blow." STEEVENS.

Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

*Thu.* Therefore as you unwind her love [1] from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her [2], by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;

[1] —as you UNWIND her love—] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread.* JOHNSON.

So, in Grange's Garden, 1557: "in answer to a letter written unto him by a Curtyzan:"

"A *bottome* for your silke it seems
"My letters are become,
"Which oft with winding off and on
"Are wasted whole and some." STEEVENS.

[2] —you may TEMPER her,] Mould her, like wax, to whatever shape you please. So, in King Henry IV. Part II.: "I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb; and shortly will I seal with him." MALONE.

You must lay lime [3], to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

*Duke.* Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

*Pro.* Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity [4]:—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews [5];

[3] —lime,] That is, *birdlime*. Johnson.

[4] —such integrity:—] I suspect that a line following this has been lost; the import of which perhaps was

"As her obdurate heart may penetrate." Malone.

*Such integrity* may mean such *ardour* and sincerity, as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines. Steevens.

This note of Mr. Steevens, though carefully placed *before* the preceding remark in his edition, was written and published *after* it, and was intended to do away its force. The construction recommended is inadmissible: for the words—"that may discover such integrity," manifestly relate to the last clause of *some feeling line*, and not to the whole of the preceding speech. Malone.

[5] For Orpheus' LUTE was strung with POETS' SINEWS;] This shews Shakspeare's knowledge of antiquity. He here assigns Orpheus his true character of legislator. For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, considered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquisitely beautiful. For by his *lute*, is to be understood his *system of laws*; and by the *poet's sinews*, the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in those laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people.

Warburton.

Proteus is describing to Thurio the powers of poetry; and gives no quality to the *lute* of Orpheus, but those usually and vulgarly ascribed to it. It would be strange indeed if, in order to prevail upon the ignorant and stupid Thurio to write a sonnet to his mistress, he should enlarge upon the legislative powers of Orpheus, which were nothing to the purpose. Warburton's observations frequently tend to prove Shakspeare more profound and learned than the occasion required, and to make the Poet of Nature the most unnatural that ever wrote. M. Mason.

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert[6]: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump[7]; the night's dead silence

[6] —with some sweet CONCERT:] The old copy has *consort*, which I once thought might have meant in our author's time a band or company of musicians. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou *consort'st* with Romeo.

"*Mer. Consort!* what, dost thou make us *minstrels?*"

The subsequent words, "To *their* instruments—," seem to favour this interpretation; but other instances, that I have since met with, in books of our author's age, have convinced me that *consort* was only the old spelling of *concert*, and I have accordingly printed the latter word in the text. The epithet *sweet*, annexed to it, seems better adapted to the musick itself than to the band. *Consort*, when accented on the first syllable (as here) had, I believe, the former meaning; when on the second, it signified a company. So, in the next scene:

"What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our *consórt?*"

In addition to these remarks, I may observe, that Coles in his Dictionary, 1679: renders *consort* by the Latin word *concentus*.

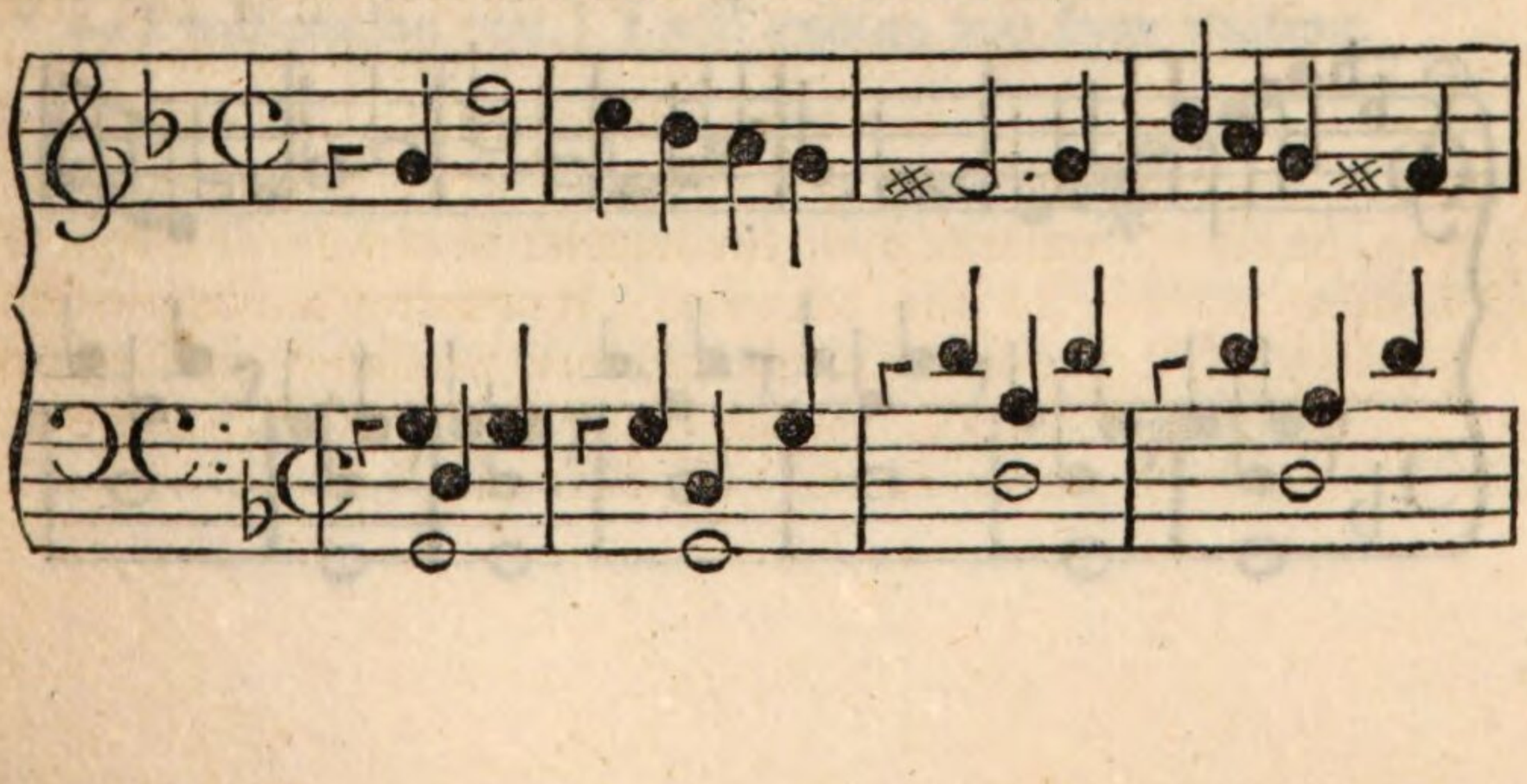
With respect to the relative pronoun *their*, to which we have here no correspondent word, it must be remembered that Shakspeare frequently refers to words not expressed but implied in the former part of the sentence; thus in the present instance, the reference is to *musicians*, who are necessary to make a concert. So, in Othello:

"—And bad me when my fate would have me wiv'd,

"To give it *her*," i. e. his wife. MALONE.

[7] Tune a deploring DUMP;] A *dump* was the ancient term for *a mournful elegy*.

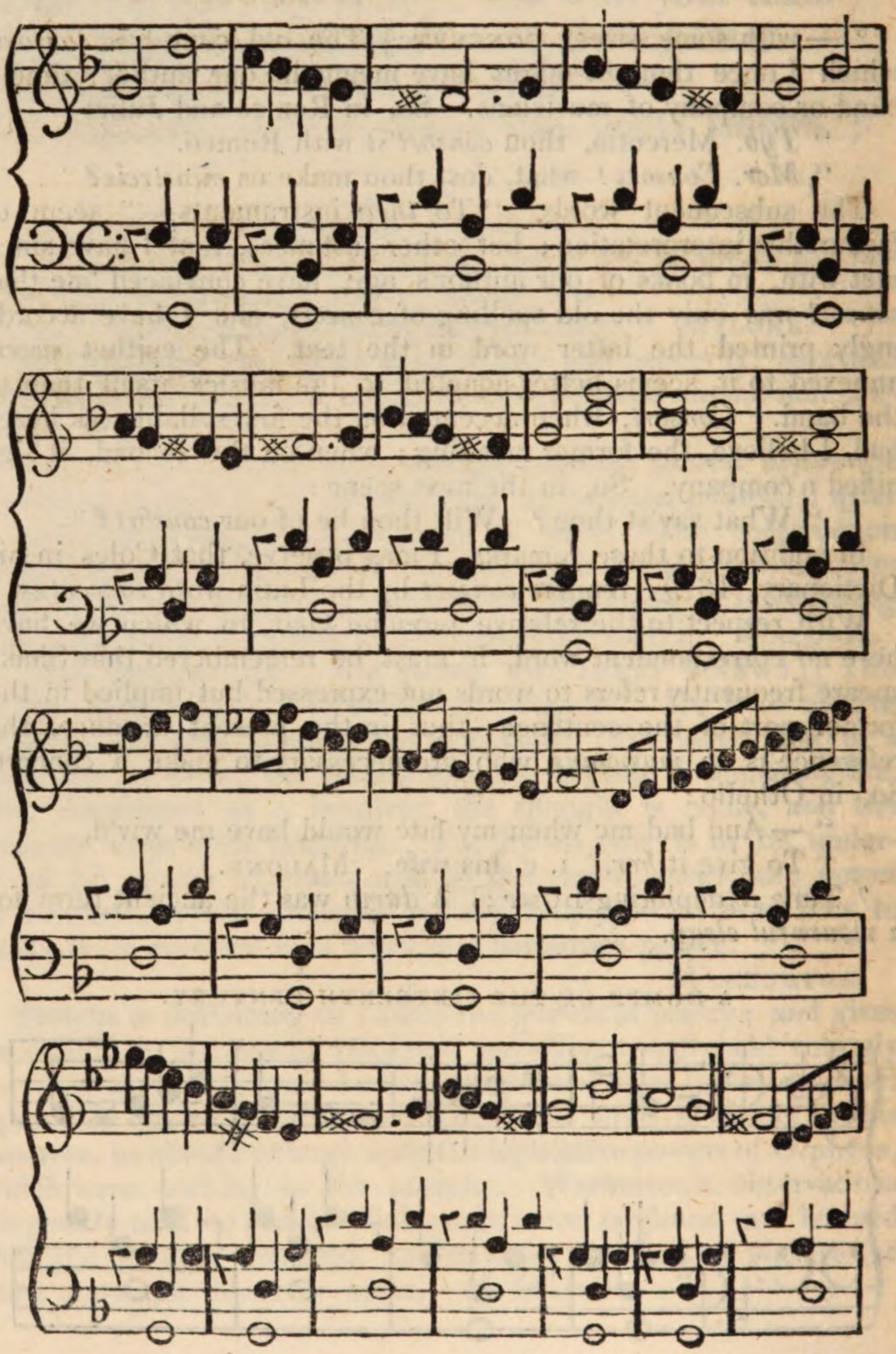
A DOMPE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her[8].

*Duke.* This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:



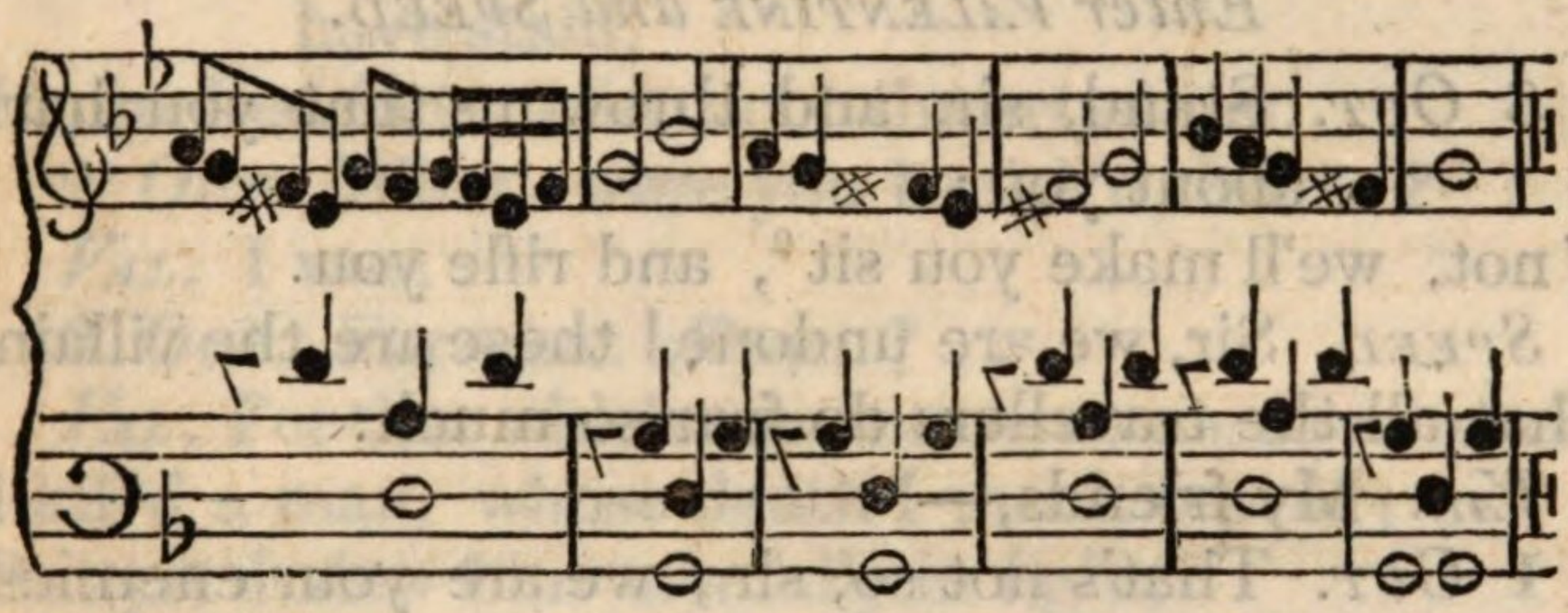
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort [9] some gentlemen well skill'd in musick:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace, till after supper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it; I will pardon you [1].

[*Exeunt.*



For this curiosity the reader is indebted to Stafford Smith, Esq. of His Majesty's Chapel Royal. STEEVENS.

[8] —will INHERIT her.] To *inherit*, is by our author sometimes used, as in this instance, for *to obtain possession* of, without any idea of acquiring by *inheritance*. So, in Titus Andronicus:

"He that had wit, would think that I had none,
"To bury so much gold under a tree,
"And never after to *inherit* it."

This sense of the word was not wholly disused in the time of Milton, who in his Comus has—"*dis-inherit* Chaos," meaning only *dispossess it*. STEEVENS.

[9] To SORT—] i. e. to choose out. So, in K. Richard III.:

"Yet I will *sort* a pitchy hour for thee." STEEVENS.

[1] —I will pardon you.] I will excuse you from waiting.
JOHNSON.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest, near Mantua.

*Enter certain* OUT-LAWS.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with'em.

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit [2], and rifle you.

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man [3].

[2] If not, we'll make you SIT, and rifle you.] The old copy reads as I have printed the passage; paltry as the opposition between *stand* and *sit* may be thought, it is Shakspeare's own. My predecessors read—we'll make you, *sir*, &c. STEEVENS.

*Sir* is the corrupt reading of the third folio. Mr. Steevens's immediate predecessor (the present editor) did not adopt this false reading. MALONE.

[3] —a PROPER man.] i. e. a *well-looking* man; he has the appearance of a gentleman.

So, in Much Ado About Nothing, "at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the *properest* man in Italy."

*Proper*, it should be observed, relates not to the countenance, but to the person or figure, and implies height and symmetry of form. So, near the conclusion of this scene, one of the outlaws, addressing Valentine, says,

"And partly, seeing you are *beautified*
"*With goodly shape*."

Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders this word by *procerus*.

*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

*Val.* To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

*Val.* Some sixteen months; and longer might
have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

2 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

*Val.* I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar[4],
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

So, in an old ballad concerning Robert the celebrated Earl of Essex:

"Then said the prentices *proper* and tall,
"For Essex's sake we will die all." Malone.

[4] —Robin Hood's fat friar,] *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. Johnson.

So, in A Merry Geste of Robin Hoode, &c. bl. l. no date:

"These *byshoppes* and these *archebyshoppes*
"Ye shall them beate and bynde," &c.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: sirs, a word.
*Speed.* Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
*Val.* Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this; Have you any thing to take to?
*Val.* Nothing, but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know then that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men[5]:

But by Robin Hood's fat friar, I believe, Shakspeare means Friar Tuck, who was confessor and companion to this noted outlaw. So, in one of the old songs of Robin Hood:

"And of brave little John,
"Of *Friar Tuck* and Will Scarlett,
"Stokesly and Maid Marian."

Again, in the 26th song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"Of *Tuck the merry friar* which many a sermon made,
"In praise of *Robin Hoode*, his out-lawes, and his trade."

Again, in Skelton's Play of Magnificence, f. 5, 6:

"Another bade shave halfe my berde,
"And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke,
"And wolde have made me *freer Tucke*
"To preche oute of the pylery hole."

See figure III. in the plate at the end of the first part of King Henry IV. with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson seems to have misunderstood this passage. The speaker does not swear by the scalp of some churchman who had been plundered, but by the shaven crown of *Robin Hood's* chaplain: —"We will live and die all together (says a personage in Peele's K. Edward I. 1593:) like *Robin Hood*, little John, Friar Tucke, and Maid Marian." MALONE.

[5] —AWFUL men:] Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates, and other principal members of civil communities. JOHNSON.

*Awful* is used by Shakspeare, in another place, in the sense of *lawful*. Second part of Henry IV. Act IV. Sc. II.:

"We come within our *awful* banks again." TYRWHITT.

So, in K. Henry V. 1600:

"——creatures that by *awe* ordain
"An *act* of order to a peopled kingdom."

*Awful* men are men full of *awe* and respect for the laws of society and the duties of life.

Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke[6].

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood[7], I stabb'd unto the heart.

So, in Richard II.:

"And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
"To pay their *awful* duty to our presence." MALONE.

I think we should read *lawful* in opposition to *lawless* men. In judicial proceedings the word has this sense. SIR J. HAWKINS.

I believe we should read *lawful* men; i. e. *legales homines*. So, in the Newe Boke of Justices, 1560: "commaundinge him to the same to make an inquest and pannel of *lawful* men of his countie." For this remark I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

[6] An HEIR, and NEAR allied unto the duke.] All the impressions from the first downwards, read—"An *heir* and *niece* allied unto the duke." But our poet would never have expressed himself so stupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece*, and *allied* to him: for her alliance was certainly sufficiently included in the first term. Our author meant to say, she was an *heiress*, and *near allied* to the duke; an expression the most natural that can be for the purpose, and very frequently used by the stage-poets. THEOBALD.

A *niece*, or a *nephew*, did not always signify the daughter of a brother or sister, but any remote descendant. Of this use I have given instances as to a *nephew*. See Othello, Act I. I have not, however, disturbed Theobald's emendation. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—and *heir*. The correction was made in the third folio.

Mr. Steevens asserts that a niece or a nephew did not *always* signify the daughter of a brother or sister, but any remote descendant. I suppose after "daughter" the words "or son" have been omitted in his note by an errour of the press. Knowing, however, that the former observation could throw no light on the present passage, he added "or any remote descendant." But, in truth, the terms nephews and nieces, beside their ordinary meaning, were used to signify grand-sons and grand-daughters, but no other remote descendant; and how our understanding niece in the sense of *grand-daughter* would explain the present passage he has not told us. It is manifest, as Theobald has observed, that our poet would never have expressed himself so stupidly as to tell us that this lady was the Duke's *niece*, (in whatever sense we understand the word,) and also *allied* to him. MALONE.

[7] Who, in my MOOD,] *Mood* is anger or resentment. MALONE.



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1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality [8] much want;—

*3 Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

*3 Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages [9]
On silly women, or poor passengers.

*3 Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

[8] —in our QUALITY—] i. e. in our profession. So, in The Tempest:

"——task
"Ariel, and all his *quality*." MALONE.

Hamlet, speaking of the young players, says, "Will they pursue the *quality* no longer than they can sing?" afterwards, "Come give us a touch of your *quality*;" in both which passages *quality* means profession. M. MASON.

[9] —no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.] This was one of the rules of Robin Hood's government. STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

### Milan. The Court of the Palace.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips [1],
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

*Enter* THURIO, *and Musicians.*

*Thu.* How now, sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go [2].

[1] —sudden quips,] That is, hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred sense said to be *sudden;* that is, irascible and impetuous. JOHNSON.

The same expression is used by Dr. Wilson in his Arte of Rhetorique, 1553:—" and make him at his wit's end through the *sudden quip*." MALONE.

[2] —you know, that love
Will CREEP in service where it cannot go.] Kindness will *creep* where it cannot *gang*, is to be found in Kelly's Collection of Scottish Proverbs, p. 226. REED.

*Thu.* Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
*Thu.* Who? Silvia[3]?
*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
*Thu.* I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

*Enter Host, at a distance; and Julia in boy's cloaths.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest! me thinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?
*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.
*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?
*Host.* Ay, that you shall.
*Jul.* That will be musick[4]. [*Musick plays.*
*Host.* Hark! hark!
*Jul.* Is he among these?
*Host.* Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her[6],
That she might admired be.

[3] Who? Sylvia?] So the old copy; for which Mr. Steevens and the other modern editors have given us—Whom? Sylvia? See p. 76, n. 1. Malone.

[4] *Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?
*Host.* Ay, that you shall.
*Jul.* That will be musick.] So, in the Comedy of Errors:
"When every *word* was *musick* to mine ear." Malone.

[5] Who is Silvia? what is she, &c.—
The heaven such grace did lend her,] So, in Pericles:

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness[6]:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excells each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling[7]:
To her let us garlands bring.

*Host.* How now? are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the musick likes you not.

*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

" So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
" *As heaven had lent her all his grace.*" DOUCE.

[6] —beauty lives with kindness:] *Beauty* without kindness *dies* unenjoyed, and undelighting. JOHNSON.

So, Withers:

" If she be not fair for me,
" What care I how fair she be." MALONE.

[7] Upon the DULL EARTH dwelling:] So, in Venus and Adonis, 1593:

" He sees her coming;—
" And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
" Looks on the *dull earth* with disturbed mind."

Again, in our author's 29th Sonnet:

" Like to the lark at break of day arising
" From sullen earth."

Again, in King Henry II. Part II. Act I. Sc. II.:

" Why are thine eyes fix'd on the *sullen earth?*" MALONE.

*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive, you delight not in musick.

*Jul.* Not a whit, when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the musick!

*Jul.* Ay, that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would then have them always play but one thing?

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick [8].

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside; the company parts.

*Iro.* Sir Thurio, fear you not; I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At saint Gregory's well.

*Thu.* Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*

*Silvia appears above, at her window.*

*Pro.* Madam, good evening to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your musick, gentlemen: Who is that, that spake?

[8] — out of all nick.] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.
WARBURTON.

So, in A Woman Never Vex'd, 1532:

" —— I have carried
" The tallies at my girdle seven years together,
" For I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*."

As it is an inn-keeper who employs the allusion, it is much in character. STEEVENS.

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.
*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
*Sil.* What is your will?
*Pro.* That I may compass yours.
*Sil.* You have your wish; my will is even this[9],—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
*Jul.* 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*
*Sil.* Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd; And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him of thy importúnacy?
*Pro.* I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.
*Sil.* And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave[1],
Assure thyself, my love is buried.
*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulcher thine.

9 You have your wish; my will is even this,—] The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wishes to *gain* her *will*: she tells him, if he wants her *will*, he has it. JOHNSON.

1 —in HIS grave,] The old copy has—*her* grave. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

*Jul.* He heard not that. [*Aside.*

*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

*Jul.* If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falshood shall become you well [2]

[2] But, since YOUR FALSHOOD shall become you well —] This is hardly sense. We may read, with very little alteration:

" But since *you're false*, it shall become you well."

JOHNSON.

There is no occasion for any alteration, if we only suppose that *it* is understood here, as in several other places:

" But, since *your falshood* shall become you well
" To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,"

i. e. But, since *your falshood*, *it* shall become you well, &c.

Or indeed, in this place, *To worship shadows*, &c. may be considered as the nominative case to *shall become*. TYRWHITT.

I once had a better opinion of the alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson than I have at present. I now believe the text is right, and that our author means, however licentious the expression,—But, since *your falshood* well becomes, or is well suited to, the worshipping of shadows, and the adoring of false shapes, send to me in the morning for my picture, &c. Or, in other words, But, since the worshipping of shadows, and the adoring of false shapes, shall well become *you*, *false as you are*, send, &c. *To worship shadows*, &c. I consider as the objective case, as well as *you*. There are other instances in these plays of a double accusative depending on the same verb. I have therefore followed the punctuation of the old copy, and not placed a comma after *falshood*, as in those modern editions which preceded mine.

*Since* is, I think, here not a preposition, but means *inasmuch as*. By supposing it a preposition, as Dr. Johnson and Mr. Tyrwhitt appear to have considered it, *send* in the third line is left unconnected with the word on which it in fact depends; for the construction is, *since* the present you desire is perfectly suitable to your character, *send* to me in the morning for it. MALONE.

To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

*Pro.* As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from above.*

*Jul.* Host, will you go?

*Host.* By my halidom[3], I was fast asleep.

*Jul.* Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

*Host.* Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, tis almost day.

*Jul.* Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest[4].

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

The same.

*Enter Eglamour.*

*Egl.* This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

*Silvia appears above, at her window.*

*Sil.* Who calls?

[3] By my HALIDOM —] Minshieu thus explains this word in his Dictionary, 1617, folio: "*Halidome* or *Holidome*, an old word, used by old country women, by manner of swearing: by my *halidome*, of the Saxon word, *haligdome*, *ex halig*, i. e. sanctum, and *dome*, dominium aut judicium." MALONE.

[4] — most heaviest.] This use of the double superlative is frequent in our author. So, in King Lear, Act II. Sc. III.:

"To take the basest and *most poorest* shape." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens might have added that the same phraseology is found very often in the translation of the Bible, 1611; and in all the books of Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

*Egl.* Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose [5],
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful [6], well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd:
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity [7]:

[5] —your ladyship's IMPOSE,] *Impose* is *injunction, command.* A task set at college, in consequence of a fault, is still called an *imposition.* STEEVENS.

[6] —REMORSEFUL,] *Remorseful* is pitiful. So, in The Maids Metamorphosis, by Lily, 1600:

"Provokes my mind to take *remorse* of thee."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 2d Book of Homer's Iliad, 1598:

"Descend on our long-toyled host with thy *remorseful* eye."

Again, in the same translator's version of the 20th Iliad:

"—— he was none of those *remorsefull* men,
"Gentle and affable; but fierce at all times, and mad then."

STEEVENS.

[7] Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity:] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, p. 1013, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil, and a mourning habit. The same distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votarists; and therefore this circumstance might

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances [8];
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little [9] what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

*Sil.* This evening coming.

*Egl.* Where shall I meet you?

*Sil.* At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

inform the players how sir Eglamour should be drest; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her own character. Steevens.

[8] — grievances;] Sorrows, sorrowful affections. Johnson.

In our author's time *griefs* frequently signified *grievances;* and the present instance shews that in return *grievance* sometimes was used in the sense of *grief.* Malone.

[9] Recking as little —] To *reck* is to care for. So, in Hamlet:

"And *recks* not his own read."

Both Chaucer and Spenser use this word with the same signification. Steevens.

In the old copy the word is written *wrecking*, but it is only the vulgar and common mode of spelling the word in the text.

Malone.

*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.
*Sil.* Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

### The same.

*Enter Launce with his dog.*

*Launce.* When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher[1], and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself[2] in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog[3] indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs[4], under the duke's table: he had not

[1] to her TRENCHER,] In our author's time, trenchers were in general use even on the tables of the nobility. Hence Shakspeare, who gives to every country the customs of England, has furnished the Duke of Milan's dining table with them. MALONE.

[2] — KEEP himself—] i. e. restrain himself. STEEVENS.

[3] —to be a dog —] I believe we should read—I would have, &c. one that takes upon him to be a dog, *to be a dog* indeed, to be &c. JOHNSON.

[4] —GENTLEMAN-like dogs,] So the authentick copy; for which the modern editions have—*gentlemen* like.

been there (bless the mark) a pissing while[5], but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke: I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs[6]: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant[7]? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia[8]; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentle-

[5] —a PISSING WHILE,] This expression is used in Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady: "—have patience but a *pissing while*." It appears from Ray's Collection, that it is proverbial. STEEVENS.

[6] —the fellow that WHIPS the dogs:] This appears to have been part of the office of an *usher of the table*. So, in Mucedorus:

"—I'll prove my office good: for look you, &c.—When a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a *whip* I give him good time of the day, and strew rushes presently."

STEEVENS.

[7] —for HIS servant,] So the authentick copy; for which Mr. Pope substituted—*their* servant; as certainly our poet ought to have written. I have no doubt that the text is correct. *His* and *their* never could have been confounded together either by the eye or the ear. MALONE.

[8] —madam SILVIA;] Perhaps we should read of madam *Julia*. It was *Julia* only of whom a formal leave could have been taken. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, without any necessity I think, reads—Julia; "alluding to the leave his master and he took when they left Verona." But it appears from a former scene, (as Mr. Heath has observed,) that Launce was not present when Proteus and Julia

woman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

*PRO.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

*JUL.* In what you please;—I will * do what I can.

*PRO.* I hope thou wilt.—How, now, you whoreson peasant?
Where have you been these two days loitering?

*LAUNCE.* Marry, sir, I carry'd mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

*PRO.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*LAUNCE.* Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

*PRO.* But she receiv'd my dog?

*LAUNCE.* No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

*PRO.* What, didst thou offer her this from me?

*LAUNCE.* Ay, sir; the other squirrel [9] was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

*PRO.* Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again.
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

* First folio, *I'll do*.

parted. Launce, on the other hand, has just taken leave of, i. e. parted from (for that is all that is meant) Madam Silvia.

Mr. Steevens, it is observable, in his note, in support of Dr. Warburton's notion, has thrown in the word *formal* [a *formal* leave] which are not Launce's words. MALONE.

[9] the other SQUIRREL, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads,—the other, *Squirrel*, &c. and consequently makes *Squirrel* the proper name of the beast. Perhaps Launce only speaks of it as a diminutive animal, more resembling a *squirrel* in size, than a dog.

STEEVENS.

It is printed with a capital letter in the first folio. BOSWELL.

The subsequent words,—" who is a dog *as big as ten of yours*," shew that Mr. Steeven's interpretation is the true one. MALONE.

Away, I say; Stayest thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end [1], turns me to shame.
[*Exit* Launce.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not,)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee [2], for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me [3].

*Jul.* It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:

[1] —an end,] i. e. *in the end*, at the conclusion of every business he undertakes. Steevens.

*Still an end*, and *most an end*, are vulgar expressions, and mean commonly, generally. So, in Massinger's Very Woman, a Citizen asks the Master, who had slaves to sell, "What will that girl do?" To which he replies:

"——sure no harm at all, sir,
"For she sleeps *most an end*." M. Mason.

This interpretation of Mr. M. Mason's is proved to be right by Mr. Gifford in his note on the passage quoted from Massinger.
Boswell.

[2] Therefore know THEE,] For this the reading of the only authentick copy, the second folio, more correctly reads—know *thou;* as our poet certainly ought to have written. But he who has so frequently gave us *who* for *whom*, and who has *him* for *he*, *she* for *her*, &c. would in the same licentious way write *thee* for *thou*. I have therefore made no change. Malone.

[3] She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.] i. e. She, *who* delivered it to me, lov'd me well. Malone.

It seems, you lov'd her NOT, to LEAVE her token:] Proteus does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. The old edition has it—

"It seems you loved her not, *not* leave her token."

I should correct it thus:

"It seems you loved her not, *nor love* her token."
Johnson.

She's dead, belike[4].

*Pro.* Not so; I think, she lives.

*Jul.* Alas!

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry, alas?

*Jul.* I cannot choose but pity her?

The authentick copy reads:

"It seems you lov'd *not her*, not leave her token."

The single errour appears to have been, that the compositor inadvertently repeated the word *not*, (a very common errour of the press,) instead of printing *to*, (*to* leave,) which word was substituted for *not*, in the second folio.

To *leave*, seems here to be used in the sense of to *part with*. So, in a former scene, we find the same words signifying to *cease*:

"I *leave* to be," i. e. "I part with my being."

This explanation, which corresponds with that of Mr. M. Mason in the following note, was written and printed three years before his comments appeared; a circumstance which I mention, because he appears to have known so little of the progress of the press, as to have supposed that because my first edition was published in 1790, my commentaries were all subsequent to his, which appeared in 1785: whereas, in fact, several of the plays (of that edition) were printed before that year, the work having been begun in 1782.

I had also in my appendix, several years afterwards, supported this explanation by the very same instance from the Merchant of Venice, which he has quoted, without turning to his remarks. These coincidences must frequently happen where an author is elucidated by comparing him with himself. Malone.

Johnson, not recollecting the force of the word *leave*, proposes an amendment of this passage, but that is unnecessary; for, in the language of the time, to *leave* means to *part with*, or *give away*. Thus, in The Merchant of Venice, Portia, speaking of the ring she gave Bassanio, says:

"——and here he stands;
"I dare be sworn for him, he would not *leave* it,
"Or pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
"That the world masters."

And Bassanio says, in a subsequent scene:

"If you did know to whom I gave the ring, &c.
"And how unwillingly I *left* the ring,
"You would abate the strength of your displeasure."

M. Mason.

[4] She's dead, belike.] This is said in reference to what Proteus had asserted to Silvia in a former scene; viz. that both *Julia* and Valentine were dead. Steevens.

*Pro.* Wherefore should'st thou pity her?
*Jul.* Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!
*Pro.* Well: give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.
[*Exit Proteus.*
*Jul.* How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd[5];
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter Silvia, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

[5] To carry that, which I would HAVE refus'd; &c.] The sense is, To go and present that which I wish to be not accepted, to praise him whom I wish to be dispraised. JOHNSON.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she?

*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

*Sil.* From whom?

*Jul.* From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

*Sil.* O,—he sends you for a picture?

*Jul.* Ay, madam.

*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again.

*Jul.* It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

*Jul.* She thanks you.

*Sil.* What say'st thou?

*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Dost thou know her?

*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.

*Sil.* Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook her.

*Jul.* I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

*Sil.* Is she not passing fair?

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I [6].

*Sil.* How tall was she?

*Jul.* About my stature: for, at pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgement,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time I made her weep a-good [7],
For I did play a lamentable part:

[6] And PINCH'D the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.] The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue*. The weather may therefore be justly said to *pinch*, when it produces the same visible effect. I believe this is the reason why the cold is said to *pinch*. JOHNSON.

Cleopatra says of herself,——"Think on me,
"That am with Phœbus' amorous *pinches* black." STEEVENS.

[7] — weep A-GOOD,] i. e. in good earnest. *Tout de bon*, Fr. So, in Turberville's translation of Ovid's epistle from Ariadne to Theseus:

"——beating of my breast *a-good*." STEEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, 1633:

"And therewithall their knees have rankled so,
"That I have laugh'd *a-good*."

Again, in Turberville's Tragicall Tales, p. 98, 8vo. 1587:

"Whereat she waylde and wept *a-good*." MALONE.

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight [8];

[8] ——'twas Ariadne, PASSIONING

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;] The history of this twice-deserted lady is too well known to need an introduction here; nor is the reader interrupted on the business of Shakspeare; but I find it difficult to refrain from making a note the vehicle for a conjecture which I may have no better opportunity of communicating to the publick.—The subject of a picture of Guido (commonly supposed to be Ariadne deserted by Theseus and courted by Bacchus) may possibly have been hitherto mistaken. Whoever will examine the fabulous history critically, as well as the performance itself, will acquiesce in the truth of the remark. Ovid, in his Fasti, tells us, that Bacchus (who left Ariadne to go on his Indian expedition) found too many charms in the daughter of one of the kings of that country.

" Interea Liber depexos crinibus Indos
" Vincit, et Eoo dives ab orbe redit.
" Inter captivas facie præstante puellas
" Grata nimis Baccho filia regis erat.
" Flebat amans conjux, spatiataque littore curvo
" Edidit incultis talia verba sonis.
" Quid me desertis perituram, Liber, arenis
" Servabas? potui dedoluisse semel.——
" Ausus es ante oculus, adducta pellice, nostros
" Tam bene compositum sollicitare torum," &c.

*Ovid, Fast.* l. iii. v. 465.

In this picture he appears as if just returned from India, bringing with him his new favourite, who hangs on his arm, and whose presence only causes those emotions so visible in the countenance of Ariadne, who had been hitherto represented on this occasion:

" —— as passioning
" For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight."

From this painting a plate was engraved by Giacomo Freij, which is generally a companion to the Aurora of the same master. The print is so common, that the curious may easily satisfy themselves concerning the propriety of a remark which has intruded itself among the notes on Shakspeare.

*To passion* is used as a verb, by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. In The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, printed 1598, we meet with the same expression: " —what, art thou *passioning* over the picture of Cleanthes?"

Again, in Eliosto Libidinoso, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606: " —if thou gaze on a picture, thou must, with Pigmalion, be *passionate*."

× Sir Henry Lee. the Romant Knight was so much
inscribed upon his shield the contemplation of Ariadne's
unkindness & Contentment in her Imaginary misfortune. Curtius
Hist. of Alexander

Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

*Sil.* She is beholding to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia.*

*Jul.* And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much [9].
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow [1]:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig [2].

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. 12:
"Some argument of matter *passioned*." Steevens.

9 — my mistress' love so much.] She had in her preceding speech called Julia *her mistress;* but it is odd enough that she should thus describe herself, when she is *alone*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—"*his* mistress;" but without necessity. Our author knew that his audience considered the disguised Julia in the present scene as a page to Proteus, and this, I believe, and the love of antithesis, produced the expression. Malone.

1 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:] i. e. her hair has a tinge of yellow; mine is perfectly of a yellow colour. *Auburn* hair is of the colour of amber. Malone.

2 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.] It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before *wigs*

Her eyes are grey as glass [3]; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low [4], and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,

were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were called *periwigs*. So, in Northward Hoe, 1607: "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen of *perriwig-making*: let your wife set up in the Strand."—"*Perwickes*," however, are mentioned by Churchyard in one of his earliest poems. STEEVENS.

See Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. III.: "—and her hair shall be of what colour it please God." And The Merchant of Venice, Act. III. Sc. II.:

"So are those crisped snaky golden locks," &c.

Again, in The Honestie of this Age, proving by good Circumstance that the World was never honest till now, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615: "My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes, to bestowe upon some new-fashioned attire;—upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a Christian woman." Again, *ibid.*: "These attire-makers within these forty years were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monstrous attires, closed in boxes,—and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

[3] Her eyes are GREY AS GLASS;] So Chaucer, in the character of his Prioress:

"Ful semely hire wimple y-pinched was;
"Hire nose tretis; hire *eyen grey as glas*." THEOBALD.

So, again in Romeo and Juliet:

"This be a *grey* eye or so."

By a *grey* eye was meant, what we now call a *blue* eye; *grey*, when applied to the eye, is rendered by Coles in his Dictionary, 1679, *ceruleus*, *glaucus*. MALONE.

[4] —her forehead's low,] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So, in The History of Guy of Warwick, "Felice his lady" is said to have "*the same high forehead as Venus*." JOHNSON.

Again, in The Tempest:

"——with foreheads *villainous low*." MALONE.

But I can make respective[5] in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead[6].

[5] —RESPECTIVE—] i. e. *respectful*, or *respectable*. STEEVENS.

[6] My substance should be STATUE in thy stead.] It would be easy to read, with no more roughness than is found in many lines of Shakspeare:

" —— should be *a* statue in thy stead."

The sense, as Mr. Edwards observes, is, " He should have my substance as a *statue*, instead of thee [the picture] who art a senseless form." This word, however, is used without the article *a* in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence:

" —— it was your beauty
" That turn'd me *statue*."

And again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th Æneid:

" And Trojan *statue* throw into the flame."

Again, in Dryden's Don Sebastian:

" —— try the virtue of that Gorgon face,
" To stare me into *statue*." STEEVENS.

Steevens has clearly proved that this passage requires no amendment; but it appears from hence, and a passage in Massinger, that the word *statue* was formerly used to express a *portrait*. Julia is here addressing herself to a *picture*; and in the City Madam, the young ladies are supposed to take leave of the *statues* of their lovers, as they style them, though Sir John, at the beginning of the scene, calls them *pictures*, and describes them afterwards as nothing but superficies, colours, and no substance.

M. MASON.

*Statue* here, I think, should be written *statua*, and pronounced as it generally, if not always, was in our author's time, a word of three syllables. It being the first time this word occurs, I take the opportunity of observing that alterations have been often improperly made in the text of Shakspeare, by supposing *statue* to be intended by him for a dissyllable. Thus, in King Richard III. Act III. Sc. VII.:

" But like dumb *statues* or breathing stones."

Mr. Rowe has unnecessarily changed *breathing* to *un*breathing,

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,

for a supposed defect in the metre, to an actual violation of the sense.

Again, in Julius Cæsar, Act II. Sc. II.:

"She dreamt to-night she saw my *statue*."

Here, to fill up the line, Mr. Capell adds the name of Decius, and the last editor, deserting his usual caution, has improperly changed the regulation of the whole passage.

Again, in the same play, Act III. Sc. II.:

"Even at the base of Pompey's *statue*."

In this line, however, the true mode of pronouncing the word is suggested by the last editor, who quotes a very sufficient authority for his conjecture. From authors of the times it would not be difficult to fill whole pages with instances to prove that *statue* was at that period a trisyllable. Many authors spell it in that manner. On so clear a point the first proof which occurs is enough. Take the following from Bacon's Advancement of Learning, 4to. 1633: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no nor of the kings or great personages of much later years," &c. p. 88. Again: "—without which the history of the world seemeth to be as the *Statua* of Polyphemus with his eye out," &c. REED.

It may be observed, on this occasion, that some Latin words which were admitted into the English language, still retained their Roman pronunciation. Thus *heroe* and *heroes* are constantly used for trisyllables; as in the following instances, by Chapman:

"His speare fixt by him as he slept, the great end in the ground,
"The point that brisled the darke earth, cast a reflection round
"Like pallid lightnings throwne from Jove. Thus this *Heroe* lay,
"And under him a big oxe hide." 10*th Iliad.*

Again, in the same book:

"This said, he on his shoulders cast a yellow lion's hide,
"Big, and reacht earth; then took his speare; and Nestor's will applide,
"Rais'd the *Heroes*, brought them both. All met, the round they went." STEEVENS.

However proper it may be to read *statua* in certain passages of our author, there is certainly no occasion for any such reading here, the metre being perfect as the line stands in the old copy. MALONE.

I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes [7],
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### The Same. An Abbey.

*Enter* EGLAMOUR.

*Egl.* The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me [8].
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

*Enter* SILVIA.

See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

*Sil.* Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,

[7] —your UNSEEING EYES.] So, in Macbeth:

"Thou hast no speculation in these eyes." STEEVENS.

[8] That Sivia, at FRIAR Patrick's cell, should meet me.] The old copy redundantly reads—*friar* Patrick's cell. But the omission of this title is justified by a passage in the next scene, when the Duke says,

"At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not."

STEEVENS.

According to the doctrine here laid down, if the poet has ever added an epithet to a word, he must always use either the same or some other epithet; and has not the liberty of using the word again without any epithet at all.

I have adhered to the old copy, both because the reason for departing from it appears to me to have no weight, because compositors at the press never insert words not found in the manuscript, unless when the eye glances on a word above or below, and because the metre here is just as good as many other lines in these plays, as I have shown in the essay on that subject.

MALONE.

Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

*Egl.* Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough [9]. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.*

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

*Pro.* O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long?

*Pro.* No; that it is too little.

*Thu.* I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

*Pro.* But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths *.

*Thu.* What says she to my face?

*Pro.* She says, it is a fair one.

*Thu.* Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

*Pro.* But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes [1].

9 — sure enough.] *Sure* is save, out of danger. Johnson.

* *Pro.* But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.] I suspect that this line should be given, as well as a subsequent one, to Julia; and was meant to be spoken aside. It is exactly in the style of her other sarcastick speeches; and Proteus, who is playing upon Thurio's credulity, would hardly represent him as an object of *loathing* to his mistress. Boswell.

1 Black men are pearls, &c.] So, in Heywood's Iron Age, 1632:

"——a *black complexion*
"Is always gracious in a woman's eye."

Again, in Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:

"—but to make every black slovenly cloud a pearle in her eye." Steevens.

"A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye,"—is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. Malone.

*Jul.* 'Tis true [2], such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*
*Thu.* How likes she my discourse?
*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.
*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?
*Jul.* But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*
*Thu.* What says she to my valour?
*Pro.* O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
*Jul.* She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*
*Thu.* What says she to my birth?
*Pro.* That you are well deriv'd.
*Jul.* True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*
*Thu.* Considers she my possessions?
*Pro.* O, ay; and pities them.
*Thu.* Wherefore?
*Jul.* That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*
*Pro.* That they are out by lease [3].
*Jul.* Here comes the duke.

[2] *Jul.* 'Tis true, &c.] This speech, which certainly belongs to Julia, is given in the old copy to Thurio. Mr. Rowe restored it to its proper owner. STEEVENS.

[3] That they are out by lease.] I suppose he means, because Thurio's folly has let them on disadvantageous terms. STEEVENS.

She pities Sir Thurio's possessions, because they are let to others, and are not in his own dear hands. Such appears to me to be the meaning. M. MASON.

"By Thurio's *possessions*, he himself understands his lands and estate. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his *mental endowments:* and when he says they are *out by lease*, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their master, (who is a fool,) but are leased out to another." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

For this explication, which is clearly just, the reader, I believe, is indebted to the late Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. usually denominated Lord Hailes. MALONE.

*Enter* DUKE.

*DUKE.* How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour [4], of late?

*THU.* Not I.

*PRO.* Nor I.

*DUKE.* Saw you my daughter?

*PRO.* Neither.

*DUKE.* Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine:
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua; whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

*THU.* Why, this it is to be a peevish girl [5],
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia [6]. [*Exit.*

*PRO.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

[4] — SIR Eglamour,] *Sir*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[5] — a PEEVISH girl,] *Peevish*, in ancient language, signifies *foolish*. So, in King Henry VI. Part I.:

"To send such *peevish* tokens to a king." STEEVENS.

[6] — RECKLESS Sylvia.] i. e. careless, heedless. So, in Hamlet:

"—— like a puff'd and *reckless* libertine." STEEVENS.

*Jul.* And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.

*Enter Silvia and Out-laws.*

1 *Out.* Come, come; be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

*Sil.* O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes [7].
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was [8]!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here? [*Steps aside.*

7 —RECORD my woes.] To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. So, in The Pilgrim, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——O sweet, sweet! how the birds *record* too?"

Again, in a pastoral, by N. Breton, published in England's Helicon, 1614:

"Sweet Philomel, the bird that hath the heavenly throat,
"Doth now, alas! not once afford *recording* of a note."

Again, in another Dittie, by Thomas Watson, ibid.:

"Now birds *record* with harmonie."

Sir John Hawkins informs me, that to *record* is a term still used by bird-fanciers, to express the first essays of a bird in singing. STEEVENS.

8 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!] It is hardly possible to point out four lines in any of the plays of Shakspeare, more remarkable for ease and elegance. STEEVENS.

The image here presented occurs frequently in our author's works. So, in the Comedy of Errors, Act. III. Sc. II.:

"Shall *love* in *building* grow so ruinate?"

See the note on that passage. MALONE.

So, in Marlowe's Jew of Malta:

"And leave no memory *that e'er I* was." RITSON.

*Enter* PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

*PRO.* Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed [9], but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure you cannot give.

*VAL.* How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*

*SIL.* O miserable, unhappy that I am!

*PRO.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

*SIL.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

*JUL.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*

*SIL.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul [1]?
And full as much (for more there cannot be,)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

9 — my MEED,] i. e. reward. So, in Titus Andronicus:

" —— thanks, to men
" Of noble minds, is honourable *meed*." STEEVENS.

Again, in Gammer Gurton's Needle, 1575:

" O Christ! that I were sure of it! in faith he should have his *mede*."

So also Spencer, and almost every writer of the time. REED.

1 Whose life's as TENDER to me —] As dear, as much the object of tenderness and care. To *tender* signifies to take care of; to regard with kindness. So, in the present play, Act IV. Sc. IV.

" I thank you, madam, that you *tender* her;
" Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much." MALONE.

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd [2],
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love, where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou had'st two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

*Pro.* In love,
Who respects friend?

*Sil.* All men but Proteus.

*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love: force you.

*Sil.* O heaven!

*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.

*Val.* Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

*Pro.* Valentine!

*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or love [3];
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou has beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.

[2] — and still APPROV'D,] *Approv'd* is *felt, experienced.* MALONE.

[3] — THAT'S without faith or love;] *That's* is perhaps here used, not for *who is*, but for *id est, that is to say.* MALONE.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand [4]
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst [5]!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

4 Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand —] The old copy has not *own;* which was introduced into the text by Sir T. Hanmer. The second folio, to complete the metre, reads:

" Who should be trusted *now*, when one's right hand —"

The addition, like all those made in that copy, appears to have been merely arbitrary; and the modern word is, in my opinion, more likely to have been the author's than the other. MALONE.

What! " *all* at one fell swoop!" are they *all* arbitrary, when Mr. Malone has honoured so many of them with a place in his text? Being completely satisfied with the reading of the second folio, I have followed it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has more than once endeavoured to show that I have been inconsistent in speaking of the second folio as a book of no authority, and yet adopting certain corrections from that copy. Where is the inconsistency? By *arbitrary* emendations, I mean conjectures made at the will and pleasure of the conjecturer, and without any authority. Such are Rowe's, Pope's, Theobald's, Hanmer's, &c.; and my assertion is, that all emendations not authorized by authentick copies, printed or manuscript, stand on the same footing, and are to be judged of by their reasonableness and probability; and, therefore, if Sir Thomas Hanmer or Dr. Warburton had proposed an hundred false conjectural emendations, and two evidently just, I should have admitted these two, and rejected all the rest. Mr. Steevens seems to have understood the word *arbitrary* in the sense of *erroneous*, a meaning which I believe no other person ever attached to it.

Of the conjectural emendations made in that adulterated copy, I admitted many in my former edition, which were unquestionably made in consequence of the conjecturer's ignorance of Shakspeare's phraseology, which have been rejected in the present edition, and the readings of the authentick copy restored.

MALONE.

5 The private wound, &c.] I have a little mended the measure. The old edition, and all but Sir Thomas Hanmer's, read:

" The private wound is deepest: O time most *accurs'd.*"

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, with a view of mending the metre, reads: The

*Pro.* My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

*Val.* Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee [6].

private wound is deepest: O time most *curst!* a reading which has been adopted by Mr. Steevens.

I have adhered to the old copy, because our author has in many other places given us lines of twelve syllables, as I have shewn in the essay on his metre. Malone.

[6] All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.] It is, I think, very odd, to give up his mistress thus at once, without any reason alledged. But our author probably followed the stories just as he found them in his novels as well as histories. Pope.

This passage either hath been much sophisticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakspeare; for it is impossible he could make Valentine act and speak so much out of character, or give to Silvia so unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this strange concession, if it had been made. Hanmer.

Valentine, from seeing Silvia in the company of Proteus, might conceive she had escaped with him, from her father's court, for the purposes of love, though she could not foresee the violence which his villainy might offer, after he had seduced her under the pretence of an honest passion. If Valentine, however, be supposed to hear all that passed between them in this scene, I am afraid I have only to subscribe to the opinion of my predecessors. Steevens.

"And, that my love, &c." Transfer these two lines to the end of Thurio's speech in page 135, and all is right. Why then should Julia faint? It is only an artifice, seeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to discover herself to Proteus, by a pretended mistake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the hastening too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denouëment, which

*Jul.* O me unhappy! [*Faints.*

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag[7]! how now? what's the matter? look up; speak.

*Jul.* O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia[8]; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?

*Jul.* Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

*Pro.* How! let me see[9]: why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

shews that, if it be Shakspeare's, (which I cannot doubt,) it was one of his very early performances. Blackstone.

Sir William Blackstone's proposal of transposing these two lines, and giving them in another distinct page, (to say nothing of the hardiness of such a mode of emendation,) is inadmissible; for the word *love*, which is peculiarly applicable to Valentine, who was the friend of Proteus, would in the mouth of Thurio have no meaning.

Surely our author's youth is a sufficient excuse for the hasty and improbable conclusion of this comedy, without looking for any other cause whatsoever. To suppose that, because it is defective in this particular, it therefore was not the production of Shakspeare, shews but little knowledge either of our poet or the human mind. Malone.

7 Why, boy! why, wag! &c.] Our author, throughout his plays, frequently introduces short prose speeches in the midst of blank verse. So here from the words—"O me, unhappy," down to "How! let me see," (inclusive) was evidently intended by him as prose, and exhibited in that form in the old copy. But Mr. Steevens, who throughout his later editions, by arbitrary changes, omissions, and interpolations, whenever it was possible, has forced every thing into blank verse, here reads "what *is*" for "*what's*," and in 1793, proposed to substitute the word *give* for *deliverer*, though he was not hardy enough to make that violent change. Afterwards he suggested a different emendation, but equally unnecessary. Malone.

8 — to DELIVER a ring to madam Silvia;] Surely our author wrote—"*Deliver* a ring," &c. A verse so rugged as that in the text must be one of those corrupted by the players, or their transcriber. Steevens.

9 *Pro.* How! let me see: &c.] I suspect that this unmetrical passage should be regulated as follows:

*Jul.* O, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook;
this is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shews another ring.*

*Pro.* But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my
depart I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How! Julia!

*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy
oaths[1],
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root[2]?
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love[3]:

"*Pro.* How! let me see it: Why, this is the ring
" I gave to Julia.
"*Jul.* Cry you mercy, sir,
" I have mistook: this is the ring you sent
" To Silvia.
"*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this?
" At my depart, I gave this unto Julia." STEEVENS.

This rugged verse, as Steevens terms it, is printed as prose in the first folio, and such it was unquestionably intended to be. Our author's occasional intermixture of prose and verse in his scenes has been sufficiently proved already. BOSWELL.

[1] Behold her that GAVE AIM to all thy oaths,] So, in Titus Andronicus, Act V. Sc. III.:

"But, gentle people, *give* me *aim* a while."

Both these passages allude to the *aim-crier* in archery. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III. Sc. II.: "—all my neighbours shall *cry aim*." See note, *ibid.* STEEVENS.

Aim, I think, means in this passage the object to which all your oaths or vows were directed. BOSWELL.

[2] How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the ROOT?] Sir T. Hanmer reads—cleft the root *on't.* JOHNSON.

—— cleft the *root?* i. e. of her heart. MALONE.

An allusion to *cleaving the pin* in archery. STEEVENS.

[3] —if shame live, &c.] That is, if it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love. JOHNSON.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

*Pro.* Than men their minds: 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

*Pro.* Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

*Jul.* And I mine[4].

*Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.*

*Out.* A prize, a prize, a prize!

*Val.* Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke[5].
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

[4] And I mine.] Mr. Steevens, again deserting the ancient copy, reads on the suggestion of Mr. Ritson—And I have mine—and this is for the purpose of splicing this hemistich with the following words, by which the following metrical line is made out:

"And I have mine."——"A prize, a prize, a prize!"

So that even the outlaws are compelled to proclaim, that they have got a booty, in blank verse. Malone.

[5] Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.] This is one of the many alexandrines, or lines of twelve syllables, interspersed in these plays, of which numerous instances are given in the essay on the metre and phraseology of Shakspeare. Mr. Steevens, with his usual disregard of the ancient copies, omits the first word of this line, though the repetition is strongly confirmed by the subsequent words—"I say." Malone.

Banished Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine!

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath [6]:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands [7],
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:

[6] —the measure of my wrath:] The length of my sword, the reach of my anger. Johnson.

[7] Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands,] Thus the only authentick copy. Mr. Theobald, in the following note, suggested that we ought to read "Milan," &c.; and so certainly the poet should have written. But that he did not write *Milan* is clear from the metre of the line; for, in that case, it would contain but nine syllables. The authour therefore must stand accountable for this, and some other errors in this youthful production. Mr. Theobald has not represented the only authentick copy correctly, for it reads—"*hold* thee," not "*behold* thee." By the substitution of the latter word, and changing Verona into Milan, he produced a metrical line, and this false reading appears to have escaped the notice of all his successors. It is so far from being true that *all* the editions before Theobald's exhibit *behold*, that even that of Mr. Pope, his immediate predecessor, has *hold*, and so I believe all the rest. Malone.

"*Milan* shall not *behold* thee," &c. All the editions—"*Verona* shall not *behold* thee;" but, whether through the mistake of the first editors, or the poet's own carelessness, this reading is absurdly faulty; for the threat here is to Thurio, who is a Milanese, and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. Besides, the scene is between the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Sylvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. And upon these circumstances I ventured to adjust the text, as I imagine the poet must have intended; i. e. Milan, thy country shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither. Theobald.

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke*. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done [8],
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love [9].
Know then, I here forget all former griefs [1],
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state [2] in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

*Val*. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

*Duke*. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val*. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exíle:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

*Duke*. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;

[8] To MAKE SUCH MEANS for her as thou hast done,] i. e. to make such interest for, to take such disingenuous pains about her. So, in King Richard III.:

"One that *made means* to come by what he hath." STEEVENS.

[9] And think thee WORTHY OF AN EMPRESS' LOVE.] This thought has already occurred in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act:

"He is as *worthy for an empress' love*." STEEVENS.

[1] —all former GRIEFS,] *Griefs*, in old language, frequently signified *grievances*, *wrongs*. MALONE.

[2] PLEAD a new state —] Should not this begin a new sentence? *Plead* is the same as *plead thou*. TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction. STEEVENS.

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars [3]
With triumphs [4], mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And as we walk alone, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

*Val.* I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

*Duke.* What mean you by that saying?

*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness [5].

[*Exeunt.*

[3] —we will INCLUDE all jars —] Sir T. Hanmer reads *conclude*. JOHNSON.

To *include* is to *shut up*, to *conclude*. So, in Macbeth:

" —— and *shut up*
" In measureless content."

Again, in Spencer's Faery Queene, b. iv. c. ix.:

" And for to shut up all in friendly love." STEEVENS.

The two quotations show that to *shut up* meant to *conclude;* but neither of them show that to *include*, signified to *conclude;* nor had this word ever such a signification. It meant, as the etymology of the word suggests, neither to conclude, nor to shut up, but to shut *in;* and such is the explication of the word given in Cowdrey's Alphabetical Table of Hard English Words, 8vo. 1604:

" To include, to shut *in*, to containe within."

All their former jars were to be shut in, (in their own bosoms, we may suppose,) and to be prevented from getting out by triumphs, masques, &c. MALONE.

[4] With TRIUMPHS,] *Triumphs*, in this and many other passages of Shakspeare, signify masques and revels, &c. So, in K. Henry VI. Part III.:

" With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comick shows."

*Triumphs* generally included solemn processions, and hence the epithet *stately* in the passage just quoted. MALONE.

[5] In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and igno-

rance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakspeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except Titus Andronicus; and it will be found more credible, that Shakspeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest. JOHNSON.

Johnson's general remarks on this play are just, except that part in which he arraigns the conduct of the poet, for making Proteus say, that he had only seen the picture of Silvia, when it appears that he had had a personal interview with her. This, however, is not a blunder of Shakspeare's, but a mistake of Johnson's, who considers the passage alluded to in a more literal sense than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is true, had seen Silvia for a few moments; but though he could form from thence some idea of her person, he was still unacquainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her mind. He therefore considers himself as having seen her picture only.—The thought is just, and elegantly expressed.—So, in The Scornful Lady, the elder Loveless says to her:

" I was mad once when I loved *pictures;*
" For what are shape and colours else, but *pictures?* "

M. MASON.

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*Pro.* O, how this spring of love *resembleth*, &c. pp. 31, 32.

Thus much I had thought sufficient to say upon this point, in the editions of these plays published by Mr. Steevens, in 1778. Since which the Author of Remarks, &c. on that edition has been pleased to assert, p. 7, " that Shakspeare does not appear, from the above instances at least, to have taken the smallest liberty in extending his words: neither has the incident of *l*, or *r*, being subjoined to another consonant any thing to do in the matter."—" The truth is," he goes on to say, " that *every* verb in the English language gains an *additional syllable* by its termination in *est*, *eth*, *ed*, *ing*, or, (when formed into a substantive) in *er;* and the above words, *when rightly printed*, are not only unexceptionable, but most just. Thus *resemble* makes *resemble-eth; wrestle, wrestle-er;* and *settle, whistle, tickle,* make *settle-ed, whistle-ed, tickle-ed.*"

As to this *supposed* canon of the English language, it would be

easy to show that it is quite fanciful and unfounded; and what he calls *the right method of printing the above words* is such as, I believe, was never adopted before by any mortal in writing them, nor can be followed in the pronunciation of them without the help of an entirely new system of spelling. But any further discussion of this matter is unnecessary; because the hypothesis, though allowed in its utmost extent, will not prove either of the points to which it is applied. It will neither prove that Shakspeare has not taken a liberty in extending certain words, nor that he has not taken that liberty chiefly with words in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant. The following are all instances of nouns, substantive or adjective, which can receive no support from the supposed canon. That Shakspeare has taken a liberty in extending these words is evident, from the consideration, that the same words are more frequently used, by his contemporaries and by himself, without the additional syllable. Why he has taken this liberty chiefly with words in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant, must be obvious to any one who can pronounce the language.

*Country*, trisyllable.

T. N. Act I. Sc. II. The like of him. Know'st thou this *country?*

Coriol. Act I. Sc. IX. As you have been; that's for my *country*.

*Remembrance*, quadrisyllable.

T. N. Act I. Sc. I. And lasting in her sad *remembrance*.

W. T. Act IV. Sc. IV. Grace and *remembrance* be to you both.

*Angry*, trisyllable.

Timon. Act III. Sc. V. But who is man, that is not *angry*.

*Henry*, trisyllable.

Rich. III. Act II. Sc. III. So stood the state, when *Henry* the Sixth —.

2 H. VI. Act II. Sc. II. Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth.

And so in many other passages.

*Monstrous*, trisyllable.

Macb. Act IV. Sc. VI. Who cannot want the thought how *monstrous*.

Othello. Act II. Sc. III. 'Tis *monstrous*. Iago, who began it?

*Assembly*, quadrisyllable.

M. A. A. N. Act V. Sc. last. Good morrow to this fair *assembly*.

*Douglas*, trisyllable.

1 H. IV. Act V. Sc. II. Lord *Douglas*, go you and tell him so.

*England*, trisyllable.

Rich. II. Act IV. Sc. I. Than Bolingbrooke return to *England*.

*Humbler*, trisyllable.

1 H. VI. Act III. Sc. I. Methinks his lordship should be *humbler*.

*Nobler*, trisyllable.

Coriol. Act III. Sc. II. You do the *nobler*. *Cor*. I muse my mother —. TYRWHITT.

The learned and respectable writer of these observations is now unfortunately no more; but his opinions will not on that account have less influence with the readers of Shakspeare: I am therefore still at liberty to enforce the justice and propriety of my own sentiments, which I trust I shall be found to do with all possible delicacy and respect toward the memory and character of the truly ingenious gentleman from whom I have the misfortune to differ. I humbly conceive that, upon more mature consideration, Mr. Tyrwhitt would have admitted, that, if the proposed method of printing the words in question were once proved to be right, it would be of little consequence whether the discovery had ever been "adopted before," or could "be followed in the pronunciation of them, without the help of an entire new system of spelling:" which, in fact, is the very object I mean to contend for; or rather for *a* system of spelling, as I am perfectly confident we have none at present, or at least I have never been able to find it. We are not to regard the current or fashionable orthography of the day, as the result of an enquiry into the subject by men of learning and genius; but rather as the mechanical or capricious efforts of writers and printers to express by letters, according to their ear, the vulgar speech of the country, just as travelers attempt that of Chicksaws or Cherokees, without the assistance of grammar, and utterly ignorant or regardless of consistency, principle, or system. This was the case in Caxton's time, when a word was spelled almost as many different ways as it contained letters, and is no otherwise at this day; and, perhaps, the prejudices of education and habit, even in minds sufficiently expanded and vigorous on other subjects, will always prevent a reform, which it were to be wished was necessary to objects of no higher importance. Whether what I call the *right method* of printing these words be "such as was never adopted before by any mortal," or not, does not seem of much consequence; for, reasoning from principle and not precedent, I am by no means anxious to avail myself of the inconsistencies of an age in which even scholars were not always agreed in the orthography of their own name; a sufficient number of instances will, however, occur in the course of this note to shew that the remark was not made with its author's usual deliberation; which I am the rather disposed to believe, from his conceiving that this method could not "be followed in pronunciation;" since were it universally adopted, pronunciation neither would nor possibly could be affected by it in any degree whatever. "Fanciful and unfounded" too as my "supposed canon" may be, I find it laid down in Ben Jonson's Grammar, which expressly says that "the second and third person singular of the present are made of the first by adding *est* and *eth*, which last is sometimes shortened into *s*." And afterward, speaking of the first conjugation, he tells us that "it fetcheth the time past from the present by adding *ed*." I shall have reason to think

myself peculiarly unfortunate, if, after my hypothesis is "allowed in its utmost extent," it will not prove what it was principally formed to do, *viz.* that Shakspeare has not taken a liberty in extending certain words to suit the purpose of his metre. But, surely, if I prove that he has only given those words as they ought to be written, I prove the whole of my position, which should cease, of course, to be termed or considered an hypothesis. A mathematical problem may, at first sight, appear "fanciful and unfounded" to the ablest mathematician, but his assent is ensured by its demonstration. I may safely admit that the words in question are "more frequently used" by our author's contemporaries, and by himself, "without the additional syllable;" as this will only shew that his contemporaries and himself have "more frequently" taken the liberty of shortening those words, than written them at length. Such a word as *alarm'd*, for instance, is generally, perhaps constantly, used by poets as a dissyllable; and yet, if we found it given with its full power *a-larm-ed*, we should scarcely say that the writer had taken the liberty of lengthening it a syllable. Thus too the word *diamond* is usually spoken as if two syllables, but it is certainly three, and is so properly given by Shakspeare:

"Sir, I must have that *diamond* from you."

*Hadst* is now a monosyllable, but did our author therefore take a liberty in writing *Hadest?*

"Makes ill deeds done. *Hadest* thou not been by."

Not only this word, but *mayest*, *doest*, *doeth*, and the like, are uniformly printed in the Bible as dissyllables. Does Butler, to serve his rhyme, stretch out the word *brethren* in the following passage?

"And fierce auxiliary men,
"That came to aid their *brethren*."

Or does he not rather give it as he found it pronounced, and as it ought to be printed? The word *idly* is still more to the purpose: It is at present a dissyllable; what it was in Shakspeare's time may appear from his Comedy of Errors, 1623:

"God helpe poore soules how *idely* doe they talk:"

or, indeed, from any other passage in that or the next edition, being constantly printed as a trisyllable. So, again, in Spenser's Fairy Queene, 1609, 1611:

"Both staring fierce, and holding *idlely*."

And this orthography, which at once illustrates and supports my system, appears in Shelton's Don Quixote, Sir T. Smith's Commonwealth, Goulart's Histories, Holinshed's Chronicle, and numberless other books; and consequently proves that the word was not stretched out by Spenser to suit the purpose of his metre, though I am aware that it is misspelled *idely* in the first edition, which is less correctly printed. But the true and established spelling might have led Mr. Seward and Dr. Farmer to a better

reading than *gentily*, in the following line of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"For when the west wind courts her *gently*."

*Proved*, I suppose, is rarely found a dissyllable in poetry, if even pronounced as one in prose; but, in the Articles of Religion, Oxford, 1728, it is spelled and divided after my own heart: "—whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be *prove-ed* thereby, &c." The words *observation* and *affection* are usually pronounced, the one as consisting of three, the other of four syllables, but each of them is in reality a syllable longer, and is so properly given by our author:

"With *observation*, the which he vents:
"Yet have I fierce *affections*, and think."

Examples, indeed, of this nature would be endless; I shall therefore content myself with producing one more, from the old ballad of The Children in the Wood:

"You that executors be made,
"And *overseers* eke."

In this passage the word *overseers* is evidently and properly used as a quadrisyllable; and, in one black letter copy of the ballad, is accurately printed as such, *overseeers*; which, if Shakspeare's orthography should ever be an editor's object, may serve as a guide for the regulation of the following line:

"That high *all-seer* that I dallied with."

Of the words quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, as instances of the liberty supposed to have been taken by Shakspeare, those which I admit to be properly a syllable shorter, certainly obtained the same pronunciation in the age of this author which he has annexed to them. Thus, *country*, *monstrous*, *remembrance*, *assembly*, were not only pronounced, in his time, the two first as *three*, the other as *four* syllables, but are so still; and the reason, to borrow Mr. Tyrwhitt's words, "must be obvious to every one who can pronounce the language." *Henry* was not only usually pronounced, (as indeed it is at present,) but frequently written as a trisyllable; even in prose. Thus, in Dr. Hutton's Discourse on the Antiquities of Oxford, at the end of Hearne's Textus Roffensis: "King *Henery* the eights colledge." See, upon this subject, Wallisii Grammatica, p. 57. That Mr. Tyrwhitt should have treated the words *angry*, *humbler*, *nobler*, used as trisyllables, among those which could "receive no support from the supposed canon," must have been owing to the obscure or imperfect manner in which I attempted to explain it; as these are, unluckily, some of the identical instances which the canon, if a canon it must be, is purposely made to support, or, rather, by which it is to be supported: an additional proof that Mr. Tyrwhitt, though he might think it proper to reprobate my doctrine as "fanciful and unfounded," did not give himself the trouble to understand it. This canon, in short, is nothing but a most plain

and simple rule of English grammar, which has, in substance, at least, been repeated over and over:—Every word, compounded upon the principles of the English or Saxon language, always preserves its roots unchanged: a rule which, like all others, may be liable to exceptions, but I am aware of none at present. Thus *humbler* and *nobler*, for instance, are composed by the adjectives *humble*, *noble*, and *er*, the sign of the comparative degree; *angry* of the noun *anger*, and *y* the Saxon adjective termination ıȝ. In the use of all these, as trisyllables, Shakspeare is most correct; and that he is no less so in *England*, which used to be pronounced as three syllables, and is so still, indeed, by those who do not acquire the pronunciation of their mother tongue from the books of purblind pedants, who want themselves the instruction they pretend to give, will be evident from the etymology and division of the word, the *criteria* or touchstones of orthography. Now, let us divide *England* as we please, or as we can, we shall produce neither its roots nor its meaning; for what can one make of the *land* of the *Engs* or the *gland* of the *Ens?* but write it as it ought to be written, and divide it as it ought to be divided, *Engle-land*, (indeed it will divide itself, for there is no other way,) and you will have the sense and derivation of the word, as well as the origin of the nation, at first sight; from the Saxon Ɇnȝla landa, the *land* or country of the *Engles* or *Angles:* just as *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *Finland*, *Lapland*, which neither ignorance nor pedantry has been able to corrupt, design the country of the *Scot*, the Ine, the *Fin*, and the *Lap:* and yet, in spite of all sense and reason, about half the words in the language are in the same aukward and absurd predicament, than which nothing can be more distorted and unnatural; as, I am confident it must have appeared to Mr. Tyrwhitt, had he voluntarily turned his attention that way, or actually attempted, what he hastily thought would be very easy, to shew that this "supposed canon was quite fanciful and unfounded;" or, in short, as it will appear to any person, who tries to subject the language to the rules of syllabication, or in plainer English to spell his words; a task which, however useful, and even necessary, no Dictionary-maker has ever dared to attempt, or, at least, found it possible to execute. Indeed, the same kind of objection which Mr. Tyrwhitt has made to *my* system, might be, and, no doubt, has, by superficial readers, been frequently made to *his own*, of inserting the final syllable in the genitives *Peneus's*, *Theseus's*, *Venus's*, *ox's*, *ass's*, *St. James's*, *Thomas's*, *Wallis's*, &c. and printing, as *he* has done, *Peneuses*, *Theseuses*, *Venuses*, *oxes*, *asses*, *St. Jameses*, *Thomases*, *Wallises;* an innovation neither less singular, nor more just, than the one I am contending for, in the conjugation, or use in composition, of *resemble*, *wrestle*, *whistle*, *tickle*, &c. But, as I am conscious that *I burn day-light*, so my readers are probably of opinion that *the game is not worth the candle:* I shall, therefore, take the hint;

and, to shew how much or little one would have occasion, in adopting my system, to deviate from the orthography at present in use, I beg leave, in the few words I add, to introduce that which, as a considerable easy and lasting improvement, I wish to see established. Tedious, then, as my note has become, and imperfect as I am obligeed to leave it, I flatter myself I have completely justifyed this divineest of authors from the il-founded charge of racking his words, as the tyrant did his captives. I hope too I have, at the same time, made it appear that there is something radically defective and erroneous in the vulgar methods of speling, or rather mispeling; which requires correction. A lexicographer of eminence and abilitys wil have it very much in his power to introduce a systematical reform, which, once established, would remain unvaryed and invariable as long as the language endureed. This Dr. Johnson might have had the honour of; but, learned and eloquent as he was, I must be permitted to think that a profound knowlege of the etymology, principles, and formation of the language he undertook to explain, was not in the number of those many excellencys for which he wil be long and deserveedly admireed. RITSON.

# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

# PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

SHAKSPEARE might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the Menæchmi of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument hereafter quoted is as follows:

" Two twinne-borne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,
" Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other;
" The first his father lost, a little lad;
" The grandsire namde the latter like his brother:
" This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
" His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
" Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
" That citizens there take him for the same:
" Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
" Much pleasant error, ere they meete togither."

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.

See this translation of the Menæchmi, among Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

At the beginning of an address *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Decker's Satiromastix, &c. 1602, is the following passage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us:

" In steed of the Trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be omisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short Comedy of Errors, and where the greatest enter, to give them instead of a hisse, a gentle correction." STEEVENS.

In the old copy, [1623,] these brothers are occasionally styled Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*, and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps, *erraticus* and *surreptus*. One of these twins *wandered* in search of his brother, who had been *forced* from Æmilia by fishermen of Corinth. The following acrostick is the argument to the Menæchmi of Plautus, Delph. Edit. p. 654:

" Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,
" Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.
" Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est
" Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Sosiclem.
" Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat
" Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit:
" Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.
" Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
" Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et socer.
" Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremò invicem."

The translator, W. W. calls the brothers, Menæchmus *Sosicles*, and Menæchmus *the traveller*. Whencesoever Shakspeare adopted *erraticus* and *surreptus*, (which either he or his editors have mis-spelt,) these distinctions were soon dropped, and throughout the rest of the entries the twins are styled of Syracuse or Ephesus. STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

I am possibly singular in thinking that Shakspeare was not under the slightest obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner's translation of the Menæchmi. The additions of Erotus and Sereptus, which do not occur in that translation, and he could never invent, are, alone, a sufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line, or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what must, of course, be common to every translation. Sir William Blackstone, I observe, suspects "this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions." But I much doubt whether any of these "long hobbling verses" have the honour of proceeding from his pen; and, in fact, the superior elegance and harmony of his language is no less distinguishable in his earliest than his latest production. The truth is, if any inference can be drawn from the most striking dissimilarity of style, a tissue as different as silk and worsted, that this comedy, though boasting the embellishments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, speeches, and scenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the Menæchmi without the help of a translation, or, at least, did not make use of Warner's. And this I take to have been the case, not only with the three parts of King Henry VI. (though not, perhaps, exactly in the way, or to the extent, maintained by a late editor *,) but with The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost, and King Richard II. in all which pieces Shakspeare's new work is as apparent as the brightest touches of Titian would be on the poorest performance of the veriest canvass-spoiler that ever handled a brush. The originals of these plays were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager, for the purpose of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleasant and fine conceited comedie," as entitled to a situation among the "six plays on which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Mea-

* [Mr. MALONE.]

sure," &c. of which I should hope to see a new and improved edition. RITSON.

In consequence of the publication of the Dissertation on the Three Parts of King Henry the Sixth, in the year 1790, in which I endeavoured to shew that those plays were formed on dramas written by more ancient poets than Shakspeare, (two of which pieces have been transmitted to us, the one printed in 1594, and the other in 1595,) a strange and whimsical fancy seems to have been entertained by various criticks, that this notion is applicable to several other of our author's plays * ; a supposition I conceive altogether groundless in every instance, except the Taming of the Shrew, and Titus Andronicus, concerning the latter of which pieces I discovered such notices many years since, that there can be no doubt that that tragedy was originally the production of another hand. The old Taming of a Shrew being extant, we know precisely how far our poet was indebted to it. These two plays, however, though they both come within the exception stated above, stand on very different grounds ; for to Andronicus, Shakspeare appears to have only added a few scenes, and to have occasionally improved the language ; but in constructing the Taming of the Shrew he merely borrowed the fable and several of the incidents from the elder play, and wrote an entirely new performance on the same subject.—I say nothing concerning King Henry the Eighth, because if there be any intermixture of another hand in that historical drama, it arose not from our author's having intermingled his lines with those of an elder writer, but from some one, after he retired from the stage, intermingling his verses with those of Shakspeare.

The new fancy of which I am now speaking, seems to have arisen from a notion that our poet's earlier compositions must have been written with a felicity approaching to that of his riper years ; and not finding the same excellence in some of his first performances, our criticks have had recourse to this fanciful idea, that the inferior, and what they consider the exceptionable parts of these pieces, were written by an elder dramatist : but I beg leave here to enter my solemn protest against this perverse use of the arguments advanced in my Essay, which, if rightly considered, do not lead to any such conclusion.

The ancient dramas which were the subject of the *rifacimento* made by Shakspeare, it should be remembered, were before me ; and it was not the inferiority of the parts of those

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* The preceding remarks by Mr. Ritson, and the first part of Mr. Steevens's concluding note on The Comedy of Errors, maintaining the same opinion so far as this comedy is concerned, first appeared in that gentleman's fourth edition [1793,] three years after the dissertation was published.

pieces which he adopted, without alteration, to his acknowledged writings, but the difference of manner, language, structure, and versification, which gave rise to that dissertation; and these circumstances, manifesting two different hands, were still further confirmed by the various collateral proofs accumulated in the essay on this subject. But I do not hesitate to assert, that no such difference in the colour, style, and language, can be shewn in any of the pieces to which my theory concerning the three parts of King Henry the Sixth has been applied.

On examining the immediately preceding remark, a careless reader may perhaps be led astray by a pretence to investigation; but in this, as in many other observations of the same writer, we in vain look for instruction, taste, or judgment. Who that has carefully studied our poet's works, and is well acquainted with his style of writing and manner of thinking, can for a moment doubt that the admirable tragedy of King Richard the Second was the entire production of Shakspeare? And as little doubt, in my opinion, ought to be entertained concerning The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost, and The Comedy of Errors; all of which plays, however they may be inferior to his later works, are as Shakspearian, or, in other words, have as strong marks of their lineage, of the mind by which they were formed, as any of his more admired productions. If the authenticity of King Richard the Second is to be questioned because there was a preceding play on the same subject, our poet may be deprived of several other plays, or parts of plays, on the same ground: for on every one of his historical plays, except on King Henry the Eighth, there had been preceding dramas—on King John, on King Henry the Fourth and Fifth, on Henry the Sixth, and on King Richard the Third: and on the same false ground we may deprive him of all such parts as we consider of an inferior texture to the rest—in Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Measure for Measure, Antony and Cleopatra, and Timon of Athens; for on all these subjects were dramas written before those of our poet.

Why, we may ask, should not his first essays, like those of almost all mankind, be somewhat less perfect than his later performances? And if it be reasonable to suppose that in this respect he in some measure resembled other writers, the authenticity of his earlier dramas can never be shaken by their inferiority. A strong confirmation of their authenticity may also be obtained from comparing them with several of his poetical essays produced at the same period; for we find in his early plays not only many of the thoughts employed in these poems, but also frequently quatrains ending with ultimate rhymes, strongly resembling the versification of these juvenile pieces. But so smooth a versifier, we are told, could not at any period have written such long hobbling verses as are appropriated to some of the lower characters in The Comedy of Errors and Love's Labour's Lost. And why?

Is it not highly probable that a young writer, in the inferior parts of his comedies, where the entertainment of the lower classes of his audience was particularly to be attended to, should adopt the same mode and the same loose versification for characters of their description, somewhat resembling that of the clown, which had been successfully and prescriptively appropriated to similar characters by preceding dramatists? Of the precedents which he copied in this instance, some examples may be found in The History of the English Stage, where some account of Tarleton is preserved; and several others are written at the end of the present comedy. Sir William Blackstone's observation, therefore, on this part of our present subject, appears to me extremely apposite and well founded; and the true inference to be drawn from the intermixture of this kind of metre is, not that it denotes another hand, but strongly indicates those plays in which it is found to have been among the writer's early essays in dramatick poetry, in which he in some measure walked in the steps of his predecessors. With respect to his earlier pieces, we do not rest upon conjecture: we know from the list transmitted by Meres * what plays he had produced before the end of the year 1598; and it is reasonable to suppose, that so careful and minute a writer, who appears to have been well acquainted with the poets of the time, did not, without good information, give the first place in that list to The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and The Comedy of Errors. The first productions of so extraordinary a dramatick poet as Shakspeare could not but have made a great impression on a man who appears to have been perfectly well acquainted with all the poetry of the time, and who doubtless was then a frequenter of the Curtain Theatre, where our poet's dramas were at that period exhibited.

But to advert more particularly to the play now before us. It has been said that Shakspeare has not taken a single name, line, or word, from the translated Menæchmi of Plautus; which may be literally true, but is not easily reconcileable to an observation made by Mr. Steevens, in which he seems to think that our authour's description of the cheating mountebanks and pretended conjurers who infested Epidamnum was taken from thence. See p. 166. The truth, however, is, that he had no occasion to consult Warner's Translation of the Menæchmi for this or any other purpose; for it is extremely probable that he was furnished with the fable of the present comedy by a play on a similar subject, from which he might have derived the very description above alluded to; and there also he might have found the designations of *surreptus* and *erraticus*, of which some traces are exhibited in the original copy of this play. Of this piece no mention is made in any dramatick

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* Wit's Treasury, 8vo. 1598, p. 282.

history that I have seen, nor in any of the fugitive pamphlets of ancient days; but the notice concerning it which I discovered not long after my former edition of these plays was published, furnishes us with decisive evidence on this subject; for the piece in question was acted before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1576-7, when our poet was in his thirteenth year. In the Historical Account of the English Stage may be found a list of the various performances exhibited before her Majesty during the Christmas festivities of the year above mentioned, among which is the following piece:

"The Historie of Error, shewn at Hampton Court on New yeres daie at night [1576-7] enacted by the children of Pawles."

As the dramas acted by the singing boys of St. Paul's Cathedral were generally founded on classical stories, it may be presumed that this ancient piece was in a good measure founded on the comedy of Plautus; and doubtless thus the fable was transmitted to Shakspeare. MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse,
} Twin Brothers, and Sons to Ægeon and Æmilia, but unknown to each other.

DROMIO of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse,
} Twin Brothers, and Attendants on the two Antipholuses.

BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.

ANGELO, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

PINCH, a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.

ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her Sister.

LUCE, her Servant.

A Courtezan.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

*SCENE*, EPHESUS.

From reading the Menechmi of Warner (1595) I can quite understand that Shakspeare must have founded this Comedy upon it, in preference to the inevitable alterations & marking Roman the characters of more classical interest would have permitted. Mal 1793.

Perhaps 'The Errors' was finished in 1595 or 1596. The Menechmi was acted at Gray's Inn 1594. Ed

# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### A Hall in the DUKE's Palace.

*Enter* DUKE, ÆGEON, *Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*ÆGE.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

*DUKE.* Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians [1] and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, If any, Syracusian born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

[1] Both by the Syracus*i*ans,] Thus the first folio. The modern editors have altered it to Syracus*ans*, but it will be a sufficient vindication of the old spelling to state, that it has the sanction of Bentley, in his Dissertation on Phalaris. BOSWELL.

x I think — have altered the manner of the Errors (see p. 5)

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Æge.* Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence[2],
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed[3]
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too[4], had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse[5]:

[2] — by NATURE, not by vile offence,] Not by any criminal act, but by *natural affection*, which prompted me to seek my son at Ephesus.

Mr. M. Mason has made a similar observation. MALONE.

[3] — and WED —] *Wed* for *wedded* was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in Timon of Athens:

"Which makes the wappen'd widow *wed* again."

[4] And by me TOO,] *Too*, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to complete the metre. MALONE.

[5] "—— till my factor's death,
"And THE great care of goods at random left,
"Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:] Thus

From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear *,)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was deliver'd [6]
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

* First folio, *bears*,

the old copy, except that in that copy we have—And *he* great care, &c. For this emendation I am answerable.

Perhaps there are few passages in these plays where an emendation, effected by the addition of a single letter, produces so easy and clear a sense. Mr. Steevens, however, adhered to the errour of the old copy, but changed its punctuation and adopted a parenthesis, suggested by Mr. M. Mason; in consequence of which alterations the text appears in his edition as follows:

" —— our wealth increas'd,
" By prosperous voyages I often made
" To Epidamnum, till my factor's death:
" And *he* (great care of goods at random left)
" Drew me, &c."

According to this punctuation and arrangement, the meaning is, that Ægeon carried on a successful trade till his factor's death; and then he [the dead factor] drew him away from the embracements of his wife. MALONE.

[6] A POOR mean woman was deliver'd —] The old copy reads:

" A mean woman was delivered."

The word *poor* was added to complete the metre in the second folio. It is manifest that some word was omitted by the compositor of the original copy; but the word supplied by the second folio can hardly be the authour's word, for in the next line but one we have—

" —for their parents were exceeding *poor*."

However, rather than print an imperfect verse, I have admitted this clumsy emendation. MALONE.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were * carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discover'd
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:

* First folio, *was*.

But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke*. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Æge*. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon [7],
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind:
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome [8] to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

[7] —borne UPON,] The original copy reads—borne *up*. The additional syllable was supplied by the reviser of the second folio, who, however, absurdly reads—borne *up upon*. MALONE.

[8] Gave HELPFUL welcome—] Old copy—*healthful welcome*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. So, in K. Henry IV. P. I.:

"And gave the tongue a *helpful* ornament." MALONE.

I cannot think any change was necessary. A healthful welcome is a kind welcome, wishing health to their guests. It was not a *helpful* welcome, for the slowness of their bark prevented them from rendering assistance. BOSWELL.

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now[9].

*Æge.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care[1],
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtun'd me,
That his attendant, (so his case was like[2],
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name[3],)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia[4],

9 — and THEE, till now.] The first copy erroneously reads— and *they*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

1 My YOUNGEST BOY, and yet my eldest care,] Shakspeare has here been guilty of a little forgetfulness. Ægeon had said, page 156, that the *youngest son* was that which his wife had taken care of:

" My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*,
" Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast."

He himself did the same by the other; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, fastened themselves at either end of the mast. M. MASON.

2 — *so* his case was like,] i. e. his case being so like that of Antipholus. The reviser of the second folio inserted *for*, instead of *so*; and this unnecessary change was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

3 — but *retain'd* his name,] i. e. *he* retained his name. Here we have another instance of what frequently occurs in these plays, the suppression of the personal pronoun. See the essay on the Phraseology of Shakspeare. MALONE.

4 Roaming CLEAN through the bounds of Asia,] In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite*, *fully*, *perfectly*, *completely*. So, in Coriolanus:

" —— This is *clean* kam."

Again, in Julius Cæsar:

" *Clean* from the purpose of the things themselves."

The reader will likewise find it in the 77th Psalm. STEEVENS.

And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke*. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help[5]:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no[6], then thou art doom'd to die:—
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Again, in Chloris, or the Complaint of the Passionate Despised Shepheard, by W. Smith, 4to. 1596:

"Yet let me rather *cleane* forget myselfe." Malone.

5 To seek thy HELP by beneficial help,] Pope and some other modern editors read—To seek thy *life*, &c. But the jingle has much of Shakspeare's manner. Malone.

*To seek thy life*, can hardly be the true reading, for, in ancient language, it signifies *a base endeavour to take life away*. Thus, Antonio says of Shylock:

"He *seeks my life*."

I believe, therefore, the word—*help*, was accidentally repeated by the compositor, and that our author wrote,—

"To seek thy help by beneficial *means*. Steevens.

This emendation seems to have been proposed on a principle which Mr. Steevens seems to have adopted, that we are at liberty to substitute any one word for another. Malone.

6 —if NO,] Thus the old copy. The reviser of the second

*Jail*: I will, my lord.
*Æge*. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend[7],
But to procrastinate his lifeless * end. [*Exeunt*.

## SCENE II.

### A publick Place.

*Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

*Mer*. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west[8].
There is your money that I had to keep.
*Ant. S*. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;

* First folio, *liveless*.

folio substituted *not* for *no*. But it appears from other passages that *no* was sometimes used with the sense of *not*. So, in the common language—Say whether you will or *no?*

Again, in Measure for Measure:

"Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or *no?*"

7 — WEND,] i. e. go. An obsolete word. So, in A Midsummer Night's Dream:

"And back to Athens shall the lovers *wend*." STEEVENS.

8 — ere the WEARY sun set in the west.] So, in King John:

"—— the feeble and day-*wearied* sun."

Again, in King Richard III.:

"The *weary* sun hath made a golden *set*." STEEVENS.

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit Dro. S.*

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain [9], sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock [1],
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time [2];

9 A trusty villain,] A faithful bondman or slave. By these appellations, each Antipholus throughout this comedy denominates the Dromio attached to him. So, in The Rape of Lucrece, where a Roman *slave* is mentioned:

"The homely *villain* curt'sies to her low." Malone.

1 — Soon at five o'clock,] As these words have been pointed hitherto, with a comma after the word *soon*, they must mean that the Merchant would meet Antipholus soon, namely, at five o'clock; but the present hour is about eleven, for the dinner hour was twelve; and five o'clock would not be soon, reckoning from eleven, or even from twelve.

But the Merchant, I conceive, means that he will meet his friend in the evening, *nearly* at five o'clock; either a little before or *soon* after that hour. I therefore placed no stop after the word *soon;* following, in this respect the original copy, of which the punctuation, though it has been so much depretiated, in all doubtful cases stands for somewhat. Malone.

2 And afterwards consort you till bed-time;] We should read, I believe,

"And afterwards consort *with* you till bed-time."

So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"Mercutio, thou *consort'st with* Romeo." Malone.

There is no need of emendation. The old reading is supported by the following passage in Love's Labour's Lost, Act II. Sc. I.:

"Sweet health and fair desires *consort your grace.*"

My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit Merchant.*

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself[3]:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date[4].—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

"Thou wretched boy, that didst *consort him* here—."
STEEVENS.

The emphasis must, according to this reading, be laid not on *bed*, but *time*, which will preserve the metre. BOSWELL.

[3] — CONFOUNDS himself:] To *confound*, in old language, signifies to destroy.

So, in Coriolanus:

"How could'st thou in a mile *confound* an hour,
"And bring thy news so late." MALONE.

[4] Here comes the almanack of my true date.—] He thus denominates Dromio, because they were both born in the same hour, and therefore the date of Dromio's birth ascertains that of his master. MALONE.

You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent [5] for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

*Dro. E.* O,—sixpence, that I had o'Wednesday last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper,—
The sadler had it, sir, I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate [6].
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock [7],

[5] Are PENITENT—] *Penitent* seems here to be used in a double sense, and may either mean that they are *sorry* for their master's default, because they are obliged to fast; or that they are sufferers by it, being *obliged* by his conduct, like *penitents*, to fast and pray. MALONE.

[6] —I shall be POST indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.] Perhaps, before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So Kitely the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities used to his wife, Cob answers: "—if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post* in the middle of the warehouse, &c." STEEVENS.

So, in Every Woman in her Humour, 1609: "*Host.* Out of my doors, knave, thou enterest not my doors; I have no *chalk* in my house; my *posts* shall not be guarded with a little sing-song." MALONE.

[7] —your CLOCK,] The old copy reads your *cook*. Mr. Pope

And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money[8];
Or I shall break that merry sconce[9] of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,

made the change, which is fully supported by the subsequent words. MALONE.

So, in Plautus:

"——me puero *uterus* erat *solarium*."

See Aul. Gell. l. iii. c. iii. STEEVENS.

[8] In what safe place you have BESTOW'D my money;] i. e. stowed or lodged it. The word in this sense is now obsolete. MALONE.

[9] —that merry SCONCE—] *Sconce* is *head*. So, in Hamlet, Act V.; "Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the *sconce*?"

Again, in Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

"——I say no more,
"But 'tis within this *sconce* to go beyond them."

STEEVENS.

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes Dromio, E.*

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dromio, E.*

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught * [1] of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage [2];
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body [3];

* First folio, *o'erwrought*.

[1] — o'er-raught —] That is, *over-reached*. JOHNSON.
So, in Hamlet:

" —— certain players
" We *o'er-raught* on the way."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. vi. c. 3:

" Having by chance a close advantage view'd,
" He *over-raught* him," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] They say, this town is full of cozenage;] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἐφεσια ἀλεξιφαρμακα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and Ἐφεσια γράμματα, in the same sense. WARBURTON.

[3] As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
DARK-WORKING sorcerers, that change the mind,
SOUL-KILLING witches, that deform the body;] Those, who attentively consider these three lines, must confess, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of these miscreants, should declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a just characteristick of each of them. Thus, by *nimble jugglers*, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *slight of hand*; and by *soul-killing* witches, we are informed,

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin [4]:

the mischief they do is by the assistance of the devil, to whom they have given their souls: but then, by *dark-working* sorcerers, we are not instructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Besides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not design this in their characteristick. We should read:

"*Drug-working* sorcerers, that change the mind,"

and we know, by the history of ancient and modern superstition, that these kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by these applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earnestness to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehensions by my own, without great success. This interpretation of *soul-killing* is forced and harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *soul-selling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without such improvement as may justify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus:

"*Soul-killing* sorcerers, that change the mind,
"*Dark-working* witches, that deform the body."

This change seems to remove all difficulties.

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

*Dark-working sorcerers*, may only mean *sorcerers who carry on their operations in the dark.* Thus, says Bolingbroke, in The Second Part of King Henry VI.:

"——— wizards know their *times:*
"Deep night, *dark night*, the silent of the night," &c.

Witches themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. Hence, Sidney, in his Astrophel and Stella:

"No witchcraft is so evill, as which man's minde destroyeth."

The same compound epithet occurs in Christopher Middleton's Legend of Humphrey Duke of Glocester, 1600:

"They charge her, that she did maintaine and feede
"*Soul-killing* witches, and convers'd with devils."

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakspeare might have received from the old translation of the Menæchmi, 1595;

"For this assure yourselfe, this towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, cony-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold: then for curtizans," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] — LIBERTIES of sin:] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which,

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### A publick Place.

*Enter* ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

*ADR.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*LUC.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

*ADR.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?

*LUC.* Because their business still lies out o'door.

*ADR.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill[5].

*LUC.* O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right. JOHNSON.

By *liberties of sin*, I believe Shakspeare meant *licensed offenders*, such as mountebanks, fortune tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity.

Thus, says Ascham: "I was once in Italie myself, but I thank God my abode there was but nine days; and yet I saw in that little tyme in one citie, [Venice,] more *libertie* to sinne, than ever I yet heard tell of in London in nine years." STEEVENS.

By *liberties of sin*, I understand, not *licensed offenders*, but *licentious actions; sinful liberties*. MALONE.

[5] —ill.] This word, which the rhyme seems to countenance, was furnished by the editor of the second folio. The first has—*thus*. MALONE.

*Adr.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.
*Luc.* Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe [6].
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects [7], and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these [8],

[6] *Adr.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.
*Luc.* Why, head-strong liberty is LASH'D with woe.] Should it not rather be *leash'd*, i. e, coupled like a headstrong hound?

The high opinion I must necessarily entertain of the learned lady's judgment, who furnished this observation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense as *leash*; as does Greene, in his Mamillia, 1593: "Thou didst counsel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *lash*." Again, in George Whetstone's Castle of Delight, 1576: "Yet both in *lashe* at length this Cressid leaves." *Lace* was the old English word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578:

"To thee Cassandra which dost hold my freedom in a *lace*."

When the mariner, however, *lashes* his guns, the sportsman *leashes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the same original is the word *windlass*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewise signified to bestow correction with a cord, or rope's end. So, in the Second Part of Decker's Honest Whore, 1630:

"——— the lazy lowne
"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."

Again, in The Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599:

"So, now my back has room to reach; I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a rascal." STEEVENS.

[7] Are their males' SUBJECTS,] So the original copy; for which Mr. Steevens and the other modern editors have given us—*subject*. I had also fallen into the same errour; which was obligingly pointed out to me by Mr. James Boaden. MALONE.

[8] MEN—the MASTERS, &c.] The old copy has *man*—the *master*, &c. and in the next line—*lord*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where [9]?

*Luc.* Till he come again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause [1];
They can be meek, that have no other cause [2].

9 — start some other WHERE?] I cannot but think, that our author wrote:

"— start some other hare?"

So, in Much Ado About Nothing, Cupid is said to be a *good hare-finder*. JOHNSON.

I suspect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. So, in King Lear:

"Thou losest *here*, a better *where* to find."

Again, in Tho. Drant's translation of Horace's Satires, 1567:

"—— they ranged in eatche *where*,
"No spousailes knowne," &c.

The sense is,—How, if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman? The expression is used again, Scene III.:

"—— his eye doth homage *otherwhere*."

Again, in Romeo and Juliet, Act I.:

"This is not Romeo, he's some *otherwhere*."

*Otherwhere* signifies—*in other places*. So, in King Henry VIII. Act II. Sc. II.:

"The king hath sent me *otherwhere*."

Again, in Chapman's version of the Second Book of Homer's Odyssey:

"For we will never go, where lies our good,
"Nor any *other where*; till," &c. STEEVENS.

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2 They can be meek, that have NO OTHER CAUSE.] That is, who have *no cause* to be otherwise. M. MASON.

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1 —she PAUSE;] To pause is to rest, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

2 They can be meek, that have NO OTHER CAUSE.] That is, who have *no cause* to be otherwise. M. MASON.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry [3];
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience [4] would'st relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd [5] patience in thee will be left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too

[3] A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, &c.] Shakspeare has the same sentiment, in Much Ado About Nothing, where Leonato says—

" ———— men
" Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
" Which they themselves not feel."

And again:

" —— 'tis all men's office to speak patience
" To those that wring under the load of sorrow." Douce.

[4] With urging HELPLESS patience—] By exhorting me to patience, which affords no help. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

" As those poor birds that *helpless* berries saw." Malone.

[5] — fool-begg'd —] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune. Johnson.

well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them[6].

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain?

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold[7]:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I[8]? My gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress[9]!

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:

[6] — that I could scarce UNDERSTAND them.] i. e. that I could scarce *stand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been the favourite of Shakspeare. It has been already introduced in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "— my staff *understands* me." STEEVENS.

[7] — a THOUSAND marks in gold:—] The old copy reads—a *hundred* marks. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

[8] Will you come HOME, quoth I?] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentick copy of this play, was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

[9] I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!] We have a no less unmetrical line in the former act:

"Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day."

Mr. Steevens, however, has not noticed it; but with his usual attention to metrical smoothness, he here proposes to re-write this line thus:

"I know *no* mistress; out *upon* thy mistress."

So we are to suppose that in the same line the transcriber wrote, or the compositor printed, *not thy* for *no*, and *on* for *upon!* MALONE.

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you, as you with me[1],
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather[2].
[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look[3].
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

[1] Am I so ROUND with you, as you with me,] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech*, or *action*, spoken of his mistress. So the King, in Hamlet, bids the Queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

[2] — case me in leather.] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

[3] Whilst I at home STARVE FOR A merry LOOK.] So, in our poet's 47th Sonnet:

"When that mine eye is *famish'd for a look*," p. 149:

Again, in his 75th Sonnet:

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures[4]: My decayed fair[5]
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer[6], he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale[7].

" Sometimes all full with feeding on his sight,
" And by and by clean *starved for a look*." MALONE.

4 Of my DEFEATURES:] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play, the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation would have been more correct if he had written alteration of features for the worse. *My defeatures* certainly means my defect of beauty, my ill looks. So, in our poet's Venus and Adonis:

" To mingle beauty with infirmity,
" And pure perfection with impure *defeature*." MALONE.

5 —My decayed fair—] Shakspeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. Τὸ μὴ καλὸν, is a similar expression. In A Midsummer-Night's Dream, the old quartos read:

" Demetrius loves your *fair*."

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet:

" Before these bastard signs of *fair* were born."

Again, in his 83d Sonnet:

" And therefore to your *fair* no painting set."

*Pure* is likewise used as a substantive in The Shepherd to the Flowers, a song in England's Helicon, 1614:

" Do pluck your *pure*, ere Phœbus view the land."

STEEVENS.

*Fair* is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakspeare's time. So, Marston, in one of his Satires:

" As the greene meads, whose native outward *faire*
" Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air."

FARMER.

6 But, too unruly deer,] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on a lady's *Girdle*:

" This was my heaven's extremest sphere,
" The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.
*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

Shakspeare has played upon this word in the same manner in his Venus and Adonis:

" Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,
" Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,
" I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my *deer*;
" Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale."

The lines of Waller seem to have been immediately copied from these. MALONE.

7 —poor I am but his stale.] The word *stale*, in our author, used as a substantive, means not something offered to *allure* or *attract*, but something *vitiated* with *use*, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor mistakes the use of the word *stale* on this occasion. " *Stale* to catch these thieves," in The Tempest, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the mask under which he covers his amours. So, in King John and Matilda, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the queen says to Matilda:

" ——— I am made your *stale*,
" The king, the king your strumpet," &c.

Again:

" —— I knew I was made
" A *stale* for her obtaining."

Again, in The Misfortunes of Arthur, 1587:

" Was I then chose and wedded for his *stale*,
" To looke and gape for his retireless sayles
" Puft back and flittering spread to every winde?"

Again, in the old translation of the Menæchmi of Plautus, 1595, from whence, perhaps, Shakspeare borrowed the expression:

" He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock." STEEVENS.

Adriana unquestionably means to compare herself to a stalking-horse, formerly denominated a *stale*, behind whom Antipholus shoots at such game as he selects. So, in Greene's Groat's Worth of Wit, signat. D 2: " Suppose, (to make you my *stale* to catch the woodcocke, your brother,) &c."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Catiline:

" —— dull stupid Lentulus,
" My *stale*, with whom I *stalk*." MALONE.

In Greene's Art of Coney-catching, 1592, a *stale* is the confederate of a thief; " he that faceth the man," or holds him in

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain [8],
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and no man, that hath a name,
But falshood and corruption doth it shame [9]:

discourse. Again, in another place, "wishing all, of what estate soever, to beware of filthy lust, and such damnable *stales*," &c. A *stale*, in this last instance, means the pretended wife of a *cross-biter*.

Perhaps, however, *stale* may have here the same meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity*. COLLINS.

[8] Would that alone ALONE he would detain,] In the first copy (*u*) being inserted for (*n*,) we have—

"Would that alone *a loue*," &c.

This obvious error was corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

[9] I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; AND THOUGH gold 'bides still,
That others touch, YET often touching will
WEAR gold: and no man, that hath a name,
BUT falshood and corruption doth it shame:] The sense is this: "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold: just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured by the repeated attacks of falshood and corruption." WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath reads thus—

"—— *yet* the gold 'bides still,
"That others touch, *though* often touching will
"Wear gold: and *so a* man that hath a name,
"*By* falshood and corruption doth it shame." STEEVENS.

This passage in the original copy is very corrupt. It reads—

"I see the jewel best enameled,
"Will lose his beauty; *yet* the gold bides still
"That others touch; *and* often touching will
"*Where* gold; and no man, that hath a name
"*By* falshood, &c."

The word *though* [and *though*] was suggested by Mr. Steevens; all the other emendations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! } [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

### The Same.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

*Enter* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

*Wear* is used as a dissyllable. See the Essay on Shakspeare's Metre. The commentator last mentioned, not perceiving this, reads—and *so* no man, &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by the subsequent editors, including Mr. Steevens. In the quarto copy of Troïlus and Cressida, 1609, we have *were* printed for "*wear* this colour."

Turberville in his Songes and Sonets, p. 76, 8vo. 1567, has, like our author, used *wear* as a neutral verb, without any accompanying word (as away, off, &c.), of which usage Dr. Johnson has given no example in his dictionary:

"That welth assigned is to waste away,
"And stately pompe to vanish and decrease,
"That worship *weares*, and worldly wights decay,
"And fortune's gifts, though nere so brave do cease,
"May well appeare," &c.

The observation concerning gold is found in one of the early dramatick pieces, Damon and Pithias, 1582:

"——*gold* in time does *wear away*,
"And other precious things do fade: friendship does ne'er decay." MALONE.

You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beating him.*

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours[1].
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct[2],
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,

[1] And make a COMMON of my serious hours.] i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to *common* use, which are thence called *commons*.
STEEVENS.

[2] —know my aspéct,] Study my countenance. STEEVENS.

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too [3]; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—for urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhime nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir? for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next [4], to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir, what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

[3] —and INSCONCE it too;] A *sconce* was a petty fortification. So, in Orlando Furioso, 1509:

"Let us to our *sconce*, and you my lord of Mexico."

Again:

"Ay, sirs, *ensconce* you how you can."

Again:

"And here *ensconce* myself, despite of thee." STEEVENS.

[4] —next,] Our author probably wrote—next *time*. MALONE.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you cholerick[5], and purchase me another dry-basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: There's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery[6]?

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement[7]?

[5] Lest it make you cholerick, &c.] So, in the Taming of the Shrew:

"I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
"And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
"For it engenders *choler*, planteth anger, &c." STEEVENS.

[6] — by fine and recovery?] This attempt at pleasantry must have originated from our author's clerkship to an attorney. He has other jokes of the same school. STEEVENS.

[7] *Ant. S.* Why is TIME, &c.] In former editions:

"*Ant. S.* Why is *Time* such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

"*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted *them* in hair, he hath given them in wit."

Surely, this is mock-reasoning, and a contradiction in sense. Can hair be supposed a blessing, which Time bestows on beasts peculiarly; and yet that he hath *scanted* them of it too? *Men* and *them*, I observe, are very frequently mistaken, *vice versa*, for each other, in the old impressions of our author. THEOBALD.

The same error is found in the Induction to King Henry IV. Part II. edit. 1623:

"Stuffing the ears of *them* with false reports."

And *vice versa*, we have in Hamlet, I think, *men* printed for

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit [8].

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair [9].

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing [1].

Puritan, p. 19

*them* in the following passage: "—that I thought some of Nature's journeymen had made *men*, and not made them well," &c. where it is manifest that we ought to read "—some of Nature's journeymen had made *them*, and not made them well," &c. MALONE.

[8] —there's many a man hath more hair than wit.] "More hair than wit," is a proverbial sentence; of which the following lines "upon [Suckling's] Aglaura, printed in folio," may serve to illustrate:

"This great voluminous pamphlet may be said,
"To be like one who hath more haire than head;
"More excrement than body:—trees, which sprout
"With broadest leaves, have still the smallest fruit."

*Parnassus Biceps*, 8vo. 1656. MALONE.

[9] Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.] That is, Those who have more hair than wit, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair. JOHNSON.

So, in the Roaring Girl, 1611:

"—Your women are so hot, I must *lose my hair* in their company, I see."—"His *hair sheds off*, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before." STEEVENS.

[1] —falsing.] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *false*. Mr. Heath would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring[2]; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved, there is no time[3] for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en no time[4] to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us[5] yonder?

*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspécts,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were musick to thine ear[6],

[2] —that he spends in TIRING;] The old copy reads—in *trying*. This very happy correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] —THERE is no time—] In some copies of the original and authentick edition of this copy, the letter (t) in *there* had dropped out: in one of my copies it is almost visible; accordingly it was restored in the second folio. MALONE.

[4] —namely, E'EN no time—] The authentick copy, 1623, reads—" namely, *in* no time, &c." The same error is found in All's Well that Ends Well, Act I. Sc. I. where we have " *in* my great friends," instead of " *e'en* my great friends."

The reviser of the second folio corrected the errour by omitting *in*. MALONE.

[5] —WAFTS us—] i. e. beckons us. So, in Hamlet:

" It *wafts* me still:—go on, I'll follow thee." STEEVENS.

[6] That never words were musick to thine ear,] Imitated by Pope in his Epistle from Sappho to Phaon:

That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall [7]
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow [8],

" My musick then you could for ever hear,
" And all my words were musick to your ear."

An earlier dramatist than Shakspeare has the same image. See Soliman and Perseda:

" —— *Her words* are *musick*,
" The self-same musick that in ancient days
" Brought Alexander from war to banquetting." MALONE.

7 —may'st thou FALL—] *Fall* is here a verb active. So, in Othello:

" Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile." STEEVENS.

8 And tear the stain'd skin OFF my harlot-brow,] The authentick copy has—the stain'd skin *of* my harlot-brow; but as, in former times, *off* was generally written *of*, it is not easy here to determine which of the two words was intended by the poet; each affording good sense. However, I have in the text followed Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'st; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust [9]:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted [1] by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured [2].

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want * wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

* First folio, *wants*.

9 I am possess'd with an adulterate BLOT;
My blood is mingled with the CRIME of lust:] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, show that we should read—
"——with the *grime* of lust:"
i. e. the *stain*, smut. So, again, in this play,—"A man may go over his shoes in the *grime* of it." WARBURTON.

1 Being STRUMPETED—] Shakspeare is not singular in his use of this verb. So, in Heywood's Iron Age, 1632:
"By this adultress basely *strumpeted*." STEEVENS.

2 I live DIS-STAIN'D, thou undishonoured.] To *distain* (from the French word, *destaindre*) signifies to *stain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read, *unstain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the preposition a *privative* force, read *dis-stain'd*; and then it will mean, *unstain'd*, *undefiled*. THEOBALD.

I would read:
"*I live distained*, thou dishonoured."
That is, As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also live distained. HEATH.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio?
*Dro. S.* By me?
*Adr.* By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.
*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compáct?
*Dro. S.* I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Did'st thou deliver to me on the mart.
*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.
*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt [3],
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt [4].

[3] —you are from me EXEMPT,] *Exempt, separated, parted.* The sense is, If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.
JOHNSON.

Johnson says that *exempt* means *separated, parted;* and the use of the word in that sense may be supported by a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's Triumph of Honour, where Valerius, in the character of Mercury, says—

"To shew rash vows cannot bind destiny,
"Lady, behold the rocks transported be.
"Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, lest for contempt
"They fix you there a rock, whence *they're exempt*."

Yet I think that Adriana does not use the word *exempt* in that sense, but means to say, that as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong.
M. MASON.

*Exempt*, as defined by Bullokar in his English Expositor, 8vo. 1616, "free or privileged from any payment of service;" but

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine [5];
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state [6],
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar [7], or idle moss [8]:
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

this is the forensick, not the colloquial sense of the word: and therefore I think, with Dr. Johnson, that it is used by Shakspeare in the sense of *separated* or *parted;* which appears to have been the usual meaning of the word in his time. So, in a letter written by the Earl of Nottingham, in 1600, in favour of Edward Alleyn: "Forasmuche as he hath bestowed a grate some of money not onelie for the title of a plott of grounde, scituate in a verie remote and *exempte* place, neere Goulding lane," &c. MALONE.

4 But WRONG not that WRONG with a more contempt.] So, in the Rape of Lucrece:

"To *wrong* the *wronger* till he render right."

Adriana means to say—Add not another wrong to that which I suffer already; do not both desert and despise me. MALONE.

5 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;]

"Lenta, qui, velut assitas
"Vitis implicat arbores,
"Implicabitur in tuum
"Complexum." *Catul.* 57.

So Milton, Par. Lost, b. v.:

"——they led the vine
"To wed her elm. She spous'd, about him twines
"Her marriageable arms." MALONE.

Thus, in Ovid's tale of Vertumnus and Pomona:

"Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis:
"Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;
"At si staret, ait, cœlebs, sine palmite truncus,
"Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
"Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo,
"Si non nupta foret, terræ acclinata jaceret." STEEVENS.

6 — STRONGER state,] The old copy has—*stranger*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 Usurping ivy, BRIAR, &c.] The word *briar* here, as in many other places, is employed as a monosyllable. MALONE.

8 — IDLE moss:] Moss that produces no fruit. So, in Othello:

"——antres vast, and desarts *idle*." STEEVENS.

*Ant. S.* To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy [9].

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, spight of spights!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights [1];

9 —the OFFER'D fallacy.] The old copy has—
" —— the *free'd* fallacy."
Which perhaps was only, by mistake, for—
" —— the *offer'd* fallacy."
This conjecture is from an anonymous correspondent.
Mr. Pope reads—*favour'd* fallacy. STEEVENS.

1 We talk with goblins, OWLS, and ELVISH sprights;] Here Mr. Theobald calls out, in the name of Nonsense, the first time he had formally invoked her, to tell him how *owls* could suck their breath, and pinch them black and blue. He therefore alters *owls* to *ouphes*, and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his emendation. But, for all this, we must not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that the screech-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega* from *strix*, the *screech-owl*. This superstition they had derived from their pagan ancestors, as appears from this passage of Ovid:

" Sunt avidæ volucres; non quæ Phineïa mensis
" Guttura fraudabant; *sed genus inde trahunt.*
" Grande caput; stantes oculi; rostra apta rapinæ;
" Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.
" Nocte volant, *puerosque petunt* nutricis egentes,
" Et vitiant *cunis* corpora rapta suis.
" Carpere dicuntur luctantia viscera rostris,
" Et plenum *poto sanguine* guttur habent.
" Est illis *strigibus* nomen: ——" *Fast.* lib. vi.

WARBURTON.

"Ghastly *owls* accompany *elvish* ghosts," in Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar for June. So, in Sheringham's Disceptatio de Anglo-

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

rum Gentis Origine, p. 333: "Lares, Lemures, *Stryges*, Lamiæ, *Manes* (Gastæ dicti) et similes monstrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the same is said in Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus, p. 112, 113. TOLLET.

*Owls* are also mentioned in Cornucopiæ, or Pasquil's Night-cap, or Antidote for the Headach, 1623, p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darksome night,
"No *oules*, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright."

STEEVENS.

*Owls* was changed by Mr. Theobald into *ouphes;* and how, it is objected, should Shakspeare know that *striges* or screech-owls were considered by the Romans as witches? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following passage in the London Prodigal, a comedy, 1605, afford the best answer to this question: "'Soul, I think, I am sure cross'd or *witch'd* with an *owl*."

Again, in A Fig for Fortune, by A. C. [i. e. Antony Copley] 4to. 1596, p. 63:

"There was no savage shape or larval hue,
"No bug, no bale, nor horrid *owlerie*,
"But all that there was, was sincere and true," &c.

MALONE.

The epithet *elvish* is not in the first folio, but the second has—*elves*, which certainly was meant for *elvish*. STEEVENS.

All the emendations made in the second folio having been merely arbitrary, any other suitable epithet of two syllables may have been the poet's word, Mr. Rowe first introduced—elv*ish*.

MALONE.

I am satisfied with the epithet—*elvish*. It was probably inserted in the second folio on some authority which cannot now be ascertained. It occurs again, in King Richard III.:

"Thou *elvish*-mark'd abortive, rooting hog."

Why should a book, which has often judiciously filled such vacuities, and rectified such errors, as disgrace the folio 1623, be so perpetually distrusted? STEEVENS.

This is certainly no proper place for discussing the demerits of that adulterate copy of our author's plays. I have elsewhere shewn that the person who revised it was equally unacquainted with Shakspeare's language and metre; and, in consequence of that ignorance, almost every page of that book abounds in the grossest corruptions. To talk of his having authority for his innovations (I suppose we are to understand manuscript authority) is very idle. I have proved that he never looked into the printed

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone [2], thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
*Dro. S.* I am transformed, master, am not I [3]?
*Ant. S.* I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.
*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.
*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.
*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.
*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
*Dro. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you [4] of a thousand idle pranks:

quarto copies. Can it then be imagined that he would take the trouble of searching for manuscripts? and if he were so inclined, where would he find them? Malone.

[2] Dromio, thou DRONE, &c.] The old copy reads—
"Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!"
Steevens.

This verse is half a foot too long; my correction cures that fault: besides, *drone* corresponds with the other appellations of reproach. Theobald.

*Drone* is also a term of reproach, applied by Shylock to Launcelot, in the Merchant of Venice:
"—— he sleeps by day
"More than the wild cat; *drones* hive not with me."
Steevens.

[3] —am NOT I?] Old copy—am *I not*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[4] And SHRIVE you—] That is, I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks. Johnson.

So, in Hamlet:
"—— no *shriving* time allow'd." Steevens.

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

### The Same.

*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.*

*Ant. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all [5];
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet [6],

[5] Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us ALL;] I suppose, the word—*all*, which overloads the measure, without improvement of the sense, might be safely omitted, as an interpolation. STEEVENS.

The line which Steevens objects to is an alexandrine. See Essay on Shakspeare's Metre. BOSWELL.

[6] — carkanet,] Seems to have been a necklace, or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So, Lovelace, in his poem:

"The empress spreads her *carkanets*." JOHNSON.

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think, thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear[7].

"*Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiselles."
*Le Grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *carkanet* seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. Thus, in Partheneia Sacra, &c. 1633:

"Seeke not vermillion or ceruse in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on the wrist, rubie *carkanets* on the neck, and a most exquisite fan of feathers in the hand."

Again, in Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt, 1610:

"Nay, I'll be matchless for a *carkanet*,
"Whose pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks
"Shall circle this fair neck to set it forth."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's comedy of The Witts, 1636:

"—— she sat on a rich Persian quilt
"Threading a *carkanet* of pure round pearl
"Bigger than pigeons eggs."

Again, in The Changes, or Love in a Maze, 1632:

"———— the drops
"Shew like a *carkanet* of pearl upon it."

In the play of Soliman and Perseda, 1599, the word *carkanet* occurs eight or nine times. STEEVENS.

See Cotgrave's Dict. 1611, in v. *carcan*: "A *carkanet* or collar of gold, &c. worne about the neck." So, also Coles, who in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders carkanet by *monile*. MALONE.

Angelo, in a subsequent scene, expressly calls it a *chain*.

[7] Marry, so it DOTH appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.] Thus all the

I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray god, our cheer
May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft; my door is lock'd: Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

printed copies; but, certainly, this is cross-purposes in reasoning. It appears, Dromio is an ass by his making no resistance; because an ass, being kicked, kicks again. Our author never argues at this wild rate, where his text is genuine. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald, instead of *doth*, reads—*don't*. MALONE.

I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *ass;* but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

*Dro. S.* [*within*] Mome [8], malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch [9]!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

[8] Mome,] A dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence. Hawkins.

So, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630:

"Important are th' affairs we have in hand;
"Hence with that Mome!"
"—— Brutus, forbear the presence." Steevens.

Sir J. Hawkins would derive mome from the French momon, the challenge at dice made by a mummer or silent person in masquerade. It more probably came to us from one of those similar words that are found in many languages signifying something foolish. Momar is used by Plautus for a fool, whence the French mommeur. The Greeks too had μωμος and μορμος in the same sense. Douce.

[9] —patch!] i. e. fool. Alluding to the parti-coloured coats worn by the licensed fools or jesters of the age. So, in Macbeth:

"—— what soldiers, *patch?*"

See notes on A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act III. Sc. II. and The Merchant of Venice, Act. I. Sc. I. Steevens.

*Patch* may perhaps, in the present instance, mean *fool*, though it is doubtful; but in the three instances referred to by Mr. Steevens—that in Macbeth; "a crew of patches," in A Midsummer-Night's Dream; and "the patch is kind enough," in The Merchant of Venice: the word certainly is a contemptuous designation of a mean man, who is sometimes obliged to wear a *patched* coat. So below: "What *patch* is made our porter?" Malone.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

*Dro. S.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

*Ant. E.* Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe[1]?

*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

*Luce.* [*within*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luce.* Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

*Luce.* Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

*Dro. S.* If thy name be called Luce; Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope[2]?

[1] —I OWE?] i. e. I *own*, am master of. So, in The Four Prentices of London, 1615:

"Who owes that shield?
"I,—and who owes that?" STEEVENS.

[2] I HOPE?] A line following this has, I believe, been lost, in

*Luce.* I thought to have ask'd you.
*Dro. S.* And you said, no.
*Dro. E.* So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.
*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.
*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?
*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.
*Luce.* Let him knock till it ake.
*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
*Luce.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

which the speaker threatened Luce with the corporal correction of a rope, which might have furnished the rhyme now wanting.

In a subsequent scene he puts the threat which I imagine was made here into execution, by ordering Dromio to go and buy a rope's-end, adding

" ———— that will I bestow,
" Among my wife and her confederates."

Mr. Theobald, and all the subsequent editors, read, without any authority, I *trow;* for the purpose of making out a triplet: but that word and *hope* were not likely to be confounded by either a transcriber or a compositor. Malone.

The text, I believe, is right, " I *expect* you'll let us in." To *hope* in ancient language has sometimes that signification. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" ———— I cannot *hope*,
" Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together."

Again, in Chaucer's River Tale, v. 4027:

" Our manciple, I *hope*, he will be dead." Steevens.

Mr. Steevens seems not to have observed the force of the remark which he intended to refute. He, like another editor, was contented with the corrupted reading *trow*, till the true one was pointed out, to which he now wishes to affix a possible but an uncommon meaning. To this I have no objection; though the word *hope* may here very well be understood in its ordinary signification. But my remark was, that a line was probably lost; and this remark was manifestly founded on the circumstance, that *hope* had here no corresponding rhyme, and that all the rest of this dialogue is in rhyme. Whatever therefore may be the meaning of the word *hope*, it does not in any way affect the truth of this observation. Malone.

*Adr.* [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part with neither [3].

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold [4].

[3] — we shall PART with neither.] In our old language, *to part* signified *to have part*. See Chaucer, Cant. Tales, ver. 9504:

"That no wight with his blisse parten shall."

The French use *partir* in the same sense. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt mistakes the sense of this passage. To part does not signify to *share* or divide, but to depart or *go away;* and Balthazar means to say, that whilst debating which is best, they should go away without either. M. MASON.

[4] — bought and sold.] This is a proverbial phrase. "To be bought and sold in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179, edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

So, in K. Richard III.:

"Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,
"Diccon, thy master, is *bought and sold*."

The meaning of this proverbial sentence is, that the person to

*Ant. E.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope
the gate.
*Dro. S.* Break any breaking here [5], and I'll break
your knave's pate.
*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir;
and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not be-
hind.
*Dro. S.* It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out
upon thee, hind!
*Dro. E.* Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray
thee, let me in.
*Dro. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and
fish have no fin.
*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a
crow.
*Dro. E.* A crow without feather; master, mean
you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a
feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow toge-
ther [6].
*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron
crow.
*Bal.* Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect

whom it is applied is deluded, and over-reached by foul and secret practices. Malone.

[5] Break any breaking here,] So, in King Richard II.:

"Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncles." Malone.

[6] —we'll pluck a crow together.] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.—The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the Captives mentions, and says, that for his part he had *tantum upupam*. *Upupa* signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries. Steevens.

The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this[7],—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part[8] some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you[9].
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout[1]
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it gets possession[2].

7 Once this,—] This expression appears to me so singular, that I cannot help suspecting the passage to be corrupt. MALONE.

*Once this*, may mean, once for all, at once. So, in Sidney's Arcadia, book i.: "Some perhaps, loving my estate, others my person; but *once* I knew all of them," &c. Again, *ibid*. book iii.: "—She hit him, with his own sworde, such a blowe upon the waste, that she almost cut him asunder: *once* she sundered his soule from his body, sending it to Proserpina, an angry goddess against ravishers." STEEVENS.

8 —Your long experience of HER wisdom, &c.

Plead on HER part —] The old copy reads *your*, in both places. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

9 —the doors are MADE against you.] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read:

—— the doors are *barr'd* against you.

To *make* the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, to *bar* the door. STEEVENS.

1 — SUPPOSED by the common rout —] *Supposed* is *founded on supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

2 For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it gets possession.] Thus the only au-

*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despight of mirth [3], mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—

thentick copy; for which Mr. Steevens and the other modern editors, in adopting an adulteration introduced in the second folio, read:

" For slander lives upon succession,
" For ever hous'd when it once gets possession."

It should be observed that in ancient poetry the words *succession* and *possession* are used as quadrisyllables; the first of these lines, therefore, is an heroick verse; and the second, having the additional syllable, certainly wants no supplemental syllable to complete the metre, whatever fancy the reviser of the second folio may have entertained.

In the play of Measure for Measure, the reader will hereafter find an attempt by Mr. Steevens to ridicule the notion that every syllable of such words as *succession* and *perfection* was considered as operative by our old poets. But it is not necessary to introduce that subject here, it having been discussed in the Essay on Shakspeare's Metre.

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in a subsequent note, mentions that the word *once* is not inconsistent with the metre. But allowing this to be the case, it ought not on that account to be received, unless we consider ourselves at liberty to re-write our poet's works. Mr. Tyrwhitt, with whom I was well acquainted, was an excellent critick; but he never possessed any ancient copy of these plays but the second folio; and before his death the spuriousness and adulterations of that copy had not been ascertained. Had he lived a few years longer, he would, I have no doubt, have entertained a very different opinion of that book from that which he had of it when he wrote this remark. Malone.

The second folio has *once*; which rather improves the sense, and is not inconsistent with the metre. Tyrwhitt.

If we were to read housed, the difficulty would be got over by a very slight alteration. Boswell.

[3] And, in despight of MIRTH,] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this, and therefore has put *wrath* instead of *mirth* into the text; in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right, and the meaning is, I will be merry even out of spight to mirth, which is now of all things the most unpleasing to me. Warburton.

Though *mirth* hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet, in despight of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. Heath.

Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow,
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

*Ant. E.* Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

### The Same.

*Enter Luciana*[4] *and Antipholus of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous[5]?

[4] Enter Luciana—] Here in the old blundering first folio, we find,—"Enter *Juliana*." Corrected in the second folio. Steevens.

Doubtless the profound sagacity of the reviser of the second folio is strongly evinced by the detection of this important errour of the press; which was corrected in the original copy in the very next speech spoken by Luciana, whose name afterwards is justly exhibited through the entire scene. But it is remarkable that the great acuteness which the reviser displayed on this occasion did not enable him to discover, that in two of the quatrains the rhymes, which were evidently intended, were destroyed

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;

by the negligence of the press; and the word *buildings*, instead of *building*, in the fourth line of this scene, converts the passage into nonsense. MALONE.

5 —— that you have quite forgot, &c.] In former copies:

" And may it be that you have quite forgot
" A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
" Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
" Shall love in *buildings* grow so ruinate?"

This passage has hitherto laboured under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? and shall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at press, as I take it. This scene for fifty-two lines successively is strictly in alternate rhymes: and this measure is never broken, but in the *second* and *fourth* lines of these two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monosyllable dropt from the tail of the second verse; and I have ventured to supply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

*Love-springs* are young plants or shoots of love. Thus, in the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher:

" The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *springs*
" That sits alone in sorrow."

See a note on the second scene of the fifth act of Coriolanus, and Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Venus and Adonis, st. 109, where the meaning of this expression is more fully dilated.

The rhyme which Mr. Theobald would restore, stands thus in the old edition:

" —— shall *Antipho*lus ——"

If, therefore, instead of *ruinate*, we should read *ruinous*, the passage may remain as it was originally written; and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we should read *Antiphilus*, a name which Shakspeare might have found in some quotations from Pliny, b. xxxv. and xxxvii. *Antiphilus* is also one of the heroes in Sidney's Arcadia.

*Ruinous* is justified by a passage in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V. Sc. IV.:

" Lest growing *ruinous* the building fall."

Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:

Throughout the first folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipholis*, even where the rhyme is not concerned; and were the rhyme defective here, such transgressions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS.

The word—*hate*, in the first line, is introduced by Theobald, without authority, and certainly injures the sense of the passage. *Hate* rotting the springs of love, is a strange idea. It appears to me that the true reading is that suggested, though not adopted, by Steevens:

"——shall, *Antipholus*,
"Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
"Shall love, in building, grow so *ruinous*?"

Which preserves both the sense and the rhyme. M. MASON.

*Antipholis*, I think, is found but thrice in the original copy. I have therefore adhered to the other spelling.

I have given the text as it appears in the original and authentick copy, except that it has in the fourth line *buildings*, (which was manifestly an errour of the press, as Mr. Theobald observed;) *ruinate* for *ruinous* is now substituted.

Mr. Theobald's observation, that the first fifty-two lines of the scene are in alternate rhyming verse is very important; and decisively shows, that there is some errour in the passage before us, as it is exhibited in the original copy. I agree entirely in opinion with Mr. M. Mason, that Mr. Theobald's mode of easing the defect by reading—"Shall Antipholus *hate*," &c. is very objectionable: neither the arrangement, nor expression—"Shall hate rot the springs of love?" are satisfactory. Our poet, I think, generally used to *rot* as a neutral verb. I have therefore given the preference to the reading suggested by Mr. Steevens, *ruinous*, which has an additional claim, from its being a slighter deviation from the original text.

Though Shakspeare has used the verb to *ruinate* in his Rape of Lucrece, in his sonnets, and elsewhere, it may be observed, that the adjective, *ruinate*, does not occur in any of his works, supposing the present passage to be incorrectly printed in the conclusion of the fourth line. On the other hand, *ruinous* occurs five times in his plays. In Timon of Athens it is used figuratively, as here:

"——O you gods,
"Is yon despised and *ruinous* man, my lord?
"Full of *decay* and *failing*?"

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false; What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint[6]?

It therefore seems to me more probable that the errour in this passage arose from the inattention of the transcriber or printer to the rhyme at the end of the fourth line, than in any other way. How negligent one or the other was in this respect, appears twelve lines lower, where, instead of *attaint*, the rhyme intended for *saint*, we have *attaine*.

With respect to *love-springs*, or "the buds of love," it may be observed that the word *springs*, in its primary signification, means the young shoots or buds of plants; and that when sprigs that issue from the earth are meant, they are often denominated by our old writers—*water*-springs. See Psalm cvii. v. 33. The word in the sense which it bears here is, I believe, now little known except to agriculturists; (Dr. Johnson has it not in his Dictionary;) but to Shakspeare, perhaps from his early residence in the country, it appears to have been familiar; for he again uses it in his Venus and Adonis:

"This canker that eats up *love's* tender *spring*."

Again, in the Rape of Lucrece:

"To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish *springs*."

So, in Pliny's Natural History, by Ph. Holland, folio, 1600, l. 526, b. xxii. ch. 21: "So long as they [sprouts] are no other than buds sprouting forth under the concavitie or pit-hole of the aforesaid joints, they term them *oculos*, [i. e. oilets or eyes;] marie, in the very top they be named by them *germina* [i. e. sprigs or burgeons.] Now these oilets are properly (in twigs or sets of trees,) those buds called, where the new *spring* first shooteth forth." [Oculi autem in arborum furculis proprie vocantur, unde *germinant*.]

See also Cotgrave's Dict. folio, 1611: "*Bourgeonnement*. A *springing*, budding, putting out." "*Bourgeonner*. To bud, *spring* or sprout out; to burgeon, put or shoot out."

Hence doubtless *springal*, a youngster or stripling. The substantive *spring*, however, in this sense, seems to have gradually become obsolete; and *sprig*, which is perhaps a corruption of the same word, to have taken its place.

And with a reference to the same term, our author in Venus and Adonis makes the goddess say,

"If *springing* things be any jot diminish'd,
"They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth."

The notion that love is gradually built up, and that the lover's

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe[7],
Being compact of credit[8], that you love us;
Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

bosom is the mansion where this sovereign deity resides, appears to have been a favourite with our poet. Thus, in the passage in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, which has already been partly quoted by Mr. Steevens, but which I shall cite here more fully, because it confirms the observation just now made:

" O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
" Leave not the *mansion* so long tenantless,
" Lest, growing *ruinous*, the building fall."

Again, in his 119th sonnet:

" And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built* anew."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" Let not the piece of virtue which is set
" Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
" To keep it *builded*, be the ram to batter
" The fortress of it."

Again, in Troïlus and Cressida:

" —— Time, force, and death,
" Do to the body what extremes you can;
" But the strong base and *building* of my *love*
" Is as the very centre of the earth
" Drawing all things to it."

I have only to add, that if the reader should look at the second scene of the fifth act of Coriolanus, as directed by Mr. Steevens in the preceding note, he will find nothing in the text or notes relative to the subjects now before us, either in his fourth edition of 1793, or in his posthumous edition of 1803; but he will be no great loser. The note which was meant to be referred to, may indeed be found in his third edition of 1778, but was struck out in the subsequent editions. The only valuable part of it is a passage quoted from Holinshed, by Mr. Tollet, explanatory of the word *springs*. MALONE.

[6] —his own ATTAINT?] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

[7] —make us BUT believe,] The old copy reads—*not* believe. It was corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, chear her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain[9],
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

*ANT. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline[1].

From the whole tenour of the context, it is evident, that the negative (*not*) got place in the first copies instead of *but*. And these two monosyllables have by mistake reciprocally dispossessed one another in many other passages of our author's works.
THEOBALD.

[8] Being COMPACT of credit,] Means, being made altogether of credulity. So, in Heywood's Iron Age, Part II. 1632:
"——she's *compact*
"Merely of blood——."
Again, in our author's Venus and Adonis:
"Love is a spirit, all *compact* of fire." STEEVENS.
Again, in Much Ado About Nothing:
"If he, *compact* of jars, grow musical." MALONE.

[9] —vain,] Is light of tongue, not veracious. JOHNSON.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid [2], with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood [3] of tears;
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs [4],
And as a bed I'll take thee [5], and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink [6]!

[1] — to you do I decline.] Far more do I fall off or decline from her to you. MALONE.

[2] — sweet mermaid,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *syren*. So, in the Index to P. Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History: "*Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their songs enchantments." STEEVENS.

So, in our poet's Venus and Adonis:

"Thy *mermaid* voice hath done me double wrong." MALONE.

[3] — in thy SISTER'S flood—] The old copy reads—*sister*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[4] Spread o'er the SILVER waves thy GOLDEN hairs:] So, in Macbeth;

"His *silver* skin laced with his *golden* blood." MALONE.

The author of Remarks, &c. 8vo. 1783, has a similar observation; but this remark was written, and I think noted in my first edition, before the publication of the book referred to. MALONE.

[5] — as a BED I'll take THEE,] *Bed*, which the word *lie* fully supports, was introduced in the second folio. The old copy has—*bud*. MALONE.

Mr. Edwards suspects a mistake of one letter in the passage, and would read—I'll take *them*.—Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:—as a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c. i. e. I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or some other flower, and,

"——— phœnix-like, beneath thine eye
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakspeare to shift hastily from one image to another.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive support from the following passage in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I. Sc. II.:

"——— my bosom as a *bed*
"Shall lodge thee." STEEVENS.

See the note there, p. 25. MALONE.

*Luc.* What are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated[7]; how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where[8] you should, and that will clear your sight.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

6 Let LOVE, being light, be drowned if SHE sink!] *Love* means —the *Queen* of love. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Now for the love of *love*, and *her* soft hours."

Again, more appositely in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
"Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire."

Venus is here speaking of herself.

Again, ibidem:

"*She's love*, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd." MALONE.

7 Not mad, but MATED;] i. e. confounded. So, in Macbeth:

"My mind she has *mated*, and amaz'd my sight." STEEVENS.

I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife:* and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a husband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses. M. MASON.

Unquestionably *mated* means here, as elsewhere, bewildered, puzzled.

The Duke in the fifth act uses the very same words, where certainly no quibble was intended, nor do I believe that any was meant here:

"I think you are all *mated* or stark *mad*." MALONE.

8 Gaze WHERE—] The old copy reads, *when*. STEEVENS.
The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim [9].

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee [1]:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit Luc.*

*Enter from the house of Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

9 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON.

All the happiness that I wish for on earth, and all that I claim from heaven hereafter.

My sole *earth's heaven*.—

So, in the Rape of Lucrece:

"My will that marks thee for *my earth's delight*." MALONE.

1 —for I AIM thee:] The old copy has—

——for I *am* thee.

Some of the modern editors—

——I *mean* thee.

Perhaps we should read:

——for I *aim* thee.

He has just told her, that she was his *sweet hope's* aim. So, in Orlando Furioso, 1594:

"————— like Cassius,
"Sits sadly dumping, *aiming* Cæsar's death."

Again, in Drayton's Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy:

"I make my changes *aim* one certain end." STEEVENS.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverend[2] body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence[3]: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

[2] A very REVEREND—] The old copy has *reverent*, which is only the ancient spelling of *reverend*. MALONE.

[3] —without he say, SIR-REVERENCE,] This is a very old corruption of *save*-reverence, *salvâ reverentiâ*.

In Much Ado About Nothing, the more correct expression occurs:

"I think you will have me say, *save-reverence*, a husband."

See Blount's Glossography, 8vo. 1682:

"*Sa reverence*, *salvâ reverentiâ*, saving regard or respect; an usual word, but *sir-reverence* by the vulgar." It is, therefore, we see, very properly put into the mouth of Dromio. MALONE.

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart [4], like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters [5], that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

[4] — Swart,] i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown. Thus, in Milton's Comus, v. 436:

"No goblin, or *swart* fairy of the mine."

Again, in King Henry VI. P. I.

"And whereas I was black and *swart* before." Steevens.

Mr. Steevens's first definition is right. *Swart* is a Dutch word; and the Dutch call a blackamoor, a *swart*. Malone.

[5] Nell, sir;—but her name AND three quarters, &c.] The old copy has—her name *is* three quarters. Malone.

This passage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now easy and truly humorous. If a *conundrum* be restored, in setting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. Theobald.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger, in The Old Law, 1653:

"*Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

"*Clown.* As long as she tarried with her husband she was *Ellen*, but after she came to Troy she was *Nell* of Troy.

"*Cook.* Why did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

"*Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the story, when she grew to be an *ell*, &c." Malone.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand[6].

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir[7].

[6] *Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the BARRENNESS; hard, in the palm of the hand.] From this passage we may learn, that this comedy was not revived after the accession of the Scottish monarch to the English throne; otherwise it would probably have been struck out by the Master of the Revels, as that relative to the Scotch lord was in the Merchant of Venice, Act I. Sc. I. MALONE.

[7] In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her HEIR.] All the other countries, mentioned in this description, are in Dromio's replies satirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reason given, why it should be in her forehead: but only the kitchen wench's high forehead is rallied, as pushing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern editions; but the first folio reads—making war against her *heir*. And I am very apt to think, this last is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is designed in the poet's allusion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being stabbed, and dying of his wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his successor: but whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* against her *heir*. Now, as in 1591, Queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the Earl of Essex, to the assistance of this Henry of Navarre, it seems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the finest address imaginable in the poet to throw such an oblique sneer at France, for opposing the succession of that *heir*, whose claim his royal mistress, the queen, had sent over a force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

With this explication Dr. Warburton concurs; and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation was intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense in looking beyond it. Our author, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrusted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turn-

*Ant. S.* Where England?
*Dro. S.* I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could

ing backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *heir?* JOHNSON.

The reading of the authentick copy, *heir*, was displaced by the reviser of the second folio, who substituted *hair* instead of it; doubtless, not perceiving that the passage was intended to convey any other meaning than the common colloquial expression afforded. This innovation kept its place in all the subsequent copies, till at length Mr. Theobald restored the original word; and on mature consideration, I think he was right.

The colloquial expression, it may be observed, was "against *the* hair." But our author, we find, departed from that usage, and wrote "—against *her*," &c. which is equally applicable to France and to Dromio's new wife. Even this slight circumstance ought to have some weight, and affords a confirmation of the original reading.

Unquestionably, as has been observed above, an equivocation was intended in this passage, which, in one point of view, relates to the venereal malady, (called *corona veneris*,) that breaks out in the forehead, and in another to the war which, when this comedy was written, was carried on by the Leaguers against Henry the Fourth, the rightful *heir* of the crown of France.—When the passage was recited on the stage, the word *heir*, (which in our poet's time was, I believe, pronounced with a stronger aspiration than it is at present,) or *hair*, would equally suggest both the senses here intended to be conveyed. But when our author originally committed his thoughts to paper, it was more natural for him to write *heir*, because that word precisely marks out the less obvious allusion which yet, it should seem, was uppermost in his thoughts, but which might have been overlooked, if he had written *hair*: for in that case, the political allusion would have rested in his own breast; but by adopting the other mode, he precluded all doubt upon the subject. He therefore, I conceive, wrote the word *heir*, which is found in the copy printed immediately from the manuscript, because the circumstances of the French king were predominant in his mind, and he knew that the other allusion was sufficiently obvious and would be easily understood. Hence the present regulation of the text appears to me to be that on which Shakspeare himself has set his seal.

Dr. Johnson remarks, that "an equivocal term must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied." A more correct writer would undoubtedly observe that rule; but our author is seldom very scrupulous in this respect, the terms

find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath [8].

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast [9] at her nose.

which he uses in comparisons frequently not answering exactly on both sides. However, in the passage before us, the words *armed* and *reverted* precisely correspond with the two images meant to be presented; so also does *heir*, when spoken, from its similarity in sound to the *hair* of the head. With respect to the principal remaining word, the poet, I imagine, would say, "I placed France in her *forehead* rather than in any part of the body; for this single reason,—because it easily admitted of the obvious and the covert allusion which I had in view." Malone.

[8] — I felt it HOT in her breath.] This passage has hitherto been passsd over without any comment, nor am I sure that I understand it. Perhaps the allusion is to the fiery threats which Spain had recently used towards England, when she sent out her invincible armada; or is the allusion merely to the heat of her climate? Malone.

[9] — to be BALLAST —] The modern editors read—ballast*ed*; the old copy—*ballast*, which is right. Thus, in Hamlet:

"—— to have the engineer

"*Hoist* with his own petar." i. e. *hoisted*. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens, I apprehend, is not quite correct. *Hoist* for *hoisted*, *heat* for *heated*, &c. were certainly common in old language. But *ballast* was a contraction not of *ballasted* but of *balased* or *balaced*, (the participle of the verb to *balase*,) formed from the substantive *balase*, which, according to the usage of Shakspeare's time, was frequently written *ballast*. So *drest* for *dressed*, *trust* for *trusted*, &c. See Cawdray's Alphabetical Table of Hard Words, 8vo. 1604:

"*Balase*; gravel wherewith ships are poysed," &c.

See also Bullocar's English Expositor, 8vo. 1616:

"*Balase*; gravel or any thing of weight laid in the bottom of ships, to make them goe upright."

So, Bishop Hall in his Satires, b. iv. sat. 5:

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her[1]; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith[2], and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us[3], and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and begone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:

"With some gal'd trunck *ballac'd* with straw and stone."
In another place in his Satires he has—*unballac'd*. Malone.

[1] — ASSURED to her;] *Affianced* to her. Thus, in King John:
"For so I did, when I was first *assur'd*." Steevens.

[2] — if my breast had not been made of FAITH, &c.] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however, the Oxford Editor thinks a breast made of *flint* better security; and he therefore put it in. Warburton.

[3] If every one KNOWS us —] So the authentick copy; for which Mr. Steevens has—*knew* us. Malone.

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong [4],
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter* ANGELO.

*ANG.* Master Antipholus?

*ANT. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*ANG.* I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine [5]:

[4] But, lest myself be guilty TO self-wrong,] So the authentick copy; but Mr. Pope, according to his usual practice, not being acquainted with this mode of speech, printed—*of* self-wrong, as we should certainly now write; and this innovation was adopted by Mr. Steevens in all his editions previous to mine, as well as by preceding editors.

But the phraseology of Shakspeare's age was, guilty *to*, not guilty *of*. So, in The Winter's Tale:

"But as the unthought of accident is *guilty*
"*To* what we wildly do—."

Again, in The Guls Hornbooke, by Thomas Delker, 4to. 1609, p. 36:

"For by this means you shall get experience by being *guilty to* their abbominable shaving?"

Again, in an extract from a letter written by Sir Henry Wotton, Birch's "Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," i. 309:

"But I have carried therein, as in all my other charges, an honest respect to my lord's service, and am not *guilty to* myself of any bad dealing in this information."

This passage ought to be a perpetual *memento* to all future editors of these plays never to disturb the author's phraseology, merely because it is not conformable to the usage of modern times. MALONE.

[5] — at the PORCUPINE:] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time.

I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewise in p. 66 of Ascham's works, by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicles in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

The word, although written *Porpentine* in the old editions of Shakspeare, was scarcely so pronounced, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, at least not generally; for in Eliot's Dictionary, 1545, and Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, it is—"Porkepyne;" and in Hulet's Abecedarium, 1552—"Porpyn." See a note on The Tempest, Act I. Sc. II. DOUCE.

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will, that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

### The Same.

*Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.*

*Mer.* You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders[6] for my voyage:

[6] — want GILDERS —] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and sixpence, to two shillings. STEEVENS.

Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me [7] by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter* Antipholus *of Ephesus, and* Dromio *of Ephesus, from the Courtezan's.*

*Off.* That labour may you save; see where he comes.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates [8],
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* Dromio.

*Ant. E.* A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carract;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,

[7] Is GROWING to me —] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

[8] — and HER confederates,] The old copy has—*their* confederates. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you[9].

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

*Ant. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

*Ant. E.* An * if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

*Ang.* You hear, how he impórtunes me; the chain—

*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

* First folio, *And.*

9 Perchance, I WILL be there as soon as you.] *I will*, instead of *I shall*, is a Scoticism. DOUCE.

And an Irishism too. REED.

And an ancient Anglicism, as appears by the present passage, and from several of our old writers. MALONE.

*Ang.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token [1].

*Ant. E.* Fye, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you! what should I answer you?

*Ang.* The money, that you owe me for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider; how it stands upon my credit.

[1] EITHER send the chain, or send me by some token.] Thus the authentick copy; for which Mr. Pope, supposing the metre imperfect, reads—*Or* send, &c. This change he has, I believe, always made in similar cases; and was in many instances followed by Mr. Steevens.

I have asserted that the words *either*, *neither*, and many other similar words were used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as monosyllables, and I have proved it. Mr. Steevens, however, persevered in controverting this statement, and we are at issue upon it. But as this point is fully discussed in the Essay on Shakspeare's Metre, it is unnecessary to add any thing further on this subject here.

It has been plausibly suggested to me, that the words in the subsequent part of the line were transposed; and that we ought to read—or send *by me* some token. But it was not Angelo's meaning, as seems to have been supposed, that Antipholus of Ephesus should send a jewel or other token *by him*, but that Antipholus should send him with a verbal token to his wife, by which it might be ascertained that he came from Antipholus; and that she might safely pay the price of the chain.—"My master has sent me to you for his cloth, and *by the same token* he dined abroad yesterday." Such was the common practice and phraseology formerly. MALONE.

*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
*Off.* I do;
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
*Ang.* This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
*Off.* I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.
*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away[2]: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
*Ant. E.* How now, a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep[3],
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

[2] And then, sir, SHE bears away:] Mr. Steevens, to improve the metre, (which, according to his theory, we are to suppose destroyed by interpolation,) omits the word *she*. MALONE.

[3] —thou PEEVISH sheep,] *Peevish* is *silly*. So, in Cymbeline:
"Desire my man's abode where I did leave him,
"He's strange and *peevish*."
See a note on Act I. Sc. VII. STEEVENS.

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage [4].
*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
*Dro. S.* You sent me for a ropes end as soon [5]:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*
*Dro. S.* To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel [6] did claim me for her husband;

It has already been observed in a note on The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I. Sc. I. that *ship* and *sheep* in Warwickshire, and some of the neighbouring counties, are by the peasantry pronounced alike. Hence the present play on these words. Malone.

[4] A ship you sent me to, to HIRE waftage.] The word *hire* is here used as a dissyllable, and accordingly is spelt in the original copy —*hier*. Of this use of the word *hire*, I have given various examples. See the Essay on the Metre of Shakspeare.

Notwithstanding Mr. Steeven's solicitude about the metre, he has taken no notice of this verse, which, but for the circumstance above-mentioned, would be imperfect. Malone.

[5] You sent me for a ROPES end as soon:] *Ropes* is here a dissyllable; the Saxon genitive case. Malone.

Mr. Malone says that *rope's* is here a dissyllable; the Saxon genitive case; but a Saxon genitive case accords better with one of Puck's lyrical effusions, [see Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II. Sc. I.] than with the vulgar pronunciation of Dromio. I suppose, a word has been casually omitted in the old copy, and that we should read as I have printed. So, above, the same speaker says—

"And then, *sir*, bears away: our fraughtage, *sir*—."

Steevens.

[6] Where Dowsabel—] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Pastorals:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

The Same.

*Enter* ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

*ADR.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors [7] tilting in his face?

" He had, as antique stories tell,
" A daughter cleaped *Dowsabel*." STEEVENS.

So also, in The London Prodigal, a comedy, 1605:—" to cast away as pretty a *Dowsabel* as we should chance to see in a summer's day."

The verses above quoted, from a poem written by Drayton, appeared first in 1593, subsequently, I think, to the production of this comedy. MALONE.

[7] OF his heart's meteors tilting in his face?] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place:

" Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
" All of one nature, of one substance bred,
" Did lately meet in the intestine shock
" And furious close of civil butchery." WARBURTON.

The allusion is more clearly explained by the following comparison in the second book of Paradise Lost:

" As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
" Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
" To battle in the clouds, before each van
" Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
" Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
" From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

STEEVENS.

*Luc.* First he denied you had in him no right [8].
*Adr.* He meant, he did me none; the more my spight.
*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.
*Adr.* And what said he?
*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.
*Adr.* Did'st speak him fair?
*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.
*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere [9],
Ill-fac'd, worse body'd, shapeless every where;

The original copy reads—*Oh*, his heart's meteors, &c. This obvious correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

[8] First he DENIED you had in him NO right.] i. e. he asserted with a strong negative asseveration that you had in him no right. It is marvellous, that some of our clippers and trimmers of Shakspeare's language, have not objected to this line as ungrammatical, and proposed to read a *right*. It is certainly not such a phraseology as a correct writer would now use. Nevertheless, it was Shakspeare's phraseology, and that of his contemporaries. So, in King Richard the Third:

"You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause
"Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment."

Again, in "Instructions by Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, to his Son Algernon;" a MS. in the collection of the Earl of Egremont, written in 1609:

"Not that I *deny* that men should *not* be good husbands."
MALONE.

[9] —sere,] that is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.
So, in Milton's Lycidas:
"—— ivy never *sere*." STEEVENS.

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making [1], worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away [2]:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.

So, in Spencer's Pastoral for January:

"All so my lustful leaf is dry and *sere*." Malone.

[1] Stigmatical in making,] That is, *marked* or *stigmatised* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition. Johnson.

So, in The Wonder of a Kingdom, 1655:

"If you spy any man that hath a look,
"*Stigmatically* drawn, like to a fury's," &c. Steevens.

The fine lines which our author has put into the mouth of Constance in King John (Act III. Sc. I.) fully explain what he meant by *stigmatical* in making:

"If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
"Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
"Full of *unpleasing blots*, and *sightless stains*,
"Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
"Patch'd with *foul moles*, and *eye-offending marks*,
"I would not care, I then would be content,
"But thou art fair," &c. Malone.

[2] Far from her nest the lapwing, &c.] This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his Second Part of Coney-catching, 1592, says: "But again to our priggers, who, as before I said—*cry with the lapwing farthest from her nest*, and from their place of residence where their most abode is." Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says—"he withdraweth men, *lapwing-like*, from his nest, as much as might be." See this passage yet more amply explained in Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. V. Steevens.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment [3] hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough [4];
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

[3] —an everlasting garment—] The sergeants in Shakspeare's days were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arrested Antipholus. *Buff* is also a cant expression for a man's skin, a covering which lasts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an *everlasting* garment; and in pursuance of this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the sergeant, in the next scene, the "Picture of old Adam;" that is, of Adam before his fall, whilst he remained unclad: "What, have you got the picture of old *Adam new apparelled?*"

So, in The Woman-Hater, Pandar says,—"Were it not for my smooth citizen, I'd quit this transitory trade, get me an *everlasting* robe, and turn sergeant." M. Mason.

The commentator here, I believe, found out more conceits in this passage than the author thought of. Not one of them is supported by the passage quoted from the Woman-Hater, except that a sheriff's officer was usually clad in an everlasting garment.

Mr. Steevens had in a former edition the following note here, which he afterwards struck out: "*Everlasting* was in the time of Shakspeare, as well as at present, the name of a kind of durable stuff;" in support of which he adduced the very passage above quoted by Mr. M. Mason.

On the words in K. Henry IV. Sc. I.: "and is not a *buff* jerkin a most sweet robe of *durance?*" Mr. Steevens has shewn that *durance* was formerly a kind of stuff, probably the same as everlasting: but it is not pretended that these words contain any allusion to the human skin. Why therefore should it be supposed that a cant term, which has not been shewn to have been in use in Shakspeare's time, was here in the speaker's thoughts, unless we also attribute a similar conceit to the Prince in Henry IV.?

On a comparison of the two passages, it should seem that the sergeant's buff jerkin was called a robe of durance with allusion to his occupation of arresting men and putting them in *durance*, or prison; and that *durance* being a kind of stuff sometimes called *everlasting*, the buff jerkin was hence called an "everlasting garment." In a subsequent scene, Dromio describes the sergeant as one "that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them *suits* of *durance*." Malone.

[4] A fiend, A FAIRY, pitiless and rough;] Dromio here bringing

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
mands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands * [5];

* First folio, *lans*.

word in haste that his master is arrested, decribes the bailiff by names proper to raise horror and detestation of such a creature, such as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to these terrible ideas? we should read, *a fiend*, *a fury*, &c. THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNSON.

So, Milton:

"No goblin, or swart *fairy* of the mine,
"Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity." MALONE.

It is true that there is a species of malevolent and mischievous fairies; but *fairy*, as it here stands, is generical. T. WESTON. Warton.

Surely not, when specifically designated by the epithets *pitiless* and *rough*. MALONE.

5 A back-friend, a SHOULDER-CLAPPER, &c. of alleys, creeks, and narrow LANDS;] It should be written, I think, narrow *lanes*, as he has the same expression in King Richard II. Act V. Sc. VI.:

"Even such they say as stand in *narrow lanes*." GREY.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read—*lanes*. *Lands*, I believe, in the present instance, mean, what we now call *landing*-places at the water-side.

A *shoulder-clapper* is a bailiff. So, in Decker's Satiromastix, 1602:

"—— fear none but these same *shoulder-clappers*."
STEEVENS.

*Narrow lands* is certainly the true reading, as not only the rhyme points out, but the sense; for as a *creek* is a narrow water, forming an inlet from the main body into the neighbouring shore, so a *narrow-land* is an outlet or tongue of the shore that runs into the water. Besides, *narrow lanes* and *alleys* are synonymous. HENLEY.

Surely our author was thinking only of narrow streets or lanes, for which he substituted *lands* solely for the sake of the rhyme.

One of the allusions here, is found in The Wandering Jew, 4to. 1640, but written some time before:

"Now, Sir, all I desire at your hands is, to know whether by my place (my trade of *shoulder-clapping*,) I shall ever come to any good, or no." MALONE.

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well [6];
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell [7].

[6] A hound that RUNS COUNTER, and yet draws DRY-FOOT well;] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to pursue by *the track or prick of the foot;* to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chace*, and a *prison* in London. The officer that arrested him was a sergeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same expression, Every Man in His Humour, Act II. Sc. IV.: "Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, *dry-foot* over Moorfields to London this morning," &c.

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed. GREY.

So, in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks:

"A hunting, Sir Oliver, and *dry-foot* too!"

Again, in The Dumb Knight, 1633:

"I care not for *dry-foot* hunting," STEEVENS.

A hound that draws *dry-foot*, means what is usually called a *blood-hound*, trained to follow men by the scent. The expression occurs in an Irish Statute of the 10th of William III. for preservation of the game, which enacts, that all persons licensed for making and training up of setting dogs, shall, in every two years, during the continuance of their licence, be compelled to train up, teach, and make, one or more hounds, to hunt on *dry-foot*. The practice of keeping blood-hounds was long continued in Ireland, and they were found of great use in detecting murderers and robbers. M. MASON.

[7] One that, BEFORE the judgment, carries poor souls to HELL.] *Before* judgment; i. e. on what is called *mesne process:* when a man is arrested *after* judgment, he is said to be taken in execution. Shakspeare is here using technical language. MALONE.

*Hell* was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons: it is mentioned in The Counter-Rat, a poem, 1658:

"In Wood-street's hole, or Poultry's *hell*."

The dark place into which a tailor throws his shreds is still in possession of this title. So, in Decker's If This be Not a Good Play, the Devil is in It, 1612:

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?
*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case [8].
*Adr.* What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.
*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him [9], that I can tell:

"Tailors———'tis known,
"They scorn thy *hell*, having better of their own."

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer Chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had "paid the uttermost farthing." STEEVENS.

An account of the local situation of *hell* may be found in the Journals of the House of Commons, vol. x. p. 83, as the Commons passed through it to King William and Queen Mary's Coronation, and gave directions concerning it. In Queen Elizabeth's time the office of Clerk of the Treasury was situated there, as I find in Sir James Dyer's Reports, fol. 245, A, where mention is made of "one Christopher Hole, Secondary del Treasurie, et un auncient attorney and practiser in le office del Clerke del Treasurie al *Hell*."

This I take to be the Treasury of the Court of Common Pleas, of which Sir James Dyer was Chief Justice, and which is now kept immediately under the Court of Exchequer. The Office of the Tally-Court of the Chamberlain of the Exchequer is still there, and tallies for *many* centuries back are piled up and preserved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the Vouchers of the public Accounts, which had become so numerous as to overstock the place in which they were kept at Lincoln's Inn. These, therefore, belong to the Auditors of Public Accounts. Other rooms are turned into coal cellars.—There is a *pump* still standing of excellent water, called *hell pump*:—And the place is to this day well known by the name of *hell*. VAILLANT.

[8] —on the CASE.] An action upon the *case*, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is still quibbling, His master's *case* was touched by the shoulder-clapper. See p. 232: "—in a *case* of leather," &c. MALONE.

[9] But IS in a suit of buff, which 'rested him,] Thus the au-

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
in his desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at.
[*Exit Luciana.*

That he [1], unknown to me, should be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band [2]?

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger
thing;

A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

thentick copy, for which Mr. Rowe substituted—But *he's* in, as we certainly should now write. This alteration, with all the other editors, I had imprudently adopted in my first edition; but the text is unquestionably right, the omission of the personal pronoun being formerly a common usage.

So, in the Jew of Malta:

"Burhew, in brief, *shalt* have no tribute here:"

i. e. *thou shalt*, &c.

See also, K. Lear, Cymbeline, and the Essay on the Phraseology of Shakspeare. Malone.

[1] That he,] The original copy has—*Thus* he. The emendation was made by the reviser of the second folio. Malone.

[2] —was he arrested on a band?] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read—*bond*.—A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance, I believe, the humour of the passage turns.

Ben Jonson, personifying the instruments of the law, says—

"——Statute, and *band*, and wax shall go with me."

Again, without personification:

"See here your mortgage, statute, *band*, and wax."

Again, in Histriomastix, 1610:

"————tye fast your lands
"In statute staple, or these merchant's *bands*." Steevens.

*Band* is used in one of the senses which is couched under these words, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band*."

See also Minsheu's Dictionary, 1617, in v. "*Band*, or obligation." In the same column is found—"A *band*, or thong to tie withal." Also—"A *band* for the neck, because it serves to *bind* about the neck." These interpretations sufficiently explain the equivocation here intended. Malone.

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell; 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.

*Dro. S.* O yes, If any hour meet a serjeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

*Adr.* As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt[3], and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Enter Luciana.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

[3] If *he* be in debt,] The old edition reads—If *I* be in debt. STEEVENS.

For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. Mr. Rowe reads—If *time*, &c. but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *he*. MALONE.

## SCENE III.

The same.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

*ANT. S.* There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me [4]
As if I were their well acquainted friend [5];
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy;
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

*DRO. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for:

[4] There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me—] This actually happened in the case of Sir Henry Wotton, when he was on his travels, about the time this play appears to have been written. See his letter to Lord Zouch, July 10, 1592. Reliquiæ Wotton, p. 676, edit. 1685. MALONE.

[5] There's not A MAN I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were THEIR well acquainted friend;] So the old copy; and certainly it is exhibited as the author wrote the passage. We should now write—*his* well acquainted friend. But many men being comprised under the general words of the preceding line, the poet, writing the language of familiar life, makes the personal pronoun refer to what is implied rather than expressed.

This note is written merely to repress the propensity which has prevailed of late, of reducing the language of Shakspeare to that of the present day. MALONE.

What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd[6]?

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that

[6] What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?] A short word or two must have slipt out here, by some accident, in copying, or at press; otherwise I have no conception of the meaning of the passage. The case is this. Dromio's master had been arrested, and sent his servant home for money to redeem him: he running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he mistakes for his master, and seeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a surprize—What, have you got *rid of* the picture of old Adam new apparell'd? For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd *old Adam new apparell'd?* The allusion is to Adam in his state of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall being cloath'd in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and in like manner, the serjeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-skin, as the author humorously a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

I wish Dr. Johnson had shewn us how the text is intelligible without any emendation. For my part, I think Theobald's emendation absolutely necessary. I adopt it the more willingly, because I know that omission is one of the most common errours of the press. MALONE.

These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers. So, in King Edward III. 1599:

"The register of all varieties
"Since *leathern Adam*, to this younger hour."

Again, in Philip Stubbe's Anatomie of Abuses, 8vo. 1583: "Did the Lorde clothe our first parents in *leather*, as not hauing any thyng more precious to attire them withall," &c. STEEVENS.

went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob *, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike [7].

* First folio, *sob*.

[7] —he that SETS UP HIS REST to do more exploits with his mace, than a MORRIS-PIKE.] *Sets up his rest*, is a phrase taken from military exercise. When gunpowder was first invented, its force was very weak, compared to that in present use. This necessarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortened their arms and artillery; so that the cannon which Froissart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets; so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces, when they gave fire, with a *rest* stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the serjeant's office of arresting. But what most wants animadversion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the sense, and false in the allusion: no pike being used amongst the dancers so called, or at least not famed for much execution. In a word, Shakspeare wrote—

——a *Maurice*-pike.

i. e. a pikeman of Prince Maurice's army. He was the greatest general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars against Spain, under whom all the English gentry and nobility were bred to the service. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unnecessarily of the *rest of a musket*, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the *rest* of a *musket* to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *rest* of a *pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were shown. There is no need of change.

JOHNSON.

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in first principles. " *Morespikes* (says Langley, in his translation

*ANT. S.* What! thou mean'st an officer?

*DRO. S.* Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

of Polydore Virgil,) were used first in the siege of Capua." And in Reynard's Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks, "the English mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the siege of Capua, though Langley's translation of him advances their antiquity so high.

*Morris-pikes*, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and since, the Spanish pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's Legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

The mention of *morris-pikes* is frequent among our old writers. So, in Heywood's King Edward IV. 1626:

"Of the French were beaten down
"*Morris-pikes* and bowmen," &c.

Again, in Holinshed, p. 816: "—they entered the gallies again with *moris pikes* and fought," &c. STEEVENS.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnson's assertion, that the *morris-pike* was used in the *morris-dance*. Swords were sometimes used upon that occasion. It certainly means the *Moorish*-pike, which was very common in the 16th century. See Grose's History of the English Army, vol. i. p. 135. DOUCE.

The phrase—*he that sets up his rest*, in this instance, signifies only, I believe, "he that *trusts*"—*is confident in his expectation*. Thus, Bacon: "Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes *set up their rest* upon the battle." Again, Clarendon: "They therefore resolved to *set up their rest* upon that stake, and to go through with it, or perish." This figure of speech is certainly derived from *the rest* which Dr. Warburton has described, as that was the only kind of *rest* which was ever *set up*.
HENLEY.

Unquestionably, *to set up his rest*, means, in a metaphorical sense, to be firmly resolved; to be fixed and determined in his purpose, whether to do or suffer. The only question is, concerning the origin of the phrase. In the passage before us it is fairly traced to the *rest* of the pike; but in most instances, as Mr. Reed has justly observed, (in a note on Romeo and Juliet, Act V. Sc. III.) it has a reference to the game of Primero, at which game "to set up his rest" was a common expression. In the passage quoted above from Clarendon, the word *stake* shews that there the allusion is to the game at cards. MALONE.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the Hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

*Dro. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan?

*Ant. S.* It is the devil.

*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here [8].

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon [9].

[8] — We'll mend our dinner HERE.] i. e. by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

[9] — if YOU do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.] In the old copy *you* is accidentally omitted. It was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I believe some other words were passed

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?
*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.
*Ant. S.* Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you all are, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me, and be gone.
*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood [1], a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; and if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.
*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. and Dro.*
*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.

over by the compositor,—perhaps of this import:—"if you do expect spoon-meat, *either stay away*, or bespeak a long spoon."

The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in The Tempest, Act II. Sc. II. Malone.

[1] —a DROP OF BLOOD,] So, in The Witch, by Middleton, when a spirit descends, Hecate exclaims—

"There's one come downe to fetch his dues,
"A kisse, a coll, *a sip of blood*," &c. Steevens.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

The same.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

*ANT. E.* Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger[2],
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

*Enter* DROMIO *of Ephesus with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

[2] And will not lightly trust the messenger, &c.] And will not easily believe the messenger's account of my having been attached in Ephesus.

I should not have explained so easy a passage, but that it has been misunderstood by an anonymous correspondent. MALONE.

*Dro. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all [3].

*Ant. E.* But where's the money?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope?

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears [4]. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm,

[3] —will PAY them all.] i. e. will punish them by corporal correction. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"I have pepper'd the rogues; two of them, I am sure I have *pay'd*. MALONE.

[4] —by my LONG EARS.] He means, that his master had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return [5]: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the Courtezan, with* PINCH[6], *and others.*

*ANT. E.* Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*DRO. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*[7].

[5] — I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; &c.] Does not this antithetical speech of Dromio bear a ludicrous, but probably accidental resemblance, to Cicero's celebrated encomium on literary studies: Pro Archiâ Poetâ: "Delectant domi, non impediunt foris," &c. BOSWELL.

[6] — PINCH.] The direction in the old copy is,—"and a *schoolmaster*, called *Pinch*." In many country villages the pedagogue is still a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonson's Staple of News: "I would have ne'er a *cunning school-master* in England, I mean a cunning man as a school-master; that is, *a conjurer*," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] Mistress, *respice finem*, RESPECT YOUR END; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the ROPE'S END.] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice funem*. But to what purpose, unless our author would shew that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for *prophesying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, Take heed, sir, my parrot prophesies. To this, Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says:

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
"That speak, and think contrary clean;

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstacy[8]!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I cónjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

*Adr.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

*Ant. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers[9]?
Did this companion[1] with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

"What member 'tis of whom they talk,
"When they cry *rope*, and *walk, knave, walk.*"
WARBURTON.

[8] Mark, how he TREMBLES in his ECSTACY!] So, in Venus and Adonis, 1593:

"And *trembling* in her *passion* calls it balm."

Again, more appositely, *ibidem:*

"Thus stands she in a *trembling ecstasy.*" MALONE.

[9] — your CUSTOMERS?] A *customer* is used in Othello for a common woman. Here it seems to signify one who visits such women. MALONE.

[1] — companion —] A word of contempt, anciently used as we now use *fellow*. STEEVENS.

And I deny'd to enter in my house?

*Adr.* O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

*Ant. E.* Din'd at home[2]! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

*Dro. E* Perdy[3], your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

*Dro. E.* Certes[4], she did; the kitchen-vestal[5] scorn'd you.

*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

*Dro. E.* In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

*Adr.* Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

[2] Din'd at home! &c.] Thus the ancient copy. Mr. Theobald and subsequent editors read—*I* din'd, &c. which might be admitted, were we sure that a verse was intended. But Shakspeare, throughout his plays, frequently introduces short speeches in prose, in the midst of verse. I have therefore adhered to the old copy. Malone.

[3] Perdy,] A corruption of the common French oath—*Pardieu*. Chaucer's personages are frequent in their use of it. Steevens.

[4] Certes,] i. e. *certainly*. So, in The Tempest:

"For *certes*, these are people of the island." Steevens.

Again, in Othello:

"*Certes*, I have already chosen mine officer." Malone.

[5] —kitchen-vestal—] Her charge being, like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. Johnson.

*Pinch.* It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
*Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
*Dro. E.* Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.
*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
*Luc.* And I am witness with her, that she did.
*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.
[*Pinch and his assistants bind Ant. and Dro.*
*Adr.* O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

*Pinch.* More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

*Luc.* Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

*Off.* Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*Pinch.* Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer[6]?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*Off.* He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

*Ant. E.* O most unhappy strumpet[7]!

*Dro. E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,

[6] —thou PEEVISH officer?] This is the second time that in the course of this play, *peevish* has been used for *foolish*. STEEVENS.

So, in The Curse of Corne-horders, by Charles Fitz Geffry, 4to. 1633, p. 14:

"The Egyptians relieved the Israelites in the famine, though it were an abomination to the Egyptians, in their *peevish* superstition, to eat bread with the Hebrewes." MALONE.

[7] — UNHAPPY strumpet!] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

Good master; cry, the devil.—
*Luc.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
*Adr.* Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—
[*Exeunt Pinch and assistants with Ant. and Dro.*
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?
*Adr.* I know the man: What is the sum he owes?
*Off.* Two hundred ducats.
*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?
*Off.* Due for a chain, your husband had of him.
*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not [8].
*Cour.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
*Adr.* And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.
*Off.* Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Officer, Adriana, and Luciana.*
*Ant. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

[8] He did bespeak a chain FOR ME, but had it not.] I suppose, the words—*for me*, which spoil the metre, might fairly be omitted. STEEVENS.

*Dro. S.* She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff[9] from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold[1]: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### The Same. Before an Abbey.

*Enter Merchant and Angelo.*

*Ang.* I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

*Ang.* Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

9 —our STUFF—] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were issued for the royal Progresses in the last century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

1 —you SAW, they speak us fair, give us gold: &c.] They speak as fair, give us gold as you yourself *saw*, or have seen.

An ingenious correspondent, Colonel Roberts, proposes to read —either you *see*, or else *spake* and *gave*; but I think the text is as the author wrote it. He did not, I conceive, mean that either of the Dromios should be very correct in language. MALONE.

Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*MER.* Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

*ANG.* 'Tis so; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain [2], which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

[2] —— I wonder much
That you WOULD put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so TO deny
This chain,—] It has already been observed, that our author and his contemporaries sometimes begin a sentence in one mode of construction, and end it in another. See the Essay on Shakspeare's Phraseology. Here we should now write—And *so deny*, &c. But the text is unquestionably right. Thus, in The Tempest, Act III. Sc. I.:

" (I would not so;) and *would* no more endure
" This wooden slavery than *to* suffer
" The flesh-fly blow my mouth."

where Mr. Steevens has discarded the genuine text, and printed instead of it—than *I would* suffer, &c.

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act I. Sc. I.:

" No more of this, Helena; go to, no more, lest it be rather thought *you affect* a sorrow; than *to* have."

Again, in Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. IV.:

" —— and that there were
" No earthly means to save him, but that either
" You must *lay down* the treasures of your body
" To this supposed, or else *to* let him suffer," &c.

where Mr. Steevens again dismisses the poet's genuine language, and prints—" or *else let* him suffer;" and to have been consistent in the passage before us, he ought to have discarded *to*, and printed—*so deny*, &c.

You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

*Ant. S.* I think, I had; I never did deny it.

*Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant S.* Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

*Enter* Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and Others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—
Some get within him[3], take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house[4].
This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt* Antipholus *and* Dromio *to the Abbey.*

Again, in Sir Francis Bacon's "Charge touching Duels," 4to. 1614, p. 6:

"And besides, it passeth not amisse sometimes in government, that the greater sort *be admonished* by an example made in the meaner, and the dogge *to* be beaten before the lion."

See various other instances of this kind of phraseology in the Essay above referred to. Malone.

[3] —get within him,] i. e. close with him, grapple with him. Steevens.

[4] —take a house.] i. e. go into a house. So, we say—a dog *takes the water.* Steevens.

*Enter the Abbess.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew, he was not in his perfect wits [5].

*Mer.* I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad [6],
And much different from the man he was [7];
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

[5] I knew, he was not in his PERFECT wits.] So, in King Lear:

" —— to deal plainly,
" I fear I am not in my *perfect* mind." MALONE.

[6] This week he hath been heavy, SOUR, sad,] Mr. Steevens, though so much concerned for the metre of the following line, has passed this unnoticed, though it apparently wants a syllable. But it is not defective; for *sour* is used as a dissyllable, and was often so employed by Shakspeare's contemporaries. Accordingly so in the authentick copy, where we have *sower*. MALONE.

[7] And much different from the man he was.] So the original and authentick copy, the folio 1629. The reviser of the second folio, I suppose, not being satisfied with the metre, reads—

" And much, *much* different," &c.

And Mr. Steevens, as usual, has adopted this interpretation.

The line in the text is no more exceptionable than many other which occur in these plays, and therefore I have not departed from the original copy. MALONE.

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.
*Adr.* Why, so I did.
*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.
*Adr.* As roughly, as my modesty would let me.
*Abb.* Haply, in private.
*Adr.* And in assemblies too.
*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.
*Adr.* It was the copy[8] of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
*Abb.* And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing[9]:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:

[8] —the COPY—] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting *copies* for boys. STEEVENS.

Our poet frequently uses *copy* for *pattern*. So, in Twelfth Night:

"And leave the world no *copy*." MALONE.

[9] It seems, his SLEEPS were hinder'd by thy railing:] So the authentick copy; and such was the language of Shakspeare, of which various examples have been given in the Essay above referred to. So, in Othello, Act III. Sc. III.:

"There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
"That in their *sleeps* will mutter their affairs."

Again, in Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. VII.:

"Break not your *sleeps* for that."

Again, in Sidney's Arcadia, folio 1598, p. 241: "My *sleeps* were inquired after, and my wakings never unsaluted." MALONE.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And, at their heels [1], a huge infectious troop

[1] ——————— what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And, at THEIR heels, &c.] The old copy reads—And at *her* heels. For this emendation I am answerable. It was originally proposed by Mr. Heath.

It must first be observed, that in the English manuscripts of our author's time the pronouns were generally expressed by abbreviations. In this very play we have already seen *their* printed for *her* (Act IV. Sc. I.) which has been rightly corrected—

"Among my wife and *their* confederates."

In order to connect *melancholy* with the word *her* in the fourth line, Mr. Steevens enclosed the third line "kinsman," &c. in a parenthesis: but no such parenthesis is found in the old copy; a circumstance which I consider as adding support to the reading which I have adopted; because it hence should seem that the poet meant that the "huge infectious troop of pale distemperatures, and foes to life," were the attendants, not solely on moody melancholy, but also on grim despair, and of course that he must have written *their* in the following line.

The difficulty with respect to the word *kinsman*, seems to have arisen from its being understood in so strict a sense. Shakspeare, I conceive, with his usual laxity, employed this word as signifying merely *akin*, or *related to*; and considered in this way, the whole passage is sufficiently clear.

Mr. Ritson, who also thinks that *kinsman* is to be understood in the sense above-mentioned, observes, that in The Merchant of Venice there is a similar confusion of genders:

"— But now I was the *lord*
"Of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants,
"*Queen* o'er myself?"

But there is no confusion of genders in the passage before us, if the foregoing interpretation be just, and the reading (*their*) which I have adopted be right: nor is there any in the passage quoted from The Merchant of Venice; for there the words *lord* and *master* are not to be understood in their strict and masculine sense, if I may

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No, not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

*Abb.* Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

use that phrase, but, metaphorically, *lord* for *owner*, and *master* for *governor* or *ruler*: and, in like manner, *kinsman* in the present passage, may be understood without any reference to gender, merely as meaning *nearly related*. Malone.

Shakspeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the foolish insertion of the first editors. I have, therefore, put it into hooks, as spurious. Warburton.

The defective metre of the second line, is a plain proof that some dissyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written:

" Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
" But moody [*moping*] and dull melancholy,
" *Kinsman* to grim and comfortless despair?
" And at *their* heels *a* huge infectious troop —" Heath.

It has been observed to me that Mr. Capell reads:

" But moody and dull melancholy, kins—
" *woman* to grim and comfortless despair;

Yet, though the Roman language may allow of such transfers from the end of one verse to the beginning of the next, the custom is unknown to English poetry, unless it be of the burlesque kind. It is too like Homer Travesty:

" —— On this, Agam—
" memnon began to curse and damn." Steevens.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again [2]:
It is a branch, and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [*Exit Abbess.*

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five;
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death [3] and sorry execution [4],

[2] —a FORMAL man again:] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. So, in Measure for Measure,—"*informal* women," for just the contrary. STEEVENS.

[3] The place of DEATH —] The original copy has—*depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

[4] — SORRY execution,] So, in Macbeth:

"Of *sorriest* fancies your companions making."

*Sorry* had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. Thus, in Chaucer's Prologue to the Sompnoures Tale, v. 7283, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

"This Frere, whan he loked had his fill
"Upon the turments of this *sory* place."

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

*Ang.* See, where they come; we will behold his death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter* Duke *attended; Æ*geon *bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,

Again, in The Knightes Tale, where the temple of Mars is described:

"All full of chirking was that *sory* place."

Again, in the ancient MS. Romance of The Sowdon of Babyloyne, &c.

"It was done as the kinge cōmaunde
"His soule was fet to helle
"To daunse in that *sory* lande
"With develes that wer ful felle." Steevens.

Thus, Macbeth looking on his bloody hands after the murder of Duncan:

"This is a *sorry* sight." Henley.

Mr. Douce is of opinion, that *sorry*, in the text, is put for *sorrowful*. Steevens.

The word *dismal*, I conceive, fully expresses what is meant by *sorry* here. Malone.

At your important letters [5],—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order [6] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape [7],

[5] Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your IMPORTANT letters,] *Important* seems to be used for *importunate*. JOHNSON.

So, in Much Ado About Nothing:

"If the Prince be too *important*, tell him there is a measure in every thing." MALONE.

So, in King Lear:

"——————great France
"My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."

Again, in George Whetstone's Castle of Delight, 1576: "—yet won by *importance* accepted his courtesie."

Shakspeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own, seems from this passage to allude to a *court of wards* in Ephesus.

The *court of wards* was always considered as a grievous oppression. It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of Hycke Scorner:

"—— these ryche men ben unkinde:
"Wydowes do curse lordes and gentyllmen,
"For *they contrayne them to marry with their men*;
"Ye, wheder they wyll or no." STEEVENS.

In the passage before us, Shakspeare was thinking particularly on the interest which the king had in England in the marriage of his wards, who were the heirs of his tenants holding by knight's service, or *in capite*, and were under age; an interest which Queen Elizabeth in Shakspeare's time exerted on all occasions, as did her successors till the abolition of the Court of Wards and Liveries; the poet attributes to the Duke the same right to choose a wife or a husband for his wards at Ephesus. MALONE.

[6] —to take ORDER—] i. e. to *take measures*. So, in Othello, Act V:

"Honest Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." STEEVENS.

[7] —by what STRONG escape,] Though *strong* is not unintel-

He broke from those that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant and himself[8],
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,

ligible, I once suspected that we should read—*strange*. The two words are often confounded in the old copies. But I am now satisfied that the text is right. Malone.

A *strong escape*, I suppose, means an *escape* effected by *strength* or violence. Steevens.

[8] And, with his mad attendant AND himself,] We should read:

—— mad *himself*. Warburton.

We might read:

And *here* his mad attendant and himself.

Yet, as Mr. Ritson observes, the meeting to which Adriana alludes, not having happened before the abbey, we may more properly suppose our author wrote—

And *then* his mad attendant and himself. Steevens.

Here we have another attempt to re-write our author's plays; but these efforts at emendation are wholly unnecessary. Though our poet has expressed himself loosely, he plainly meant to say, that Antipholus broke loose: and his mad servant and himself, being full of ire and furnished with drawn swords, they met Adriana, &c. The text, I have no doubt, is what the author intended it to be. Malone.

And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself?
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids [9] a-row [1], and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire [2]:

[9] My master and his man ARE both broke loose,
BEATEN the maids—] Here our authour has fallen into a slight inaccuracy; for he should have written *have* instead of *are* in the first of these lines, which would have governed both *broke* and *beaten*. But I suspect no errour of the press. MALONE.

[1] Beaten the maids A-ROW,] i. e. successively, one after another. So, in Chaucer's Wife of Bathes Tale, v. 6836, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

"A thousand time *a-row* he gan hire kisse."

Again, in Turberville's translation of Ovid's Epistle from Penelope to Ulysses:

"—— and drawes with wine
"The Troian tentes *arowe*." STEEVENS.

Again, in Hormanni Vulgaria, p. 288:

"I shall tell thee *arowe* all that I sawe."
"Ordine tibi visa omnia exponam." DOUCE.

[2] Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;] Such a ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but it is rather out of place in an epick poem, amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

"Obvius ambustum torrem Corinæus ab ara
"Corripit, et venienti Ebuso, plagamque ferenti,
"Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,
"Nidoremque ambusta dedit." VIRG. *Æneis*, lib. xii.
STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have seen this method of shaving in the Life of Dion, p. 167, 4to. See North's translation, in which ἄνθρακες may be translated *brands*. S. WESTON.

North gives it thus—"with a hot burning cole to burne his goodly bush of heare rounde about." STEEVENS.

Phaer's translation of Virgil, 1584, however, has the word which Mr. Weston was in quest of:

And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while[3]
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool[4]:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*ADR.* Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

*SERV.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;

" Sir Chorince a *flaming brond* from of the aultar caught,
" And to Ebasus cumming fast, whilst he prepar'd to fight,
" Into his face the brond he forst, his huge beare breast a light,
" And sweating made a stinke."

[3] My master preaches patience to him, and the while —] Mr. Steevens, conformably to the canon which he laid down that Shakspeare wrote always heroick or ten syllable verses, has ejected two words here, and reads:

" My master preaches patience to him, while," &c.

But our poet has many other alexandrines; and therefore the text is certainly right. MALONE.

[4] His man with scissars NICKS him like a fool:] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—" Like *crop* the conjuror;" which might have been ironically applied to these unfortunate beings. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

Fools, undoubtedly, were shaved and *nicked* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is ascertained by the following passage in The Choice of Change, containing the Triplicitie of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: " Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head, like *fooles*."

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. " *Zuccone*. A *shaven* pate, a *notted* poule; a poul-pate; a gull, a *ninnie*. MALONE.

The hair of idiots is still cut close to their heads, to prevent the consequences of uncleanliness. RITSON.

I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face [5], and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

*Duke.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life [6]; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*Æge.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio. [*Aside.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.

[5] To SCORCH your face,] We should read—*scotch*, i. e. hack, cut. WARBURTON.

To *scorch*, I believe, is right. He would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

[6] When I BESTRID thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life;] This act of friendship is frequently mentioned in these plays. Thus, in K. Henry VI. Part III. (the passage is Shakspeare's, not being found in the original drama:)

" —— My noble father,
" Three times to day I holp him to his horse,
" Three times *bestrid* him; thrice I led him off."

So also Falstaff, K. Henry IV. Part I.: " Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and *bestride* me, so: it is an act of friendship."
MALONE.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots[7] feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A grievous fault: Say, woman, did'st thou so?

*Adr.* No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befal my soul,

7 —with HARLOTS—] Antipholus did not suspect his wife of having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with cheats to impose on him and abuse him. Therefore, he says to her, Act IV. Sc. IV.:

"——are these your customers?
"Did this companion with the saffron face
"Revel and feast it at my house to-day?"

By this description he points out Pinch and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in The Fox, Corbacchio says to Volpone—

"—— Out *harlot!*"

Again, in The Winter's Tale:

"——for the *harlot* king
"Is quite beyond mine arm."

Again, in the ancient mystery of Candlemas-Day, 1512, Herod says to Watkin—"Nay, *harlott*, abyde stylle with my knyghts I warne the."

The learned editor of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, 5 vols. 8vo. 1775, observes, that in The Romaunt of the Rose, v. 6068, King of Harlots is Chaucer's translation of Roy des ribaulx. Chaucer uses the word more than once:

"A sturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,
"That was hir hostes man," &c.

*Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7336.

Again, in The Dyers' Play, among the Chester Collection, in the Museum, Antichrist says to the male characters on the stage—

"Out on ye *harlots*, whence come ye?" STEEVENS.

As this is false, he burdens me withal!
*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
*Ang.* O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn,
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised [8] what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine [9],
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.

[8] —I am ADVISED—] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflection and consideration. STEEVENS.

[9] Neither DISTURBED with the effect of wine,] In printing this line I have exactly followed the old copy; we find *disturbed* printed at full without any ellipsis. It is a great mistake to suppose that the punctuation of the folio 1623 is of no value; for though it is sometimes faulty, it is as well pointed in general as the other books of that age; and in such cases as the present is of great use; for printers never abbreviate words by their own authority; and therefore when we find a word abbreviated, as *disturb'd*, we may be pretty certain that it was so exhibited in the manuscript transmitted to the press; and *vice versâ*, when the word is written without any mark of abbreviation. On this subject I shall have occasion to say more hereafter.

The present line is perfectly metrical, as exhibited in the old copy; for the words—*the effect*, are considered as making but two syllables, according to the usual licence of poetry. MALONE.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man [1]: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee or no?

*Ang.* He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,

[1] A LIVING DEAD man:] This thought appears to have been borrowed from Sackvil's Induction to The Mirror for Magistrates:

"——but as a *lyuing death*,
"So *ded aliue* of life hee drew the breath." STEEVENS.

After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever did'st thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup [2].
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

*Dro. E.* Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

*Cour.* He did: and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

*Duke.* Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;
I think you are all mated [3], or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

[2] I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.] The Duke means to say, I think you all are out of your senses; so below:

"I think you are all mated, or *stark* mad."

Circe's potion, however, though it transformed the companions of Ulysses into swine, and deprived them of speech, did not, it should seem, deprive them of their reason; for Homer tells us that they lamented their transformation. However, the Duke's words are sufficiently intelligible, if we consider them as meaning—Methinks you all are become as irrational as beasts. MALONE.

[3] — mated,] See p. 206, n. 7. MALONE.

*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bond-man, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

*Æge.* I am sure, you both of you remember me.

*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

*Æge.* Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life, till now.

*Æge.* Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours[4], with Time's deformed[5] hand
Have written strange defeatures[6] in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

*Ant. E.* Neither.

*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou?

*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.

*Æge.* I am sure, thou dost.

[4] And CAREFUL hours] i. e. hours of distress and sorrow. So Spenser, in his eleventh Pastoral. "O *careful* verse." MALONE.

[5] — deformed —] for *deforming*. STEEVENS.

[6] — strange DEFEATURES —] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is—time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

*Defeature* is, I think, *alteration of feature, marks of deformity*. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"——to cross the curious workmanship of nature,
"To mingle beauty with infirmities,
"And pure perfection with impure *defeature*." MALONE.

*Dro. E.* Ay, sir[7]? but I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him[8].

*Æge.* Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares[9]?
Though now this grained face[1] of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)[2]
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.

*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,

[7] Ay, sir? &c.] It is marvellous that Mr. Steevens did not endeavour with a few supplemental syllables to twist this speech into verse. It proves, what I have frequently had occasion to observe, that our author often mixes short speeches of prose in the midst of verse. Malone.

[8] —you are now BOUND to believe him.] Dromio is still quibbling on his favourite topick. See p. 162. Malone.

[9] —my feeble key of untun'd cares?] i. e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice, that is changed by grief. Douce.

[1] —this GRAINED face—] i. e. furrow'd, like the *grain of wood*. So, in Coriolanus: "—my *grained* ash." Steevens.

[2] All these OLD witnesses (I cannot err)]—I believe should be read:

"All these *hold* witnesses I cannot err."

i. e. all these continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c. Warburton.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the most poetical, The words *I cannot err*, should be thrown into a parenthesis. By *old witnesses*, I believe, he means *experienced, accustomed ones*, which are therefore less likely to err. So, in The Tempest:

"If these be *true spies* that I wear in my head," &c.

Again, in Titus Andronicus, Sc. ult:

"But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
"*Grave witnesses* of true experience," &c. Steevens.

Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter Abbess, with Antipholus Syracusian and Dromio Syracusian.*

*Abb.* Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

*Ant. S.* Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

*Dro. S.* O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

*Æge.* If I dream not [3], thou art Æmilia;

[3] If I dream not,] In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the Abbess, follow the speech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here," &c. Mr. Steevens recommended that the speech of the Duke and Ægeon should

If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*ABB.* By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*DUKE.* Why, here begins his morning story right[4]:
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance[5],—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea[6],—
These are the parents to these children[7],

change places; but it was necessary that both the speech of Ægeon and that of the Abbess should precede that of the Duke; and accordingly I made that transposition in my former edition; which requires no justification. Ægeon's answer to Æmilia's adjuration would necessarily immediately succeed to it. Besides, as Mr. Steevens has observed, as these speeches stand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words before she has uttered them: The slight change now made renders the whole clear. MALONE.

4 Why, here begins his MORNING story right:] "The *morning* story" is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play. HOLT WHITE.

5 —semblance,—] Is here a trisyllable. MALONE.

6 Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—] I suspect that a line following this has been lost; the import of which was, that:

"*These* circumstances all concur to prove,
"*These* are the parents," &c.

The line which I suppose to have been lost, beginning, if my conjecture be right, with the same word, (*these*,) the omission may have been occasioned by the compositor's eye, after the first *these* was composed, glancing on the other, by which the former line was lost. This is an errour that often happens at the press.
MALONE.

7 —children,] This plural is here used as a trisyllable. So, in Chapman's version of the sixteenth Iliad:

"Abhor'd Chimæra; and such bane now caught his *childeren*."

Again, in the fourth Iliad:

Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?

*Ant. E.* No, I say, nay, to that.

*Ant. S.* And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see, and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

*Ang.* I think, I did, sir; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

"——————— sometimes *childeren*
"May with discretion plant themselves against their fathers' wills."

Again, in the sixth Iliad:

"Yet had he one surviv'd to him of those three *childeren*."

STEEVENS.

Greene wrote a farce called "Euphues"
1589 (Vol. 2. 5010) - Euphues also a
character in Tamburlaine (Marlow 1.)

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.
*Duke.* It shall not need, thy father hath his life.
*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you,
*Ant. E.* There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; until this present hour,
My heavy burden not delivered [8]:—

[8] TWENTY-FIVE years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; UNTIL this present hour
My heavy burden NOT delivered:—] That for this long period of *twenty-five* years, I have been only in labour, my heavy burden *not being* delivered till this present hour.

The original copy 1623, exhibits the passage thus:

" *Thirty-three* years have I but gone in travail,
" Of you my sons, *and* till this present hour
" My heavy *burthen are* delivered."

The passage is manifestly corrupt; and the clumsy manner in which it is amended, is attributable to the ignorance of the reviser of the second folio, 1532, who proceeded in his usual manner; for finding a verb in the plural *are*, following a substantive in the singular number, he concluded that the error must have been in the substantive *burthen*, for which he substituted *burthens;* thus curing the false grammar, but leaving the passage as unintelligible as he found it. Thus, in The Winter's Tale, finding

" I am appointed *him* to murder you;"

and not liking this offence against grammar, (*him* for *he*,) he printed

" I *have* appointed him to murder you;"

thus entirely departing from the author's meaning, and making the passage absolute nonsense.

The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity [9],

Nor was the reviser of that edition contented with leaving the passage in this state; he did more; for instead of reading with the original copy—have I *but* gone in travail, he substituted—have I *been* gone in travail; rejecting a very principal word in the sentence, *but*, which was inserted by the author more emphatically to mark that Æmilia, during the long period mentioned, had been *only* in travail, not having attained to parturition till that hour.

Now that there was no error in the word *burden*, as he supposed, appears from two other passages in this play. Thus, in the present scene:

" Thou hadst a wife once, called Æmilia,
" That at a *burden* bore thee two fair sons."

Again, more appositely, in the first act, where Ægeon is speaking of the two Dromios:

" That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
" A poor mean woman was *delivered*
" Of such a *burden*, male twins both alike."

It is manifest therefore, that the reading of the original copy *burden* is right, and it necessarily follows, from that circumstance alone, that the word *are* is a misprint; to say nothing of its rendering the passage perfectly unintelligible.

It is equally clear, that a negative was requisite here before the word *delivered*, because the import of Æmilia's words is, that she was *not* delivered of her burthen till that hour. I have therefore not hesitated to print *not* instead of *are*.

The general assertion that she had been twenty-five years in labour, having been made in the first clause, the latter member of the sentence naturally is thrown into the ablative case absolute, my heavy burden *not being* delivered till now.

In the preceding line I have printed *until* instead of *and till*, a very happy emendation which was suggested to me by Mr. Boaden. I have no doubt that it is the true reading. The change is extremely slight; and the error might very easily have happened. In King John, Act III. Sc. I. we meet with the converse of this error. There we find, " a new *un*trimmed bride," printed for " a new *and* trimmed bride," as I think I have shewn on indisputable evidence. See the note there.

Mr. Theobald, without adverting to the original reading, *burden*, endeavoured to make some sense of the passage by reading,

" Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
" Of you my sons; *nor* till this present hour
" My heavy *burdens are* delivered."

In all emendations it is, in my apprehension, of importance to

Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me [1];
After so long grief such nativity [2]!

shew how the error which is to be corrected may have arisen; and it is a great addition to the concinnity of an emendation that it is made with as little violence to the text as possible. On these grounds, the present regulation of this evidently corrupt and embarrassed passage will, I trust, abide a very strict examination.

MALONE.

In former editions: *Thirty-three* years.

'Tis impossible the poet should be so forgetful, as to design this number here; and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the mistake might arise. Ægeon, in the first scene of the first act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother:

" My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
" At eighteen years became inquisitive
" After his brother;" &c.

And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where Ægeon, mistakenly, recognises the twin-brother for him, we as precisely learn from another passage, in the fifth act:

" *Æg.* But *seven* years since, in Syracusa bay,
" Thou know'st we parted;——"

So that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute. THEOBALD.

9 And you the CALENDARS of their nativity,] The Abbess here addresses herself to the two Dromios, whom she denominates the calendar of the nativity of her sons, because she ascertained with as much precision as a calendar, the time when her sons were born, the twin Dromios having been born on the same day with their masters. So, in Act I. Sc. II. Antipholus of Syracuse, on Dromio of Ephesus coming to him, (whom he mistakes for his own servant,) says:

" Here comes the *almanack* of my true date." MALONE.

1 —and GO with me;] We should read:

——and *gaude* with me;

i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*. WARBURTON.

The sense is clear enough without the alteration. The Revisal offers to read, more plausibly, I think:

——joy *with me*.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may, however, be countenanced by the following passage in Acolastus, a comedy, 1540:—" I have good cause to set the cocke on the hope, and make *gaudye* chere."

*Duke.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezna, Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.*

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

*Dro. S.* Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and E. Adr. and Luc.*

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That's a question: how shall we try it?

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. Sc. XI.:

"Let's have one other *gaudy* night."

In the novel of M. Alberto, of Bologna, the author adviseth gentlewomen "to beware how they contrive their holiday talke, by waste wordes issuing forth their delicate mouths in carping, *gauding*, and jesting at young gentlemen, and speciallye old men," &c. Palace of Pleasure, 1582, vol. i. fol. 60. Steevens.

[2] After so long grief such NATIVITY!] We should surely read—such *festivity*. Nativity lying so near, and the termination being the same of both words, the mistake was easy. Johnson.

The old reading may be right. She has just said, that to her, her sons were not *born* till now. Steevens.

Assuredly the old copy is right. Malone.

*Dro. S.* We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another[3]. [*Exeunt.*

[3] On a careful revision of the foregoing scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the composition of two very unequal writers. Shakspeare had undoubtedly a share in them; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which, (as Benedick says,) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake." Thus, as we are informed by Aulus Gellius, lib. iii. cap. 3, some plays were absolutely ascribed to Plautus, which in truth had only been (*retractatæ et expolitæ*) retouched and polished by him.

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denoüement will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. Steevens.

On the present occasion, Mr. Steevens appears to have merely followed the example of Maximin:

"And all this I can do because I dare."

It were to be wished that the critick had assigned some reasons for his opinion. Not having done so, I can only oppose to this peremptory decision an opinion no less confidently entertained, that the whole of the present comedy was written by Shakspeare. See the Preliminary Remarks.

The long doggrel verses that Shakspeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to some of their inferior characters; and this circumstance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as Love's Labour's Lost, and The Taming of the Shrew, (where the same kind of versification is likewise found,) among our author's earliest productions; composed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the common track." As these early pieces are now not easily met with, I shall subjoin a few extracts from some of them:

### Like Will to Like.

1568.

" *Royst*. If your name to me you will declare and showe,
" You may in this matter my minde the sooner knowe.
" *Tos*. Few wordes are best among freends, this is true,
" Wherefore I shall briefly show my name unto you.
" Tom Tospot it is, it need not to be painted,
" Wherefore I with Raife Roister must needs be acquainted," &c.

### Commons Conditions.

[About 1570.]

" *Shift*. By gogs bloud, my maisters, we were not best longer here to staie,
" I thinke was never such a craftie knave before this daie.
[*Ex. Ambo*.
" *Cond*. Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, well fare old Shift at a neede:
" By his woundes had I not devised this, I had hanged indeed.
" Tinkers, (q[d] you) tinke me no tinkes; I'll meddle with them no more;
" I thinke was never knave so used by a companie of tinkers before.
" By your leave I'll be so bolde as to looke about me and spie,
" Lest any knaves for my coming down in ambush do lie.
" By your licence I minde not to preache longer in this tree,
" My tinkerly slaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie see;" &c.

### Promos and Cassandra.

1578.

" The wind is yl blows no man's gaine; for cold I neede not care,
" Here is nine and twentie sutes of apparel for my share:
" And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the case,
" As neither gentleman nor other Lord Promos sheweth any grace;
" But I marvel much, poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone,
" They were wont to staye a day or two, now scarce an afternoone;" &c.

### The Three Ladies of London.

1584.

" You think I am going to market to buy rost meate, do ye not?
" I thought so, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:
" I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefe,
" But I am going to a bloodsucker, and who is it? faith Usurie, that theefe."

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

1594.

" Quoth Niceness to Newfangle, thou art such a Jacke,
" That thou devisest fortie fashions for my ladie's backe.
" And thou, quoth he, art so possest with everie frantick toy,
" That following of my ladie's humour thou dost make her coy,
" For once a day for fashion-sake my lady must be sicke,
" No meat but mutton, or at most the pinion of a chicke:
" To-day her owne haire best becomes, which yellow is as gold,
" A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold:
" To day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk she will be bold,
" To-morrow cuffes and countenance, for feare of catching cold:
" Now is she barefast to be seene, straight on her mufler goes;
" Now is she hufft up to the crowne, straight nusled to the nose."

See also Gammer Gurton's Needle, Damon and Pythias, &c.

MALONE.

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

# PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

I HAVE not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

I suspect that there is an error in the title of this play, which I believe, should be—" Love's Labours Lost." M. MASON.

Love's Labour's Lost, I conjecture to have been written in 1594. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays. MALONE.

The first edition was published in 4to. in 1598, W. W. for Cuthbert Burby. BOSWELL.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED [1].

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.

BIRON [2].
LONGAVILLE, } Lords, attending on the King.
DUMAIN,

BOYET, } Lords, attending on the Princess
MERCADE, } of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.

SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.

HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.

DULL, a constable.

COSTARD, a clown.

MOTH, page to Armado.

A Forester.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA, } Ladies, attending on the Princess.
KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

*SCENE*, Navarre.

[1] This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

[2] *Berowne* in the old editions throughout. BOSWELL.

Lenox. 185

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.*

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath[3], and keep it too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite * the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy[4].

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And, then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep[5].

* Folio, *bankerout*, omitting *quite*.

[3] —your deep OATH,] The old copies have—*oaths*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[4] With ALL THESE living in PHILOSOPHY.] The style of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what *all these* is to be referred; I suppose he means, that he finds *love*, *pomp*, and *wealth* in *philosophy*. JOHNSON.

By *all these*, Dumain means the King, Biron, &c. to whom he may be supposed to point, and with whom he is going to live in philosophical retirement. A. C.

*KING.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*BIRON.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

*LONG.* You swore to that, Birón, and to the rest.

*BIRON.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.

*KING.* Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

*BIRON.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

*KING.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*BIRON.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid [6];
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

[5] Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.] The words as they stand, will express the meaning intended, if pointed thus:

Not to see ladies—study—fast—not sleep.

Biron is recapitulating the several tasks imposed upon him, *viz.* not to see ladies, to study, to fast, and not to sleep: but Shakspeare, by a common poetical licence, though in this passage injudiciously exercised, omits the article *to*, before the three last verbs, and from hence the obscurity arises. M. MASON.

[6] When I to FEAST expressly am forbid;] The copies all have:

"When I to *fast* expressly am forbid;"

But if Biron studied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forbid* to *fast*, how was this studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common sense, and the whole tenour of the context, require us to read—*feast*, or to make a change in the last word of the verse:—"When I to *fast* expressly am *fore-bid*;" i. e. when I am enjoined before-hand to fast. THEOBALD.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so[7],
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind[8] the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by[9].
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

[7] If study's gain be THUS, and this be so,] Read:
If study's gain be *this*—. RITSON.

[8] —while truth the while
Doth FALSELY blind—] *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this gingling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind; which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words. JOHNSON.

[9] Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his HEED,
And give him light that IT WAS blinded by.] This is another passage unnecessarily obscure: the meaning is; that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that *fairer* eye shall be his *heed*, his *direction* or *lode-star*, (See Midsummer-Night's Dream,) and give him light that was blinded by it. JOHNSON.

Mr. Steevens proposes to read *was it*, but unnecessarily; *it* re- to the first eye mentioned. BOSWELL.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name [1].

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading!

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding [2]!

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that?

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.

[1] Too much to know, is, to know nought but FAME;
And every godfather can give a name.] The consequence, says Biron, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation. That is, too much knowledge gives only *fame*, a name which every godfather can give likewise. JOHNSON.

[2] PROCEEDED well, to stop all good proceeding!] To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, to take a degree, as *he proceeded bachelor in physick*. The sense is, he has taken his degrees in the art of hindering the degrees of others. JOHNSON.

So, in a quotation by Dr. Farmer: "—such as practise to *proceed* in all evil wise, till from *Batchelors* in Newgage, by degrees they *proceed* to be Maisters, and by desert be preferred at Tyborne." I cannot ascertain the book from which this passage was transcribed. STEEVENS.

I don't suspect that Shakspeare had any academical term in contemplation, when he wrote this line. *He has proceeded well*, means only, *he has gone on well*. M. MASON.

*Long.* Birón is like an envious sneaping frost [3],
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
*Biron.* Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing, that in season grows [4].

[3] — SNEAPING frost,] So, *sneaping* winds in The Winter's Tale: To *sneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. Thus also, Falstaff, in King Henry IV. P. II.: "I will not undergo this *sneap*, without reply." STEEVENS.

[4] Why should I joy in an abortive BIRTH?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's NEW-FANGLED SHOWS;
But like of each thing, that in season grows.] As the greatest part of this scene (both what precedes and follows) is strictly in rhymes, either *successive*, *alternate*, or *triple*, I am persuaded, that the copyists have made a slip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three last lines quoted, *birth* in the close of the first line is quite destitute of any rhyme to it. Besides, what a displeasing identity of sound recurs in the middle and close of this verse:

"Than wish a *snow* in May's *new-fangled shows;*"

Again, *new-fangled shows* seems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled;* but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profusion and variety of the flowers, that spring on its bosom in May. I have therefore ventured to substitute *earth*, in the close of the third line, which restores the *alternate* measure. It was very easy for a negligent transcriber to be deceived by the rhyme immediately preceding; so mistake the concluding word in the sequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with the other. THEOBALD.

I rather suspect a line to have been lost after "an abortive birth." For *an* in that line the old copies have *any*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

By these *shows* the poet means *May-games*, at which a *snow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphrasis for *May*. T. WARTON.

I have no doubt that the more obvious interpretation is the true one. So, in Chaucer's Knightes Tale:

"And fresher than the *May* with floures new —."

So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house [5] to unlock the little gate.

*King.* Well, sit you out [6]: go home, Birón: adieu!

*Biron.* No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore *,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strict'st † decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

* Folio and 4to. *sworne.* † Folio and 4to. *strictest.*

So also, in our poet's King Richard II.:

"She came *adorned* hither, like sweet *May*."

i. e. as the ground is in that month enamelled by the gay diversity of flowers which the spring produces.

Again, in The Destruction of Troy, 1619: "At the entry of the month of *May*, when the earth is *attired* and *adorned* with diverse flowers," &c. Malone.

I concur with Mr. Warton; for with what propriety can the flowers which every year produces with the same identical shape and colours, be called—*new-fangled?* The sports of May might be annually diversified, but its natural productions would be invariably the same. Steevens.

[5] Climb o'er the house, &c.] This is the reading of the quarto, 1598, and much preferable to that of the folio:

"That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate."

Malone.

[6] — sit you out:] This may mean, *hold you out, continue refractory.* But I suspect, we should read—*set* you out.

Malone.

To *sit out*, is a term from the card-table. Thus, Bishop Sanderson:

"They are glad, rather than *sit out*, to play very small game."

The person who cuts out at a rubber of whist, is still said to *sit out*; i. e. to be no longer engaged in the party. Steevens.

The first folio reads *fit* you out, which may mean—*prepare for your journey.* Boswell.

*Biron.* [*Reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.*—Hath this been proclaim'd?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] *On pain of losing her tongue.*—Who devis'd this penalty[7]?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility[8]!

[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can * possibly devise.*—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French King's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and cómplete majesty,—

* First folio, *shall.*

[7] Who devis'd this?] The old copies read—this *penalty*. I have omitted this needless repetition of the word *penalty*, because it destroys the measure. Steevens.

[8] A dangerous law against GENTILITY!] I have ventured to prefix the name of Biron to this line, it being evident, for two reasons, that it, by some accident or other, slipt out of the printed books. In the first place, Longaville confesses, he had devised the penalty: and why he should immediately arraign it as a dangerous law, seems to be very inconsistent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this reflection, who is cavilling at every thing; and then for him to pursue his reading over the remaining articles.—As to the word *gentility*, here, it does not signify that rank of people called, *gentry*; but what the French express by, *gentilesse*, i. e. *elegantia*, *urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this: Such a law for banishing women from the court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *politeness*, *urbanity*, and the more refined pleasures of life. For men without

About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie here [9] on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace [1]:
If I break faith, this word shall speak * for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

* First folio, *break*.

women would turn brutal, and savage, in their natures and behaviour. THEOBALD.

9 — LIE here —] Means *reside* here, in the same sense as an ambassador is said to *lie* leiger. See Beaumont and Fletcher's Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid, Act II. Sc. II.:

"Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee,
"That *lay* here *lieger*, in the last great frost?"

Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's Definition: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* (i. e. *reside*) abroad for the good of his country." REED.

1 Not by might master'd, but by special grace:] Biron, amidst his extravagancies, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power. JOHNSON.

So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subscribes.*
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions [2] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation [3] granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom * the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny [4]:

* Folio and 4to. *who.*

[2] Suggestions —] Temptations. JOHNSON.
So, in King Henry IV. P. I.:
"And these led on by your *suggestion*." STEEVENS.

[3] — QUICK recreation —] Lively sport, spritely diversion. JOHNSON.
So, in Antony and Cleopatra:
"——the *quick* comedians
"Extemporally will stage us." STEEVENS.

[4] A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:] As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakspeare's, as appears by many fine master-strokes scattered up and down. An excessive complaisance is here admirably painted, in the person of one who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends; and to persuade the one to recede from the accustomed stubbornness of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her opposite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and Jonson his contemporary, are confessedly the two greatest writers in the drama that our nation could ever boast of, this may be no improper occasion to take notice of one material difference between Shakspeare's worst plays and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonson most to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended

This child of fancy [5], that Armado hight [6],
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate [7].

to, will explain the difference we speak of. Which is this, that, in Jonson's bad pieces, we do not discover the least traces of the author of the Fox and Alchemist; but in the wildest and most extravagant notes of Shakspeare, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize their divine composer. And the reason is this, that Jonson owing his chief excellence to art, by which he sometimes strained himself to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himself, had nothing to support him; but fell below all likeness of himself; while Shakspeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his most negligent hours, so totally divest himself of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and splendour. WARBURTON.

This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakspeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's opinion may be supported by the following passage in Lingua, or The Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority, 1607:—"after all fashions and of all colours, with rings, jewels, a fan, and in every other place, odd *complements*." And again, by the title-page to Richard Braithwaite's English Gentlewoman: "drawne out to the full body, expressing what habiliments doe best attire her; what ornaments doe best adorne her; and what *complements* doe best accomplish her." Again, in p. 59, we are told that "*complement* hath been anciently *defined*, and so successively retained;—a no lesse *reall* than *formall accomplishment*."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad:

"——she reacht Achilles tent
"Found him still sighing; and some friends, with all their
*complements*
"Soothing his humour."

Again, in Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy [8].

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words [9], fashion's own knight.

" — adorned with the exactest *complements* belonging to everlasting nobleness." Steevens.

Thus, in Romeo and Juliet, Mercutio calls Tybalt, " the Captain of *complements*." M. Mason.

5 This CHILD OF FANCY,] This *fantastick*. The expression, in another sense, has been adopted by Milton in his L'Allegro:

" Or sweetest Shakspeare, *Fancy's child* —." Malone.

6 That Armado HIGHT,] Who is *called* Armado. Malone.

7 From tawny Spain, lost in the WORLD'S debate.] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very style. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, because those romances, being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the world's debate* is, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. Warburton.

I have suffered this note to hold its place, though Mr. Tyrwhitt has shewn that it is wholly unfounded, because Dr. Warburton refers to it in his dissertation at the end of this play. Malone.

The *world* seems to be used in a monastick sense by the king, now devoted for a time to a monastic life. *In the world*, *in seculo*, in the bustle of human affairs, from which we are now happily sequestred, *in the world*, to which the votaries of solitude have no relation. Johnson.

Warburton's interpretation is clearly preferable to that of Johnson. The King had not yet so weaned himself from the world, as to adopt the language of a cloister. M. Mason.

8 And I will use him for my MINSTRELSY.] i. e. I will make a *minstrel* of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories. Douce.

9 — FIRE-NEW words,] " i. e. (says an intelligent writer in the Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786,) words newly coined, new from the forge. *Fire-new*, *new off the irons*, and the Scottish expression *bren-new*, have all the same origin." The same compound epithet occurs in King Richard III.:

" Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current."
Steevens.

The first folio reads this line—

" A man of fire, new words, fashions own knight."
Boswell.

*Long.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter Dull, with a letter, and Costard.*

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person [1]?

*Biron.* This, fellow; What would'st?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough * [2]: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low having [3]: God grant us patience!

* 4to. *Farborough.*

[1] Which is the DUKE's own person?] The *king* of Navarre in several passages, through all the copies, is called the *duke:* but as this must have sprung rather from the inadvertence of the editors than a forgetfulness in the poet, I have every where, to avoid confusion, restored *king* to the text. THEOBALD.

The princess in the next act calls the king—"this virtuous *duke;*" a word which, in our author's time, seems to have been used with great laxity. And indeed, though this were not the case, such a fellow as Costard may well be supposed ignorant of his true title. MALONE.

I have followed the old copies. STEEVENS.

[2] —tharborough:] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

[3] A high hope for a low HAVING:] In old editions:

"A high hope for a low *heaven:*"

A *low heaven*, sure, is a very intricate matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the poet's true reading; and the meaning is this: "Though you hope for high words, and should have

*Biron.* To hear? or forbear hearing[4]?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb[5] in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner[6].

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner, —it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

them, it will be but a low acquisition at best." This our poet calls a *low having:* and it is a substantive which he uses in several other passages. THEOBALD.

It is so employed in Macbeth, Act I.:

" —— great prediction
" Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

*Heaven*, however, may be the true reading, in allusion to the gradations of happiness promised by Mohammed to his followers. So, in the comedy of Old Fortunatus, 1600:

" Oh, how my soul is rapt to a *third heaven!*" STEEVENS.

[4] To hear? or forbear HEARING?] One of the modern editors, plausibly enough, reads:

" To hear? or forbear *laughing?*" MALONE.

[5] —as the STYLE shall give us cause to CLIMB —] A quibble between the *stile* that must be *climbed* to pass from one field to another, and *style*, the term expressive of manner of writing in regard to language. STEEVENS.

[6] —taken WITH THE MANNER.] i. e. in the fact. So, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630: " —and, being taken *with the manner*, had nothing to say for himself." STEEVENS.

A forensick term. A thief is said to be taken *with the manner*, i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for so it is written in our old law-books,) when he is apprehended with the thing stolen in his possession. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the French *manier*, manu tractare. MALONE.

*Biron.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* [*Reads.*] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,*—

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.* *So it is,*—

*Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so[7].

*King.* Peace.

*Cost.* —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words.

*Cost.* —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* *So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east*

[7] —but so, so.] The second *so* was added by Sir T. Hanmer, and adopted by the subsequent editors. Malone.

*and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden*[8]: *There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth*[9],

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* —*that unletter'd small-knowing soul,*

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* —*that shallow vassal,*

*Cost.* Still me.

*King.* —*which, as I remember, hight Costard,*

*Cost.* O me!

*King.* —*sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with*[1],—*O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith.*

*Cost.* With a wench.

*King.* —*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks*

8 —*curious*-KNOTTED-*garden:*] Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines intersected each other in many directions. Thus, in King Richard II.:

" Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
" Her *knots* disorder'd," &c.

In Thomas Hill's Profitable Art of Gardening, &c. 4to. bl. l. 1579, is the delineation of " a proper *knot* for a garden, whereas is spare roume enough, the which may be set with Time, or Isop, at the discretion of the Gardener." In Henry Dethicke's Gardener's Labyrinth, bl. l. 4to. 1586, are other examples of " proper *knots* deuised for gardens." STEEVENS.

9 —*base* MINNOW *of thy mirth,*] The base *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakspeare makes Coriolanus characterize the tribunitian insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure:

" —— hear you not
" This Triton of the *minnows!*"

Again, in Have with You to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up, &c. 1596: " Let him denie that there was another shewe made of the little *minnow* his brother," &c. STEEVENS.

1 —WITH—*with,*—] The old copy reads—*which* with. The correction is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

*me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

*Dull.* Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

*King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury*[2]; *and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

*Biron.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it[3].

*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, sir, I was taken with a damosel *.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

* Quarto throughout, *damsel.*

[2] — VESSEL *of thy law's fury;*] This seems to be a phrase adopted from Scripture. See Epist. to the Romans, ix. 22: "— the *vessel* of wrath." Mr. M. Mason would read—*vassal* instead of *vessel.* STEEVENS.

[3] I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the MARKING of it.] So Falstaff, in The Second Part of King Henry IV.:

"— it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not *marking*, that I am troubled withal." STEEVENS.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; you shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Birón, see him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other has so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee * down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Another part of the Same. Armado's House.

*Enter Armado and Moth.*

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp[4].

*Moth.* No, no; O lord, sir, no.

* First folio omits *thee.*

[4] — dear IMP.] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the imp his*

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal[5]?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time[6], which we may name tough.

*son.* It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Pistol salutes King Henry V. by the same title. STEEVENS.

The word literally means a *graff, slip, scion,* or *sucker:* and by metonymy comes to be used for a boy or child. The *imp his son,* is no more than his *infant son.* It is now set apart to signify *young fiends;* as *the devil and his imps.*

Dr. Johnson was mistaken in supposing this a word of dignity. It occurs in The History of Celestina the Faire, 1596: "—the gentleman had three sonnes, very *ungracious impes,* and of a wicked nature." RITSON.

The instance produced by Ritson does not prove that *imp* was not a term of dignity when used without any epithet.

The epithet here added, *ungracious,* marks the degradation intended by the speaker, but proves nothing more. MALONE.

[5] —my tender JUVENAL?] *Juvenal* is *youth.* So, in The Noble Stranger, 1640:

"Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial *juvinell.*"

STEEVENS.

[6] —tough SENIOR, as an appertinent title to your old time,] Here and in two speeches above the old copies have *signior,* which appears to have been the old spelling of *senior.* So, in the last scene of The Comedy of Errors, edit. 1623: "We will draw cuts for the *signior;* till then, lead thou first." In that play the spelling has been corrected properly by the modern editors, who yet, I know not why, have retained the old spelling in the passage before us. MALONE.

*Old and tough, young and tender,* is one of the proverbial phrases collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What? that an eel is ingenious * ?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heatest my blood.

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him [7]? [*Aside.*

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster [8].

*Moth.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

* First folio, *ingenuous.*

[7] — CROSSES love not him?] By *crosses* he means money. So, in As You Like It, the Clown says to Celia: "— If I *should bear you*, I should bear no *cross*." JOHNSON.

[8] I am ill at RECKONING, it fitteth the spirit of a TAPSTER.] Again, in Troïlus and Cressida: "A *tapster's arithmetick* may soon bring his particulars therein to a total." STEEVENS.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.
*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call, three.
*Arm.* True.
*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you [9].

9 And how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the DANCING HORSE will tell you.] Bankes's *horse*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (History of the World, First Part, p. 178,) says, "If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the inchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse." And Sir Kenelm Digby (A Treatise on Bodies, ch. xxxviii. p. 393,) observes: "That his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." DR. GREY.

*Bankes's horse* is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakspeare; among the rest, by Ben Jonson, in Every Man out of his Humour: "He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever *Bankes* did with his *horse*."

Again, in Hall's Satires, lib. iv. sat. 2:

"More than who vies his pence to view some tricke
"Of strange Morocco's dumbe arithmeticke."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 134th Epigram:

"Old Banks the jugler, our Pythagoras,
"Grave tutor to the *learned horse*," &c.

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly known, and, perhaps, deserves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to those last quoted, it should seem as if they had died abroad:

"—— Both which
"Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
"Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

Among the entries at Stationer's Hall is the following; Nov. 14, 1595: "A ballad shewing the strange qualities of a young nagg called Morocco."

Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the same circumstance is

*Arm.* A most fine figure!
*Moth.* To prove you a cypher. [*Aside.*

likewise mentioned in The Guls Horn-booke, a satirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609: "—From hence you may descend to talk about the *horse* that went up, and strive, if you can, to know his *keeper;* take the day of the month, and the number of the steppes, and suffer yourself to believe verily that it was not a *horse*, but something else in the likeness of one."

Again, in Chrestoloros, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. [Thomas Bastard] 1598, lib. iii. ep. 17:

"*Of Bankes's Horse.*

"*Bankes* hath a horse of wondrous qualitie,
"For he can fight, and pisse, and dance, and lie,
"And finde your purse, and tell what coyne ye have:
"But *Bankes* who taught your horse to smell a knave?"

STEEVENS.

In 1595, was published a pamphlet entitled, Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes's Bay Horse in a Trance: A Discourse set downe in a merry Dialogue between Bankes and his Beast: anatomizing some Abuses and bad Trickes of this Age, 4to.: prefixed to which, was a print of the horse standing on his hind legs with a stick in his mouth, his master with a stick in his hand and a pair of dice on the ground. Ben Jonson [in his 134th Epigram] hints at the unfortunate catastrophe of both man and horse, which I find happened at Rome, where to the disgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See Don Zara del Fogo, 12mo. 1660, p. 114. REED.

Bankes narrowly escaped in France, as we learn from Bishop Morton's answer to Theophilus Higgins: "Which bringeth into my remembrance a storie which Banks told me at Frankeford, from his own experience in France among the Capuchins, by whom he was brought into suspition of magicke, because of the strange feates which his horse Morocco plaied (as I take it) at Orleance; where he to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing lesse than a divell. To this end he commanded his horse to seek out one in the preasse of the people, who had a crucifixe on his hat; which done, he bad him kneele downe unto it; and not this only, but also to rise up againe and to kisse it. And now, gentlemen, (quoth he) I think my horse hath acquitted both me and himself; and so his adversaries rested satisfied: conceiving (as it might seeme) that the divell had no power to come neare the crosse." The best account of Bankes and his horse is to be found (as Mr. Douce observes) in the notes to a French translation of Apuleius's Golden Ass, by Jean De Montlyard Sieur de Milleray, 1602. BOSWELL.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

The following representation of Bankes and his Horse, is a fac-simile from a rude wooden frontispiece to the pamphlet mentioned by Mr. Reed.

MALONE.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou did'st me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers[2]: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

[2] GREEN, indeed, is the colour of LOVERS:] I do not know whether our author alludes to "the rare *green* eye," which in his time seems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealousy, to which, in The Merchant of Venice, and in Othello, he has applied the epithet *green*-ey'd. MALONE.

Perhaps Armado neither alludes to *green eyes*, nor to *jealousy*; but to the *willow*, the supposed ornament of unsuccessful lovers:

"Sing, all a *green willow* shall be my garland,"

is the burden of an ancient ditty preserved in The Gallery of gorgious Inventions, &c. 4to. 1578. STEEVENS.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts[3], master, are masked under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing[4] cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe[5].
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar[6]?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found: or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

[3] Most MACULATE thoughts,] So, the first quarto, 1598. The folio has *immaculate*. To avoid such notes for the future, it may be proper to apprize the reader, that where the reading of the text does not correspond with the folio, without any reason being assigned for the deviation, it is always warranted by the authority of the first quarto. MALONE.

As this intimation would be of no use to a reader who is not possessed of the first folio, I have marked the variations.

BOSWELL.

[4] For BLUSHING —] The original copy has—*blush in*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[5] Which NATIVE she doth OWE.] i. e. of which she is *naturally possessed*.—To *owe* is to *possess*. So, in Macbeth:

"——the disposition that I *owe*." STEEVENS.

[6] —the King and the Beggar?] See Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 4th edit. vol. i. p. 198. STEEVENS.

*Arm.* I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression [7] by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard [8]; she deserves well.

*Moth.* To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a'* must fast three days a week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman [9]. Fare you well.

* First folio, *he.*

7 —my DIGRESSION—] *Digression* on this occasion signifies the act of going out of the right way, *transgression*. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
"*Digressing* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

"——my *digression* is so vile, so base,
"That it will live engraven on my face." MALONE.

8 —the RATIONAL hind Costard;] Perhaps we should read—the *irrational* hind, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reasoning brute*, the *animal with some share of reason*. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind*; if *hind* be taken in its *bestial* sense, Armado makes Costard a *female*. FARMER.

Shakspeare uses it in its *bestial* sense in Julius Cæsar, Act I. Sc. III. and as of the masculine gender:

"He were no *lion*, were not Romans *hinds*."

Again, in King Henry IV. Part I. Sc. III.: "—you are a shallow cowardly *hind*, and you lie." STEEVENS.

9 —for the DAY-WOMAN.] "i. e. for the *dairy-maid*. *Dairy*,

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.
*Jaq.* Man.
*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.
*Jaq.* That's hereby [1].
*Arm.* I know where it is situate.
*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!
*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.
*Jaq.* With that * face [2]?
*Arm.* I love thee.
*Jaq.* So I heard you say.
*Arm.* And so farewell.
*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!
*Dull.* Come [3], Jaquenetta, away.
[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*
*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.
*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.
*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.
*Cost.* I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

* First folio, *what*.

says Johnson in his Dictionary, is derived from *day*, an old word for *milk*. In the northern counties of Scotland, a *dairy-maid* is at present termed a *day* or *dey*." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. Steevens.

[1] That's HEREBY.] Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross purposes. *Hereby* is used by her (as among the vulgar in some counties) to signify—*as it may happen*. He takes it in the sense of *just by*. Steevens.

[2] With that face?] This cant phrase has oddly lasted till the present time; and is used by people who have no more meaning annexed to it, than Fielding had; who putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it necessary to apologize (in a note) for its want of sense, by adding—" that it was taken verbatim, from very polite conversation." Steevens.

[3] Come, &c.] To this line in the first quarto, and the first folio, *Clo.* by an error of the press is prefixed, instead of *Con.* i. e. Constable or Dull. Mr. Theobald made the necessary correction. Malone.

*Arm.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave; away.

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

*Moth.* No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words [4]; and therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

*Arm.* I do affect [5] the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good

[4] — It is not for prisoners to be silent in their WORDS;] I suppose we should read—it is not for prisoners to be silent in their *wards*, that is, in *custody*, in the *holds*. JOHNSON.

The first quarto, 1598, (the most authentic copy of this play,) reads—"It is *not* for prisoners to be *too* silent in their words;" and so without doubt the text should be printed. MALONE.

I don't think it necessary to endeavour to find out any meaning in this passage, as it seems to have been intended that Costard should speak nonsense. M. MASON.

[5] — affect —] i. e. love. So, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. xii. ch. lxxiv:

"But this I know, not Rome affords whom more you might *affect*,

"Than her," &c. STEEVENS.

wit. Cupid's butt-shaft [6] is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn [7]; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier [8]! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer [9]. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the Same. A Pavillion and Tents at a distance.

*Enter the Princess of France,* ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits [1]:

[6] —BUTT-shaft —] i. e. an arrow to shoot at *butts* with. The *butt* was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed. Thus, Othello says—

" —— here is my *butt*,
" And very sea-mark of my utmost sail." STEEVENS.

[7] —The first and second cause will not serve my turn;] See the last Act of As You Like It, with the notes. JOHNSON.

[8] —rust, rapier!] So, in All's Well that Ends Well:

" *Rust, sword!* cool blushes, and Parolles, live!"
STEEVENS.

[9] —sonneteer.] The old copies read only—*sonnet*.
STEEVENS.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

[1] —your DEAREST spirits:] *Dear*, in our author's language,

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise[2];
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues[3]:

has many shades of meaning. In the present instance and the next, it appears to signify—*best, most powerful.* Steevens.

[2] Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;] Rowe has borrowed and dignified this sentiment in his Royal Convert. The Saxon Princess is the speaker:

" Whate'er I am
" Is of myself, by native worth existing,
" Secure, and independent of thy praise:
" Nor let it seem too proud a boast, if minds
" By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,
" And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery."

" Fucati sermonis opem mens conscia laudis
" Abnuit —." Steevens.

[3] Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

" That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
" The owner's tongue doth publish every where."

Malone.

*Chapman* here seems to signify the *seller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market*: *chapman* therefore is *marketman*. The meaning is, that—the estimation of beauty depends not on the *uttering* or proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer. Johnson.

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow;
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness [4], we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Impórtunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humbly-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boy.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[*Exit.*

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 *Lord.* Longaville [5] is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*Mar.* I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solémnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd [6];

[4] Bold of your worthiness,] i. e. *confident* of it. Steevens.

[5] Longaville —] For the sake of manners as well as metre, we ought to read—*Lord* Longaville —. Steevens.

[6] A man of sovereign PARTS he is esteem'd;] Thus the folio. The first quarto, 1598, has the line thus:

"A man of sovereign, *peerlesse*, he's esteem'd."

I believe, the author wrote:

"A man of,—sovereign, *peerless*, he's esteem'd."

A man of extraordinary *accomplishments*, the speaker perhaps

Well fitted in the arts [7], glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with [8] too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

*Mar.* They say so most, that most his humours know.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:

would have said, but suddenly checks herself; and adds—"sovereign, *peerless* he's esteem'd." So, before: "Matchless Navarre." Again, in The Tempest:

"—— but you, O you,
"So perfect, and so *peerless* are created."

In the old copies no attention seems to have been given to abrupt sentences. They are almost uniformly printed corruptly, without any mark of abruption. Thus, in Much Ado about Nothing, we find both in the folio and quarto: "— but for the stuffing well, we are all mortal." See Act I. Sc. I. See also Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. V.: "Sir, mock me not:—your story."

MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote:

"A man, *a* sovereign *pearl*, he is esteem'd."

i. e. not only a *pearl*, but such a one as is *pre-eminently* valuable. In Troïlus and Cressida Helen is called—"a *pearl;*" and in Macbeth the nobles of Scotland are styled—"the kingdom's *pearl*."—The phrase—"a *sovereign pearl*" may also be countenanced by—"*captain jewels* in a carkanet," an expression which occurs in one of our author's Sonnets.

*Sovereign parts*, however, is a kin to *royalty of nature*, a phrase that occurs in Macbeth. STEEVENS.

[7] WELL FITTED in the arts,] *Well fitted* is *well qualified*. JOHNSON.

*The*, which is not in the old copies, was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[8] — MATCH'D with —] Is *combined* or *joined* with. JOHNSON.

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he * had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little [9] of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Birón they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

*Mar.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter* Boyet.

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath [1],
Were all address'd [2] to meet you, gentle lady,

* First folio, *she*.

9 And much too little, &c.] i. e. And my report of the good I saw, is much too little *compared* to his great worthiness. Heath.

1 — competitors in oath,] i. e. confederates. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
"Our great *competitor*." Steevens.

2 Were all address'd —] To *address* is to *prepare*. So, in Hamlet:

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies mask.*

*Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*Prin.* Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where[3] now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it[4]:

" ——it lifted up its head, and did *address*
" Itself to motion." Steevens.

[3] Where—] *Where* is here used for *whereas*. So, in Pericles, Act I. Sc. I.:

" *Where* now you're both a father and a son."

See note on this passage. Steevens.

[4] And sin to break it:] Sir T. Hanmer reads:

" *Not* sin to break it:"

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
[*Gives a paper.*

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once[5]?

*Biron.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then
To ask the question!

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I begone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.

I believe erroneously. The princess shows an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

5 *Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?] Thus the folio. In the first quarto, this dialogue passes between Katharine and Biron. It is a matter of little consequence. MALONE.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment [6] of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal [7],

[6] —— and not demands,
On payment, &c.] The former editions read:
" —— and not demands
" *One* payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
" To have his title live in Aquitain."

I have restored, I believe, the genuine sense of the passage. Aquitain was pledged, it seems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of,) but demands this moiety back again: instead whereof (says Navarre) he should rather pay the remaining moiety, and *demand* to have Aquitain re-delivered up to him. This is plain and easy reasoning upon the fact supposed; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive the residue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for security of it. THEOBALD.

The two words are frequently confounded in the books of our author's age. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" —— In which I bind,
" *One* pain of punishment the world to weet
" We stand up peerless."

Again, in Troïlus and Cressida, 4to. 1609:

" As if his foot were *one* brave Hector's breast."

See also a note on King John, Act III. Sc. III. MALONE.

[7] — DEPART withal,] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. So, in King John:

" Hath willingly *departed* with a part."

Again, in Every Man Out of his Humour:

And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded[8] as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:

"Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money."
STEEVENS.

[8] —gelded—] To this phrase Shakspeare is peculiarly attached. It occurs in The Winter's Tale, King Richard II. King Henry IV. King Henry VI. &c. &c. but never less properly than in the present formal speech, addressed by a king to a maiden princess. STEEVENS.

Mr. Malone has observed that this was a common metaphorical expression in Shakspeare's age. It was probably no more considered as offensive then, than it would be now to talk of the castrations of Holinshed. BOSWELL.

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair * harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit † you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt King and his Train.*

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

*Ros.* 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would, you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick [9]?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My physick says, I [1].

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Ros.* No *poynt* [2], with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

* First folio, *farther*. † First folio, *we shall*.

9 Is the FOOL sick?] She means perhaps his *heart*. So, in Much Ado about Nothing:

"*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a *merry heart*.

"*Beat.* Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor *fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care." MALONE.

1 My physick says, *I*.] She means to say, *ay*. The old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the sake of the rhyme. MALONE.

2 No POYNT,] So, in The Shoemaker's Holliday, 1600:

"—— tell me where he is.

"*No point*. Shall I betray my brother?" STEEVENS.

*No point* was a negation borrowed from the French. See the note on the same words, Act V. Sc. II. MALONE.

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that same[3]?

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Long.* I beseech you a word; What is she in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard[4]!

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit Long.*

*Biron.* What's her name, in the cap?

*Boyet.* Katharine, by good hap.

3 —What lady is that same?] It is odd that Shakspeare should make Dumain enquire after Rosaline, who was the mistress of Biron, and neglect Katharine, who was his own. Biron behaves in the same manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, because the last speech is determined to Biron by Maria, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps *all* the ladies wore masks but the princess. STEEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 313, where Biron says to Rosaline —

"Now fair befall your *mask!*" MALONE.

4 God's blessing on your beard!] That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

I doubt whether so much meaning was intended to be conveyed by these words. MALONE.

*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?
*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.
*Biron.* You are welcome, sir; adieu!
*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Biron.—Ladies unmask.*
*Mar.* That last is Birón, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.
*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.
*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.
*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry!
*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips[5].
*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?
*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her.*
*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several they be[6].
*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?
*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.
*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:

5 —unless we FEED on your LIPS.] Our author has the same expression in his Venus and Adonis:

"*Feed* where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
"*Graze on my lips.*" MALONE.

6 My lips are no common, though SEVERAL they be.] *Several* is an inclosed field of a private proprietor; so Maria says, *her lips* are *private property*. Of a Lord that was newly married, one observed that he grew fat; "Yes," said Sir Walter Raleigh, "any beast will grow fat, if you take him from the *common* and graze him in the *several*." JOHNSON.

So, in The Rival Friends, 1632:

"—— my sheep have quite disgrest
"Their bounds, and leap'd into the *severall*."

The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Again, in Green's Disputation, &c. 1592: "rather would have mewed me up as a henne, to have kept that *severall* to himself by force," &c. Again, in Sir John Oldcastle, 1600:

"Of late he broke into a *severall*
"That does belong to me."

Again, in Fenton's Tragical Discourses, 4to. bl. l. 1597:—"he entered *commons* in the place which the olde John thought to be reserved *severall* to himself." p. 64. b. Again, in Holinshed's History of England, b. vi. p. 150:—"not to take and pale in the *commons*, to enlarge their *severalles*." STEEVENS.

In Dr. Johnson's note upon this passage, it is said that *several* is "an inclosed field of a private proprietor."

Dr. Johnson has totally mistaken this word. In the first place it should be spelled *severell*. This does not signify an inclosed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the parish. In the uninclosed parishes in Warwickshire, and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands, and at the end of them, some little grass land is interspersed, and there are here and there some little patches of green swerd. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the grass land is preserved for hay; and the year following the proprietors sow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their discretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; so that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and sheep graze, and have herdsmen and shepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and grass. These last are called the *severell*, which is not separated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *severell*, is left to the herdsmen and shepherds; but the herdsmen have no authority over a town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleases in the *severell*. DR. JAMES.

Holinshed's Description of Britain, p. 33, and Leigh's Accedence of Armourie, 1597, p. 52, spell this word like Shakspeare. Leigh also mentions the town bull, and says: "all *severells* to him are common." TOLLET.

A play on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of *separate*, *distinct*, likewise signifies in uninclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field. In Minsheu's Dictionary, 1617, is the following article: "To *Sever* from others. Hinc nos pascua

*Boyet.* If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes[7],
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

*Prin.* With what?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

*Prin.* Your reason?

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see[8],
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking[9] on fairest of fair:

et campos seorsim ab aliis separatos *Severels* dicimus." In the margin he spells the word as Shakspeare does—*severels*.—Our author is seldom careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. If *several* be understood in its rustick sense, the adversative particle stands but aukwardly. To say, that *though* land is *several*, it is not a *common*, seems as unjustifiable as to assert, that *though* a house is a cottage, it is not a palace. Yet it was not uncommon among our old writers to put the two words in opposition to each other. As in Peacham's Worth of a Penny: "Others not affecting marriage at all, live (as they say) upon the *commons*, unto whom it is death to be put into the *severall*."

MALONE.

7 By the heart's STILL RHETORICK, disclosed with EYES,] So, in Daniel's Complaint of Rosalind, 1594:

"Sweet *silent rhetorick* of persuading *eyes;*
"*Dumb eloquence*—." MALONE.

8 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,] That is—his tongue being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak.

JOHNSON.

Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, I take the sense of it to be that—his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perception. *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

9 To FEEL only looking—] Perhaps we may better read:

"To *feed* only *by* looking—." JOHNSON.

Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in chrystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes [1],
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come, to our pavillion: Boyet is dispos'd—

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What then, do you see?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] His face's own MARGENT did quote, &c.] In our author's time, notes, quotations, &c. were usually printed in the exterior margin of books. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"And what obscur'd in this fair *volume* lies,
"Find written in the *margin* of his eyes."

Again, in Hamlet: "I knew you must be edified by the *margent*." MALONE.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Another part of the Same.

*Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

*ARM.* Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

*MOTH.* *Concolinel* ——[2] [*Singing.*

*ARM.* Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither[3]; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

[2] *Concolinel*—] Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally—*Here they sing*—or, *Cantant*. Again, in The Play of the Wether, by John Heywood, bl. l: "At thende of this staf the god hath a songe, played in his torne, or Mery Reporte come in." Probably the performer was left to choose his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as a part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the discretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumstance in King Edward IV. Part II. 1619:—"Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance."

Again, in Greene's Tu Quoque, 1614:

"Here they two talk, and rail *what they list*."

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635:

"He places all things in order, *singing* with the ends of old ballads as he does it."

Again, in Marston's Dutch Courtesan, 1605:

"*Cantat Gallice*." But no song is set down.

Again, in the 5th Act:

"*Cantat saltatque cum Cithara*."

Not one out of the many songs supposed to be sung in Marston's Antonio's Revenge, 1602, are inserted; but instead of them, *cantant*. STEEVENS.

[3] —FESTINATELY hither;] i. e. hastily. Shakspeare uses the adjective *festinate* in King Lear: "Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most *festinate* preparation." STEEVENS.

*Moth.* Master*, will you win your love with a French brawl[4]?

*Arm.* How meanest thou? brawling in French?

*Moth.* No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your † feet[5], humour it with turning up your eye-lids ‡; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting[6]; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements[7], these are humours; these betray[8] nice

* First folio omits *master*. † First folio, *the*. ‡ First folio, *eye*.

[4] — a French BRAWL?] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, and (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) seems to be what we now call a *cotillon*.

In The Malcontent of Marston, I meet with the following account of it: "The *brawl!* why 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace: a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour."

Again, in Ben Jonson's masque of Time Vindicated:

"The Graces did them footing teach;
"And, at the old Idalian *brawls*,
"They danc'd your mother down." STEEVENS.

So, in Massinger's Picture, Act II. Sc. II.:

"'Tis a French *brawl*, an apish imitation
"Of what you really perform in battle." TOLLET.

[5] — CANARY to it with your feet,] *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

[6] — like a man after the old painting;] It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

[7] — These are COMPLEMENTS,] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to *complishments*, for *accomplishments*, but unnecessarily. JOHNSON.

wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these [9].

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation [1].

*Arm.* But O,—but O,—

*Moth.* —the hobby-horse is forgot [2].

[8] — these betray, &c.] The former editors:—these betray *nice wenches*, that would be betray'd without these, and make *them* men of note. But who will ever believe, that the odd attitudes and affectations of *lovers*, by which they betray young *wenches*, should have power to make these young *wenches* men of note? His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *girls*, but make the *men* taken notice of too, who affect them. THEOBALD.

[9] — and make them men of note, (do you note, MEN?) that most are affected to these.] i. e. and make those men who are most affected to such accomplishments, *men of note*.—Mr. Theobald, without any necessity, reads—and make *the* men of note, &c. which was, I think, too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions. One of the modern editors, instead of—"do you note, *men?*" with great probability reads—do you note *me?*" MALONE.

[1] By my PENNY of observation.] Thus, sir T. Hanmer, and his reading is certainly right. The allusion is to the famous old piece, called a Penniworth of Wit. The old copy reads—*penne*. FARMER.

The story Dr. Farmer refers to, was certainly printed before Shakspeare's time. See Langham's Letter, &c. RITSON.

[2] *Arm.* But O,—but O,—

*Moth.* —the HOBBY-HORSE is forgot.] In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a *hobby-horse*, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the reformation took place, and precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to savour of paganism; and then Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor *hobby-horse*, were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the *hobby-horse*, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculously, and cry out *But oh! but oh!*—humorously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph. THEOBALD.

The same line is repeated in Hamlet. See note on Act III. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

*Arm.* Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt[3], and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathised; a horse to be embassador for an ass!

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short; away.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

*Moth.* *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so[4]:

[3] — but a COLT,] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires.
JOHNSON.

Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin[5], I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

[4] You are too swift, sir, to say so:] How is he too swift for saying that lead is slow? I fancy we should read, as well to supply the rhyme as the sense:

"You are too swift, sir, to say so *so soon:*
"Is that lead slow, sir, which is fir'd from a gun?"

JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is;—You do not give yourself time to think, if you say so; or, as Mr. M. Mason explains the passage: "You are too hasty in saying that: you have not sufficiently considered it."

*Swift*, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marston's Malcontent, 1604:

"I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse both *swiftly* and wittily, already." STEEVENS.

*Swift* is here used, as in other places, synonymously with *witty*. I suppose the meaning of Atalanta's better part, in As You Like It, is her *wit*—the *swiftness* of her mind. FARMER.

So, in As You Like It: "He is very *swift* and sententious." Again, in Much Ado About Nothing:

"Having so *swift* and excellent a wit."

On reading the letter which contained an intimation of the Gunpowder-plot in 1605, King James said, "that the style was more *quick* and pithie than was usual in pasquils and libels."

MALONE.

[5] By thy favour, sweet WELKIN,] *Welkin* is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for sighing in its face. JOHNSON.

*Re-enter* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

*Moth.* A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken [6] in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy* [7]; no salve in the mail, sir [8]: O *, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

* First folio, *Or*.

[6] —here's a COSTARD broken—] i. e. a head. So, in Hycke Scorner:

"I wyll rappe you on the *costard* with my horne." STEEVENS.

[7] —no L'ENVOY;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers.

So, in Monsieur D'Olive, 1606:

"Well said: now to the *L'Envoy*."—All the Tragedies of John Bochas, translated by Lidgate, are followed by a *L'Envoy*. STEEVENS.

[8] —no salve in the MAIL, SIR:] The old folio reads—no salve in *thee* male, sir; which, in another folio, is—no salve in the male, sir. What it can mean, is not easily discovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in use, *no salve in the mail* may mean, no salve in the mountebank's budget. Or shall we read—no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the *vale*, sir—O, sir, plantain. The matter is not great, but one would wish for some meaning or other. JOHNSON.

*Male* or *mail* was a word then in use. Reynard the fox sent Kayward's head in a *male*. So, likewise, in Tamburlane, or the Scythian Shepherd, 1590:

"Open the *males*, yet guard the treasure sure."

I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation to be right. STEEVENS.

*Male*, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the ancient spelling of *mail*. So, in Taylor the water-poets works, (Character of a Bawd,) 1630:—"the cloathe-bag of counsel, the capcase, fardle, pack, *male*, of friendly toleration." The quarto 1598, and the first folio, have—*thee* male. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

I can scarcely think that Shakspeare had so far forgotten his little school-learning, as to suppose the Latin verb *salvé* and the English substantive, *salve*, had the same pronunciation; and yet without this the quibble cannot be preserved. FARMER.

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

The same quibble occurs in Aristippus, or The Jovial Philosopher, 1630:

"*Salve*, Master Simplicius.
"*Salve* me; 'tis but a Surgeon's complement."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read—No salve in *them all*, sir.

TYRWHITT.

This passage appears to me to be nonsense as it stands, incapable of explanation. I have therefore no doubt but we should adopt the amendment proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and read—No salve in *them* all, sir.

Moth tells his master, that—there was a Costard *with a* broken shin: and the Knight, supposing that Moth has some conceit in what he said, calls upon him to explain it.—*Some riddle*, says he, *some enigma*. *Come—thy l'envoy—begin*. But Costard supposing that he was calling for these things, in order to apply them to his broken shin, says, he will not have them, as they were none of them salves, and begs for a plain plantain instead of them. This is clearly the meaning of Costard's speech, which provokes the illustrious Armado to laugh at the *inconsiderate who takes salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for salve*.

But when Moth, who is an arch and sensible character, says, in reply to Armado:—"Do the wise think them other? Is not *l'envoy* a salve?" we must not suppose that this question is owing to his simplicity, but that he intended thereby either to lead the Knight on to the subsequent explanation of the word *l'envoy*, or to quibble in the manner stated in the notes upon the English word *salve* and the Latin *salvé;* a quibble which operates upon the eye, not the ear:—Yet Steevens has shown it was not a new one.

If this quibble was intended, which does not evidently appear to be the case, the only way that I account for it, is this:—

As the *l'envoy* was always in the concluding part of a play or poem, it was probably in the *l'envoy* that the poet or reciter took leave of the audience, and the word itself appears to be derived from the verb *envoyer*, to send away. Now the usual salutation amongst the Romans at parting, as well as meeting, was the word *salvé*. Moth, therefore, considers the *l'envoy* as a salutation or *salvé*, and then quibbling on this last word, asks if it be not a *salve*.

I do not offer this explanation with much confidence, but it is the only one that occurs to me. M. MASON.

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it [9]:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; Would you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat:—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

[9] I will example it: &c.] These words, and some others, are not in the first folio, but in the quarto of 1598. I still believe the old passage to want regulation, though it has not sufficient merit to encourage the editor who should attempt it:

There is in Tusser an old song, beginning—

"The ape, the lion, the fox, and the asse,
"Thus sets forth man in a glasse," &c.

Perhaps some ridicule on this ditty was intended. STEEVENS.

*MOTH.* By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*COST.* True, and I for a plantain: Thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market[1].

*ARM.* But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin[2]?

*MOTH.* I will tell you sensibly.

*COST.* Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*:
I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*ARM.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*COST.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*ARM.* Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

*COST.* O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*ARM.* By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*COST.* True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

*ARM.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing

[1] And he ended the MARKET.] Alluding to the proverb—Three women and a goose, make a *market*. *Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato*. Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

[2] —how was there a COSTARD broken in a shin?] *Costard* is the name of a species of apple. JOHNSON.

It has been already observed that the *head* was anciently called the *costard*. So, in King Richard III.: "Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword." A *costard* likewise signified a *crab-stick*. So, in The Loyal Subject of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I hope they'll crown his service—"
"With a *costard*." STEEVENS.

but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money;*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I [3].—Signior Costard, adieu.

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew [4]!— [*Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings:

[3] Like the SEQUEL, I.] *Sequele*, in French, signifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a single page was all his train. THEOBALD.

I believe this joke exists only in the apprehension of the commentator. *Sequelle*, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory sense. They use it to express the *gang* of a highwayman, but not the *train* of a lord; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Thus, Holinshed, p. 639:—"to the intent that by the extinction of him and his *sequeale*, all civil warre and inward division might cease," &c. Moth uses *sequel* only in the literary acceptation.

Mr. Heath observes that the meaning of Moth is,—"I follow you as close as the *sequel* does the premises." STEEVENS.

Moth alludes to the *sequel* of any story, which follows a preceding part, and was in the old story-books introduced in this manner: "Here followeth the *sequel* of such a story, or adventure." So, Hamlet says: "But is there no *sequel* at the heels of this mother's admonition?" M. MASON.

[4] —my INCONY JEW!—] *Incony* or *kony* in the north, signifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain, therefore, we should read:

"——my incony *jewel*." WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however specious, to change *Jew* to *Jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever reason, apparently a word of endearment, So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely *Jew*."

JOHNSON.

The word is used again in the 4th Act of this play:

"——most *incony* vulgar wit."

In the old comedy called Blurt Master Constable, 1602, I meet with it again. A maid is speaking to her mistress about a gown:

"——it makes you have a most *inconie* body."

*Cony* and *incony* have the same meaning. So, Metaphor says, in Jonson's Tale of a Tub:

three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter* BIRON.

*BIRON.* O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*COST.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*BIRON.* What is a remuneration?

*COST.* Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

*BIRON.* O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

*COST.* I thank your worship: God be with you!

*BIRON.* O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*COST.* When would you have it done, sir?

*BIRON.* O, this afternoon.

*COST.* Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

*BIRON.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*COST.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*BIRON.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*COST.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*BIRON.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

"O superdainty canon, vicar *inconey*."
Again, in The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:
"O, I have sport *inconey* i'faith."
Again, in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, 1633:
"While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble."
Again, in Doctor Dodypoll, a comedy, 1600:
"A cockscomb *incony*, but that he wants money.
STEEVENS.

There is no such expression in the North as either *kony* or *incony*. The word *canny*, which the people there use, and from which Dr. Warburton's mistake may have arisen, bears a variety of significations, none of which is *fine*, *delicate*, or applicable to

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Gives him money.*

*Cost.* Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better[5]: Most

a thing of value. Dr. Johnson's quotation by no means proves *Jew* to have been a word of endearment. Ritson.

In opposition to Mr. Ritson's positive assertion, we find in Grose's Provincial Glossary! "*Connay;* brave, fine; the same as *canny*, North." Malone.

[5] *Cost.* Guerdon,—O sweet GUERDON! better than REMUNERATION; ELEVEN-PENCE FARTHING BETTER: &c.] *Guerdon*, i. e. reward.

So, in The Spanish Tragedy:

"Speak on, I'll *guerdon* thee whate'er it be."

Perhaps *guerdon* is a corruption of *regardum*, middle Latin.

The following parallel passage in A Health to the gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort, &c. 1578, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

"There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, lest thereby I might incurre displeasure of anie,) that comming to his friendes house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well used, as well of his friende the gentleman, as of his servantes; one of the sayde servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes up to the sayd servant, and saith unto him, Hold thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes; which the servant receiveth, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thankes for the same a small price, howsoever the market goes. Now an other coming to the sayd gentlemen's house, it was the foresayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the servant unto him, sayd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deserts: now the servant payd no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration;* though the *guerdon* was *xid. farthing* better; for it was a *shilling*, and the other but a *three-farthinges*."

Shakspeare was certainly indebted to this performance for his

sweet guerdon !—I will do it, sir, in print [6].—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

*Biron.* O !—And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been love's whip ;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;
A critick ; nay, a night-watch constable ;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent [7] !
This wimpled [8], whining, purblind, wayward boy ;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid [9] ;

present vein of jocularity, the earliest edition of Love's Labour's Lost being printed in 1598. STEEVENS.

Although this play was not printed till 1598, it was certainly written several years earlier. Mr. Malone having never met with so early an edition of The Serving-man's Comfort, applied to Mr. Reed, who in a letter now before me, dated August 23, 1804, says that Mr. Steevens had committed an errour. BOSWELL.

[6] —in print.] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety. It has been proposed to me to read—*in point*, but I think, without necessity, the former expression being still in use.

So, in Blurt Master Constable, 1602 :

" Next, your ruff must stand *in print*."

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635 :

" I am sure my husband is a man *in print*, in all things else."

Again, in Woman is a Weathercock, 1612 :

" —— this doublet sits *in print*, my lord." STEEVENS.

[7] Than whom no mortal so MAGNIFICENT !] *Magnificent* here means, *glorying*, *boasting*. M. MASON.

Terence also uses *magnifica verba*, for vaunting, vainglorious words. Usque adeo illius ferre possum ineptias et *magnifica verba*. Eunuch, Act IV. Sc. VI. STEEVENS.

[8] This WIMPLED,] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakspeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much plauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In Isaiah, iii. 22, we find : " —the mantles, and the *wimples*, and the crisping-pins : " and, in The Devil's Charter, 1607, to *wimple* is used as a verb :

" Here, I perceive a little rivelling
" Above my forehead, but I *wimple* it,
" Either with jewels, or a lock of hair." STEEVENS.

[9] This SENIOR-JUNIOR, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;] The old reading is—This *signior Junio's*, &c. STEEVENS.

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

It was some time ago ingeniously hinted to me, (and I readily came into the opinion,) that as there was a contrast of terms in *giant-dwarf*, so, probably, there should be in the word immediately preceding them; and therefore that we should restore:

This *senior-junior*, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:

i. e. this old young man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this play, a description of Cupid which sorts very aptly with such an emendation:

"That was the way to make his godhead wax,
"For he hath been *five-thousand* years a *boy*."

The conjecture is exquisitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embraced, unless there is reason to think, that, in the former reading, there is an allusion to some tale, or character in an old play. I have not, on this account, ventured to disturb the text, because there seems to me some reason to suspect, that our author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca. In that tragedy there is a character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to distraction with one of Bonduca's daughters; and becomes an arrant whining slave to this passion. He is afterwards cured of his infirmity, and is as absolute a tyrant against the sex. Now, with regard to these two extremes, Cupid might very probably be styled Junius's giant-dwarf: a *giant* in his eye, while the dotage was upon him; but shrunk into a *dwarf*, as soon as he had got the better of it. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious conjecture on this passage. He reads:

"This signior *Julio's* giant-dwarf—."

Shakspeare, says he, intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Junio is meant youth in general.

JOHNSON.

There is no reason to suppose that Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca was written so early as the year 1598, when this play appeared. Even if it was then published, the supposed allusion to the character of Junius is forced and improbable; and who, in support of Upton's conjecture will ascertain, that Julio Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf? Shakspeare, in K. Rich. III. Act IV. Sc. IV. uses *signory* for *seniority;* and Stowe's Chronicle, p. 149, edit. 1614, speaks of Edward the *signior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore suppose that *signior* here means *senior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus, in the first folio, at the end of The Comedy of Errors:

"*S. Dro.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.
"*E. Dro.* That's a question: how shall we try it?
"*S. Dro.* We'll draw cuts for the *signior*." TOLLET.

* Theobald in his letter to Concanen in 1729 (which contains this emendation) says "I have a great conjecture - this is too fanciful.

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets [1], king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors [2],—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field [3],

In the exaggeration of poetry we might call Cupid a giant-dwarf; but how a giant-dwarf should be represented in painting, I cannot well conceive. M. MASON.

I have not the smallest doubt that *senior-junior* is the true reading. Love among our ancient English poets, (as Dr. Farmer has observed on such another occasion,) is always characterized by contrarieties. STEEVENS.

We have a similar expression used by Jonson in the verses written by him, introduced in Chester's Rosalyn's Complaint, where, he says, addressing Venus:

"Let the *old boy* your son ply his old task!"

The whole of this passage has been imitated by Heywood in his Love's Mistris, 1636: "Then harken o you hoydes, and listen o you illiterates, whil'st I give you his stile in folio. Hee is King of cares, cogitations, and cox-combes; Viceroy of vowes, and vanities; Prince of passions, prateapaces, and pickled lovers; Duke of disasters, dissemblers, and drown'd eyes; Marquesse of melancholy and mad-folkes; Grand signior of griefs and grones; Lord of lamentations; Heroe of hie-hoes; Admiral of aymees; and Mounsier of mutton laced." BOSWELL.

[1] Dread prince of PLACKETS,] A *placket* is a petticoat. DOUCE.

[2] Of trotting PARITORS,] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the Bishop's court, who carries out citations: as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

[3] And I to be a CORPORAL OF HIS FIELD,] *Corporals of the field* are mentioned in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, and Raleigh speaks of them twice, vol. i. p. 103, vol. ii. p. 367, edit. 1751. TOLLET.

This officer is likewise mentioned in Ben Jonson's New Inn:

"As *corporal of the field*, maestro del campo."

Giles Clayton, in his Martial Discipline, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's Voyages, it appears that the captains Morgan and Sampson, by this name, "had commandement over the rest of the land-captaines." Brookesby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse." FARMER.

Thus also, in a Letter from Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, to the Privy Council. See Lodge's Illustrations, &c.

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop[4]!
What? I! I love[5]! I sue! I seek a wife!

vol. ii. 394: "Wee loste not above 2 common souldiers, and one of the *corporalls of the fielde*." STEEVENS.

It appears from Lord Stafford's Letters, vol. ii. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

[4] And WEAR HIS COLOURS like a TUMBLER'S HOOP!] The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the *hoops wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumblers' hoops* were adorned with their masters' colours, or with ribbands. *To wear his colours*, means to wear his *badge* or *cognisance*, or to be his servant or retainer. So, in Holinshed's Hist. of Scotland, p. 301: "The earle of Surrie gave to his servants this cognisance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon," &c. So, in Stowe's Annals, p. 274: "All that ware the dukes sign, or *colours*, were faine to hide them, conveying them from their necks, into their bosome." Again, in Selden's Duello, chap. ii.: "his esquires cloathed in his *colours*." Biron banters himself upon being a corporal of Cupid's field, and a servant of that great general and imperator.
TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear *a lady's colours*. So, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson: "—dispatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly," &c. Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella:

"Because I breathe not love to every one,
"Nor doe not use set *colours* for to weare," &c.

I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson.
STEEVENS.

Tumblers' hoops are to this day bound round with ribbands of various colours. HARRIS.

[5] What? I! I love!] A second *what* had been supplied by the editors. I should like better to read—What? *I!* I love!
TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is supported by the first line of the present speech:

"And *I*, forsooth, in love! *I*, that have been love's whip —."

Sir T. Hanmer supplied the metre by repeating the word *What*.
MALONE,

A woman, that is like a German clock *,
Still a repairing [6]; ever out of frame;

* First folio and 4to. *cloake*.

[6] —like a GERMAN CLOCK,

Still a repairing;] The same allusion occurs in Westward-Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607:—"no *German clock*, no mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation," &c.

Again, in A Mad World my Masters, 1608:

"—— she consists of a hundred pieces,
"Much like your *German clock*, and near allied:
"Both are so nice they cannot go for pride.
"Besides a greater fault, but too well known,
"They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one."

Ben Jonson has the same thought in his Silent Woman, and Beaumont and Fletcher in Wit without Money.

Again, in Decker's News from Hell, &c. 1606:—"their wits (like wheels of *Brunswick clocks*) being all wound up as far as they could stretch, were all going, but not one going truly."

The following extract is taken from a book called The Artificial Clock-Maker, 3d edit. 1714:—"Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance-clocks or watches, and some other automata, might have had their beginning there;" &c. Again, in p. 91:—"Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work."

A skilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mechanism executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakspeare alludes. The clock at Hampton Court, which was set up in 1540, (as appears from the inscription affixed to it,) is said to be the first ever fabricated in England. See, however, Letters of The Paston Family, vol. ii. 2d edit. p. 31. STEEVENS.

"In some towns in Germany, (says Dr. Powel, in his Human Industry, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be seen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read astronomy, and never look up to the skies.—In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that shows the annual motions of the sun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and festivals of the whole year, the time of the sun rising and setting throughout the year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the rising

And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan[7];
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan[8].

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

### Another part of the Same.

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

*Prin.* Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

and setting of the twelve signs of the Zodiack, &c.—But the town of Strasburgh carries the bell of all other steeples of Germany in this point." These elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame." Malone.

I have heard a French proverb that compares any thing that is intricate and out of order, to the coq de Strasburg that belongs to the machinery of the town-clock. S. Weston.

[7] — sue, and groan;] *And*, which is not in either of the authentic copies of this play, the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, was added to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

[8] Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.] To this line

Against the steep uprising of the hill?
*Boyet.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in[9]?
*For.* Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.
*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.
*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
*For.* Yes, madam, fair.
*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow;

Mr. Theobald extends his second Act, not injudiciously, but without sufficient authority. JOHNSON.

9 — where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?] How familiar this amusement once was to ladies of quality, may be known from a letter addressed by lord Wharton to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated from Alnewik, Aug. 14, 1555: "I besiche yo$^{r}$ Lordeshipp to tayke some sporte of my litell grounde there, and to comaund the same even as yo.$^{r}$ Lordeshippes owne. *My ladye may shote w.$^{th}$ her crosbowe,*" &c. *Lodge's Illustrations of British History,* &c. vol. i. p. 203.

Again, in a letter from Sir Francis Leake to the Earl of Shrewsbury, vol. iii. p. 295:

"Yo.$^{r}$ Lordeshype hath sente me a verie greatte and fatte stagge, the wellcomer beynge *stryken by yo.$^{r}$ ryght honourable Ladie's hande,* &c.—My balde bucke lyves styll to wayte upon yo.$^{r}$ L. and my Ladie's comyng hyther, w.$^{ch}$ I expect whensoever shall pleas yow to apointe; onelé thys, thatt my *Ladie doe nott hytt hym* throgh the nose, for marryng hys whyte face; howbeitt I knoe her Ladishipp takes pitie of my buckes, sence the last tyme y$^{t}$ pleaşed her to take the travell *to shote att them,*" &c. Dated July, 1605. STEEVENS.

Here, good my glass [1], take this for telling true.
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart [2]:

[1] Here, good my glass,] To understand how the princess has her glass so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be remembered that in those days it was the fashion among the French ladies to wear a looking-glass, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents it, *on their bellies;* that is, to have a small mirrour set in gold hanging at their girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces or adjusted their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, perhaps, is mistaken. She had no occasion to have recourse to any other *looking-glass* than the Forester, whom she rewards for having shown her to herself as in a mirror.
STEEVENS.

Whatever be the interpretation of this passage, Dr. Johnson is right in the historical fact. Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses, is very indignant at the ladies for it: "They must have their *looking-glasses* carried with them, wheresoever they go: and good reason, for how else could they see the devil in them?" And in Massinger's City Madam, several women are introduced with *looking glasses at their girdles.* FARMER.

[2] When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:] The harmony of the measure, the easiness of the expression, and the good sense in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the reader's notice. WARBURTON.

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill[3].

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty[4]
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

*Prin.* Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Enter Costard.*

*Prin.* Here comes a member of the common-wealth[5].

*Cost.* God dig-you-den all[6]! Pray you, which is the head lady?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

[3] — THAT my heart means no ill.] *That my heart means no ill*, is the same with *to whom my heart means no ill.* The common phrases suppresses the particle, as *I mean him* [not *to* him] *no harm.* JOHNSON.

[4] — that SELF-sovereignty —] Not a sovereignty *over*, but *in*, themselves. So, *self*-sufficiency, *self*-consequence, &c. MALONE.

[5] — a member of the COMMON-WEALTH.] Here, I believe, is a kind of jest intended: a member of the *common*-wealth, is put for one of the *common* people, one of the meanest. JOHNSON.

The Princess calls Costard *a member of the commonwealth*, because she considers him as one of the attendants on the King and his associates in their *new-modelled society*; and it was part of their original plan that Costard and Armado should be *members* of it. M. MASON.

[6] God DIG-YOU-DEN —] A corruption of—God *give you good even.* MALONE.

See my note on Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. IV. STEEVENS.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?

*Cost.* I have a letter from monsieur Birón, to one lady Rosaline.

*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon [7],

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear;
Break the neck of the wax [8], and every one give ear.

*Boyet.* [*Reads.*] *By heaven, that thou art fair,*

7 — Boyet, you can carve;
BREAK UP THIS CAPON.] i. e. open this letter.

Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. *Poulet; amatoriæ literæ*, says Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Repondre au plus obligeant* poulet *du monde;* to reply to the most obliging *letter* in the world. The Italians use the same manner of expression, when they call a love-epistle, *una pollicetta amorosa*. I owed the hint of this equivocal use of the word, to my ingenious friend Mr. Bishop. THEOBALD.

Henry IV. consulting with Sully about his marriage, says: "my niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports, that she loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricasee*."—A message is called *a cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Castle. FARMER.

To *break up* was a peculiar phrase in carving. PERCY.

So, in Westward-Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607: at "the skirt of that *sheet*, in black-work, is wrought his name: *break not up the wild fowl till anon*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of Gipsies Metamorphosed:

"A London cuckold hot from the spit,
"And when the *carver* up had *broke* him," &c.

STEEVENS.

*is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer* [9] *than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate* [1] *king Cophetua* [2] *set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize* * *in the vulgar,* (*O base and obscure vulgar!*) videlicet, *he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw* [3], *two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enriched; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness.*

Scipio.

* First folio and 4to. *annothanize.*

[8] Break the neck of the wax,] Still alluding to the *capon.* JOHNSON.

So, in The true Tragedies of Marius and Sylla, 1594:

"Lectorius read, and *break these letters up.*" STEEVENS.

One of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 114, gives us the reason why *poulet* meant *amatoria litera.* TOLLET.

[9] *More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous;* truer, &c.] I would read,—fairer than fair, *more* beautiful, &c. TYRWHITT.

[1] —*illustrate*—] for *illustrious.* It is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. Thus, in the eleventh Iliad:

"—— Jove will not let me meet
"*Illustrate* Hector,—" STEEVENS.

[2] —*King Cophetua*—] The ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid, may be seen in The Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this song in Romeo and Juliet, Henry IV. P. II. and Richard II. STEEVENS.

[3] —*saw,*] The old copies here and in the preceding line have —*see.* Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

*Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

*Thine, in the dearest design of industry,*
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear[4] the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*PRIN.* What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

*Penelope indeed is a Fondly.*

*BOYET.* I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

*PRIN.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it[5] erewhile[6].

*BOYET.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho[7], and one that makes sport

[4] Thus dost thou hear, &c.] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

[5] — going o'er it —] A pun upon the word *stile*. MUSGRAVE.

[6] — erewhile.] Just now; a little while ago. So, Raleigh:
"Here lies Hobbinol, our shepherd *while e'er*."
JOHNSON.

[7] — a Monarcho,] The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time:—"Popular applause (says Meres) doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praise and lgorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court," p. 178. FARMER.

To the prince, and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you; my lord.

In Nash's Have With You to Saffron-Walden, &c. 1595, I meet with the same allusion:—"but now he was an insulting monarch above *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his shoes, and quite renounced his natural English accents, and gestures, and wrested himself wholly to the Italian punctilios," &c.

But one of the epitaphs written by Thomas Churchyard, and printed in a collection called his Chance, 4to. 1580, will afford the most ample account of this extraordinary character. I do not therefore apologize for the length of the following extract:

"The Phantasticall *Monarckes* Epitaphe.

"Though Dant be dedde, and Marrot lies in graue,
"And Petrarks sprite bee mounted past our vewe,
"Yet some doe liue (that poets humours haue)
"To keepe old course with vains of verses newe:
"Whose penns are prest to paint out people plaine,
"That els a sleepe in silence should remaine:
"Come poore old man that boare the *Monarks* name,
"Thyne Epitaphe shall here set forthe thy fame.

"Thy climyng mynde aspierd beyonde the starrs,
"Thy loftie stile no yearthly titell bore:
"Thy witts would seem to see through peace and warrs,
"Thy tauntyng tong was pleasant sharpe and sore.
"And though thy pride and pompe was somewhat vaine,
"The *Monarcke* had a deepe discoursyng braine:
"Alone with freend he could of wonders treate,
"In publike place pronounce a sentence greate.

"No matche for fooles, if wisemen were in place,
"No mate at meale to sit with common sort:
"Both grave of looks and fatherlike of face,
"Of judgement quicke, of comely forme and port.
"Moste bent to words on hye and solempne daies,
"Of diet fine, and daintie diuerse waies:
"And well disposde, if Prince did pleasure take,
"At any mirthe that he poore man could make.

"On gallant robes his greatest glorie stood,
"Yet garments bare could never daunt his minde:
"He feard no state, nor caerd for worldly good,
"Held eche thyng light as fethers in the winde.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it ?
*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.
*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady ?

" And still he saied, the strong thrusts weake to wall,
" When sword bore swaie, the *Monarke* should have all.
" The man of might at length shall *Monarke* bee,
" And greatest strength shall make the feeble flee.

" When straungers came in presence any wheare,
" Straunge was the talke the *Monarke* uttred than :
" He had a voice could thonder through the eare,
" And speake mutche like a merry Christmas man :
" But sure small mirthe his matter harped on.
" His forme of life who lists to look upon,
" Did shewe some witte, though follie fedde his will :
" The man is dedde, yet *Monarks* liueth still." p. 7.

A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakspeare, resembles the mortal steed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either. Steevens.

The succeeding quotations will afford some further intelligence concerning this fantastick being: " I could use an incident for this, which though it may seem of small weight, yet may it have his misterie with this act, who, being of base condition, placed himself (without any purturbation of minde) in the royall seat of Alexander, which the Chaldeans prognosticated to portend the death of Alexander.

" The actors were, that Bergamasco (for his phantastick humors) named *Monarcho*, and two of the Spanish embassadors retinue, who being about *foure and twentie yeares past*, in Paules Church in London, contended who was soveraigne of the world : the *Monarcho* maintained himself to be he, and named their king to be but his viceroy for Spain : the other two with great fury denying it. At which myself, and some of good account, now dead, wondred in respect of the subject they handled, and that want of judgment we looked not for in the Spaniards. Yet this, moreover, we noted, that notwithstanding the weight of their controversie they kept in their walk the Spanish turne ; which is, that he which goeth at the right hand, shall at every end of the walke turne in the midst ; the which place the *Monarcho* was loth to yeald (but as they compelled him, though they gave him sometimes that romthe) in respect of his supposed majestie ; but I would this were the worst of their ceremonies ; the same keeping some decorum concerning equalitie." A briefe Discourse of the Spanish State, with a Dialogue annexed, intituled Philobasilis, 4to. 1590, p. 39.

*Cost.* From my lord Birón, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.
*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away [9].
Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [*Exeunt Princess and Train.*
*Boyet.* Who is the suitor [1]? who is the suitor?
*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

The reader will pardon one further notice:

"— heere comes a souldier, for my life it is a captain Swag: tis even he indeede, I do knowe him by his plume and his scarffe; he looks like a *Monarcho* of a very cholericke complexion, and as teasty as a goose that hath young goslings," &c. *B. Riche's Faults and nothing but Faults*, p. 12. Reed.

Mr. Steevens has conjectured, that an account of Monarcho was probably contained in a poetical tract by Robert Armin, called, "The Italian Taylor and his Boy." But he was mistaken: the tract to which he has alluded, has been republished within these few years, and is on a totally different subject. Boswell.

9 — Come, lords, away.] Perhaps the princess said rather:

—— Come, *ladies*, away.

The rest of the scene deserves no care. Johnson.

1 Who is the suitor?] The old copies read—

"Who is the *shooter?*"

But it should be, Who is the *suitor?* and this occasions the quibble. "*Finely put on*," &c. seem only marginal observations.

Farmer.

It appears that *suitor* was anciently pronounced *shooter*. So, in The Puritan, 1605: the maid informs her mistress that some *archers* are come to wait on her. She supposes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-smiths:

"Enter the *suters*," &c.

"Why do you not see them before you? are not these *archers*, what do you call them, *shooters? Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope?" Steevens.

Wherever Shakspeare uses words equivocally, as in the present instance, he lays his editor under some embarrassment. When he told Ben Jonson he would stand Godfather to his child, "and give him a dozen *latten* spoons," if we write the word as we have now done, the conceit, such as it is, is lost, at least does not at once appear; if we write it *Latin*, it becomes absurd. So, in Much Ado about Nothing, Dogberry says, "if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more *reasons* in her balance." If we

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.
*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.
*Boyet.* And who is your deer[2]?
*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.
Finely put on, indeed!—
*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.
*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?
*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,

write the word thus, the constable's *equivoque*, poor as it is, is lost, at least to the eye. If we write *raisons*, (between which word and *reasons*, there was, I believe, no difference at that time of pronunciation,) we write nonsense. In the passage before us an equivoque was certainly intended; the word *shooter* and *suitor* being (as Mr. Steevens has observed) pronounced alike in Shakspeare's time. So, in Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners, by G. M. 1618: "The king's guard are counted the strongest *archers*, but here are better *suitors*." Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, edit. 1623, (owing probably to the transcriber's ear having deceived him,)—

" —— a grief that *suits*
" My very heart at root —."

instead of—a grief that *shoots*.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *suitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter*. However, I have followed the spelling of the old copy, as it is sufficiently intelligible. Malone.

[2] And who is your DEER?] Our author has the same play on this word in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V. Again, in his Venus and Adonis:

" I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my *deer*." Malone.

that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it ?

*Biron.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever[3] of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [*Singing.*
*Thou canst not hit it, my good man.*

*Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
*An I cannot, another can.*
[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant ! how both did fit it !

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark ! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady !
Let the mark have a prick in't[4], to mete at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow hand[5] ! I'faith your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout[6].

[3] —queen Guinever—] This was King Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. Mordred the Pict is supposed to have been her paramour.—See the song of The Boy and the Mantle, in Dr. Percy's Collection.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, the elder Loveless addresses Abigail, the old incontinent waiting woman, by this name. Steevens.

[4] Let the mark have a prick in't,] Thus, says the Princess Floripas in the ancient metrical romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 56:

" —— sir Gye my love so free,
" Thou kanste welle hit the *pricke ;*
" He shall make no booste in his contre,
" God gyfe him sorowe thikke." Steevens.

[5] Wide o' the bow hand !] i. e. a good deal to the left of the mark; a term still retained in modern archery. Douce.

[6] —the clout.] The *clout* was the white mark at which

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin * [7].

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily [8], your lips grow foul.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at prick, sir; challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing [9]; Good night, my good owl. [*Ex. Boyet and Maria.*

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan [1]!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear [2]!—

* So second folio; first folio and 4to. *the is in.*

archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. STEEVENS.

7 —by cleaving the PIN.] Honest Costard would have befriended Dean Milles, whose note on a song in the Pseudo-Rowley's Ella has exposed him to so much ridicule. See his book, p. 213. The present application of the word *pin*, might have led the Dean to suspect the qualities of the *basket*. But what has mirth to do with archæology? STEEVENS.

8 —you talk GREASILY,] i. e. grossly. So, in Marston's third Satire:

"—— when *greasy* Aretine,
" For his rank fico, is sirnam'd divine." STEEVENS.

9 I fear too much RUBBING;] To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling green. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment. MALONE.

1 —to bear her FAN!] See a note on Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. IV. where Nurse asks Peter for her *fan*. STEEVENS.

2 —a' will swear!—] A line following this seems to have been lost. MALONE.

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shouting within.*

[*Exit* COSTARD, *running.*

## SCENE II.

The Same.

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

*NATH.* Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*HOL.* The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood[3]; ripe as a pomewater[4], who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*[5],—the sky, the

[3] —IN SANGUIS,—blood;] The old copies read—*sanguis, in* blood. The transposition was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and is, I think, warranted by the following words, which are arranged in the same manner: "—*in* the ear of *cælo*, the sky," &c. The same expression occurs in King Henry VI. Part I:

"If we be English *deer*, be then *in blood*." MALONE.

[4] —ripe as a POMEWATER,] A species of apple formerly much esteemed. Malus Carbonaria. See Gerard's Herbal, edit. 1597, p. 1273.

Again, in the old ballad of Blew Cap for Me:

"Whose cheeks did resemble two rosting *pomewaters*."

STEEVENS.

In the first Act of The Puritan, Pyeboard says to Nicholas: "The captain loving you so dearly, aye as the *pome-water* of his eye."—Meaning the pupil, or *apple* of it, as it is vulgarly called.

M. MASON.

[5] —in the ear of CŒLO, &c.] In Florio's Italian Dictionary, *Cielo* is defined "*heaven*, the *skie*, firmament, or *welkin*," and *terra* is explained thus: "The element called *earth*; anie ground, earth, countrie,—*land*, *soile*," &c. If there was any edition of this Dictionary prior to the appearance of Love's Labour's Lost, this might add some little strength to Dr. Warburton's conjecture, that Florio was attacked under the name of Holofernes [for which see the notes at the end of this play,] though it would by no

welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head[6].

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as

means be decisive; but my edition is dated 1598, (posterior to the exhibition of his play,) and it appears to be the first.

Malone.

[6] —But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the FIRST HEAD.
——————'twas a PRICKET.] In a play called The Return from Parnassus, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages:

"*Amoretto.* I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal deer* from the *bucks of the first head*. Now, sir, a *buck* is the *first* year, a *fawn*; the *second* year, a *pricket*; the *third* year, a *sorrell*; the *fourth* year, a *soare*; the *fifth*, a *buck of the first head*; the *sixth* year, a *compleat buck*. Likewise your *hart* is the *first* year, a *calfe*; the *second* year, a *brocket*; the *third* year, a *spade*; the *fourth* year, a *stag*; the *sixth* year, a *hart*. A *roe-buck* is the *first* year, a *kid*; the *second* year, a *gird*; the *third* year, a *hemuse*; and these are your special beasts for chase."

Again, in A Christian turn'd Turk, 1612: "I am but a *pricket*, a mere sorell; my head's not harden'd yet." Steevens.

it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he[7].

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school[8]:

[7] And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which WE OF TASTE and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.] The length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The Moralities afford scenes of the like measure. JOHNSON.

The old copies read—"which we taste and feeling—." &c. I have placed Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation in the text. STEEVENS.

This stubborn piece of nonsense, as somebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it sense. I would read:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
(Which we *of* taste and feeling are) for those parts that fructify in us more than he.

*Which* in this passage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not strictly grammatical. What follows is still more irregular; for I am afraid our poet, for the sake of his rhyme, has put *he* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing prose, he would have expressed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—that do fructify in us more than *in him*. TYRWHITT.

Some examples confirming Dr. Johnson's observation may be found at the end of The Comedy of Errors.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's last observation is fully supported by a subsequent passage:

"———— and then we,
"Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of *she*."
MALONE.

[8] For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:] The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
*Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.*

*Dull.* You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

*Hol.* Dictynna[9], good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna?

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;
And raught not[1] to five weeks, when he came to fivescore.
The allusion holds in the exchange[2].

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

9 Dictynna,] Old copies—*Dictisima*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Shakspeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana, in the second Book of Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis;

"*Dictynna* garded with her traine, and proud of killing deere."

It occurs also in the first satire of Marston, 1598, and in the 9th Thebaid of Statius, 632. Steevens.

1 And raught not—] i. e. *reach'd* not. So, in The Arraignment of Paris, 1584:

"—— the fatal fruit
"*Raught* from the golden tree of Proserpine."

Steevens.

2 The allusion holds in the exchange.] i. e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when I use the name of Cain. Warburton.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have [3] call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter [4]; for it argues facility.

*The praiseful princess [5] pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;*
*Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.*
*The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;*
*Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.*
*If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L [6]!*
*Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.*

*Nath.* A rare talent!

[3] —I have —] These words were inserted by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[4] — affect the letter;] That is, I will practise alliteration. M. Mason.

To *affect* is thus used by Ben Jonson in his Discoveries:

"Spenser in *affecting* the ancients, writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius." Steevens.

[5] The praiseful princess —] This emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. The quarto 1598, and folio 1623, read corruptly—*prayful*. Malone.

The ridicule designed in this passage may not be unhappily illustrated by the alliteration in the following lines of Ulpian Fulwell, in his Commemoration of Queen Anne Bullayne, which makes part of a collection called The Flower of Fame, printed 1575:

"Whose princely *praise* hath pearst the pricke,
"And price of endless fame," &c. Steevens.

[6] — O sore L!] The old copies read—O *sorell*. The neces-

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw [7], look how he claws him with a talent [8].

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater* [9] ***; and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol. Mehercle,* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable [1], I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur:* a soul feminine saluteth us.

* First folio and 4to. *prima mater.*

sary change was made by Dr. Warburton. The allusion (as he observes) is to L, being the numeral for fifty.

This correction (says Mr. Malone,) is confirmed by the rhyme:

"A deer (he adds) during his third year is called a *sorell.*"

STEEVENS.

[7] If a TALENT be a claw, &c.] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent.* Hence the quibble here, and in Twelfth-Night, Act I. Sc. V.: "—let them use their *talents.*" So, in The First Part of the Contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster, 1600:

"Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your *talents?*"

Again, in Marlowe's Tamberlaine, 1590:

"—— and now doth ghastly death
"With greedy *tallents* gripe my bleeding heart."

MALONE.

[8] —CLAWS him with a talent.] Honest Dull quibbles. One of the senses of *to claw,* is to flatter. So, in Much Ado about Nothing: "—laugh when I am merry, and *claw* no man in his humour." STEEVENS.

[9] —*pia mater;*] See Twelfth-Night, Act I. Sc. V. STEEVENS.

*Enter* JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

*JAQ.* God give you good morrow, master person.

*HOL.* Master person,—*quasi* pers-on[2]. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*COST.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

*HOL.* Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

*JAQ.* Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

*HOL. Fauste, precor gelidâ*[3] *quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

[1] —if their daughters be CAPABLE, &c.] Of this *double entendre*, despicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themselves, in their unsuccessful comedy called Three Hours after Marriage. STEEVENS.

*Capable* is used equivocally. One of its senses was *reasonable;* endowed with a ready capacity to learn. So, in King Richard III.:

"O 'tis a parlous boy,
"Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable.*"

The other wants no explanation. MALONE.

[2] —*quasi* PERS-ON.] So, in Holinshed, p. 953: "Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garrard was *person* of Honie-lane." Again, in The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell, 1560:

"And send such whens home to our *person* or vicar."

I believe, however, we should write the word—pers-*one.* The same play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falstaff.* STEEVENS.

The words *one* and *on* were, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at least in some counties, in our author's time; the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Steevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now stands. In the same style afterwards Moth says: "Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is *wit-old.*

*Person*, as Sir William Blackstone observes in his Commentaries, is the original and proper term; *Persona* ecclesiæ. MALONE.

*Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

*— Vinegia, Vinegia,*
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia*[4].

[3] Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ*—] Though all the editions concur to give this speech to Sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniously observed to me, it is evident it must belong to *Holofernes*. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verse by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus (sirnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century. Theobald.

A note of La Monnoye's on these very words in Les Contes des Periers, Nov. 42, will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew how well Shakspeare sustained the character of his pedant.—"Il designé le Carme Baptiste Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16 siecle on lisoit publiquement à Paris les Poesies; si celebres alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnabe, dans sa preface sur Martial, les Pedans ne faisoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le *Arma virumque cano*, le *Fauste precor gelidâ*; c'est-a-dire, à l'Eneide de Virgil les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere desquelles commence par, *Fauste, precor gelidâ*." Warburton.

The Eclogues of Mantuanus the Carmelite were translated before the time of Shakspeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page, for the use of schools. In the year 1594 they were also versified by Turberville. Steevens.

From a passage in Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Penniless, 1593, the Eclogues of Mantuanus appear to been a school-book in our author's time: "With the first and second leafe he plaies very prettilie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdits *Pierce Pennilesse* for *a grammar-school wit;* saies, his margine is as deeply learned as *Fauste precor gelidâ*." So, in Drayton's Epistle to Henry Reynolds, 1627:

"And when that once pueriles I had read,
"And newly had my Cato construed,
"In my small self I greatly marvelled then,
"Amongst all other what strange kind of men
"Those poets were: and pleased with the name,
"To my mild tutor merrily I came.
* * * * * * *
"——— when shortly he began,
"And first read to me honest Mantuan."

The translation of Mantuanus by George Turberville was printed in 8vo. in 1567. Malone.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa* [5].—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

*Nath. If love make me forsworn*[6], *how shall I swear to love?*
*Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!*
*Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;*
*Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.*

[4] —— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*] Our author is applying the praises of Mantuanus to a common proverbial sentence, said of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem. Theobald.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this:—He that sees Venice little, values it much; he that sees it much, values it little. But I suppose Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not serve the speaker's purpose. Johnson.

The proverb stands thus in Howell's Letters, b. i. sect. i. l. 36:

"*Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,*
"*Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto le dispregia.*"
"Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize;
"Who thee hath seen too much, will thee despise."

The players in their edition, have thus printed the first line. *Vemchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche.*

Mr. Malone observes that "the editor of the first folio here, as in many other instances, implicitly copied the preceding quarto. The text was corrected by Mr. Theobald." Steevens.

Our author, I believe, found this Italian proverb in Florio's Second Frutes, 4to. 1591, where it stands thus:

"*Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;*
"*Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.*" Malone.

[5] *Ut, re, sol,* &c.] He hums the notes of the gamut, as Edmund does in King Lear, Act I. Sc. II. where see Dr. Burney's note. Douce.

[6] If love make me forsworn, &c.] These verses are printed with

*Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;*
*Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:*
*If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;*
*Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;*
*All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;*
*(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)*
*Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,*
*Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire*[7].
*Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,*
*That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!*

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified[8]; but, for the elegancy, some variations in a book entitled The Passionate Pilgrim, 8vo. 1599. Malone.

[7] — thy VOICE his dreadful THUNDER,
Which, not to anger bent, is MUSICK and sweet fire.] So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" —— his *voice* was *propertied*
" As all the *tuned spheres*, and that to friends;
" But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,
" He was as ratling *thunder*." Malone.

[8] — Here are only numbers ratified;] Though this speech has all along been placed to Sir Nathaniel, I have ventured to join it to the preceding words of Holofernes; and not without reason. The speaker here is impeaching the verses; but Sir Nathaniel, as it appears above, thought them learned ones: besides, as Dr. Thirlby observes, almost every word of this speech fathers itself on the pedant. So much for the regulation of it: now, a little to the contents.

facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse[9] his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron[1], one of the strange queen's lords.

"And why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of *invention imitary* is nothing."

Sagacity with a vengeance! I should be ashamed to own myself a piece of a scholar, to pretend to the task of an editor, and to pass such stuff as this upon the world for genuine. Who ever heard of *invention imitary*? Invention and imitation have ever been accounted two distinct things. The speech is by a pedant, who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongst his English; and he is here flourishing upon the merit of invention, beyond that of imitation, or copying after another. My correction makes the whole so plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries conviction along with it. Theobald.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of Shakspeare. The author of Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority, 1607, takes particular notice of it:

"I remember about the year 1602, many used this skew kind of language, which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, whom Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, king of Egypt, brought for a spectacle, half white and half black." Steevens.

[9] —the TIRED horse—] The *tired* horse was the horse *adorned with ribbands*,—the famous *Bankes's horse* so often alluded to. Lyly, in his Mother Bombie, brings in a Hackneyman and Mr. Half-penny at cross-purposes with this word: "Why didst thou boare the horse through the eares?"—"It was for *tiring*." "He would never *tire*," replies the other. Farmer.

So, in Marston's Antonio and Mellida, Part II. 1602:

"Slink to thy chamber then and *tyre* thee."

Again, in What You Will, by Marston, 1607:

"My love hath *tyred* some fidler like Albano." Malone.

[1] Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,] Shakspeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said, just before, that the letter had been "sent to her from *Don Armatho*, and given to her by Costard." M. Mason.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing [2] to the person written unto:

*Your Ladyship's in all desired employment*, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet [3]; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours [4]. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain

[2] —WRITING—] Old copies *written*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The first five lines of this speech were restored to the right owner by Mr. Theobald. Instead of *Sir Nathaniel* the old copies have—*Sir Holofernes*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[3] —TRIP AND GO, my sweet;] Perhaps originally the burthen of a song. So, in Summer's Last Will and Testament, by Nashe, 1600:

" *Trip and go*, heave and hoe,
" Up and down, to and fro —." MALONE.

These words are certainly part of an old popular song. There is an ancient musical medley beginning—*Trip and go hey!* RITSON.

[4] — colourable colours.] That is, specious or fair seeming appearances. JOHNSON.

pupil of mine; where if, before repast [5], it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too: for society, (saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes [6], the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To* Dull,] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

### Another part of the Same.

*Enter Biron, with a paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch [7]; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me [8], I a sheep:

[5] — before repast,] Thus the quarto. Folio—*being* repast. Malone.

[6] — certes,] i. e. certainly, in truth. So, in Chaucer's Wif of Bathes Tale, v. 6790:

" And *certes*, sire, though non auctoritee
" Were in no book," &c. Steevens.

[7] — I am toiling in a pitch;] Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty. Johnson.

[8] — this love is as mad as Ajax; it kills sheep; it kills me,] This is given as a proverb in Fuller's Gnomologia. Ritson.

Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye, —by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a tree.*

*Enter the* KING, *with a paper.*

*King.* Ah me!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith secrets.—

*King.* [*Reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*
*To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,*
*As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote*
*The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows*[9]:
*Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,*
*Through the transparent bosom of the deep,*
*As doth thy face through tears*[1] *of mine give light;*
*Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:*

9 *The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:*] This phrase, however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks*. Shakspeare, in one of his other pieces, uses *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at present recollect in which. STEEVENS.

1 *Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,*
*Through the transparent bosom of the deep,*
*As doth thy face through tears*—] So, in our poet's Venus and Adonis:

*No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,*
*So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;*
*Do but behold the tears that swell in me,*
*And they thy glory through my grief will show:*
*But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep*
*My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.*
*O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!*
*No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.*—
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

*Enter* LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

*Biron.* Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear! [*Aside.*

*Long.* Ah me! I am forsworn.

*Biron.* Why, he comes in like a perjure[2], wearing papers. [*Aside.*

*King.* In love, I hope[3]; Sweet fellowship in shame! [*Aside.*

*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aside.*

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

"But hers, which *through the crystal tears gave light*,
"Shone, *like the moon in water*, seen by night." MALONE.

[2] —he comes in like a perjure,] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. JOHNSON.

Thus, Holinshed, p. 838, speaking of Cardinal Wolsey: "—he so punished a perjurie with open punishment, and *open papers wearing*, that in his time it was less used."

Again, in Leicester's Commonwealth:—"the gentlemen were all taken and cast into prison, and afterwards were set down to Ludlow, there to *wear papers of perjury*." STEEVENS.

[3] In love, I hope; &c.] In the old copy this line is given to Longaville. The present regulation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

*Long.* I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop[4].

*Long.* This same shall go.—

[*He reads the sonnet.*

*Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye*
*('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)*
*Persuade my heart to this false perjury?*
*Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.*
*A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,*
*Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:*
*My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;*

[4] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his SLOP.] The old copies read—*shop.*
STEEVENS.

All the editions happen to concur in this error: but what agreement in sense is there between Cupid's *hose* and his *shop?* or what relation can those two terms have to one another? or, what, indeed, can be understood by Cupid's *shop?* It must undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text.

*Slops* are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and sea-faring men: and we have dealers, whose sole business it is to furnish the sailors with shirts, jackets, &c. who are called *slop-men*, and their shops, *slop-shops*. THEOBALD.

I suppose this alludes to the usual tawdry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. In an old translation of Casa's Galateo is this precept: "Thou must wear no garments, that be over much daubed with *garding:* that men may not say, thou hast *Ganimedes* hosen, or *Cupides* doublet." FARMER.

*Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*
*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:*
*Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,*
*Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:*
*If broken then, it is no fault of mine;*
*If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,*
*To lose an oath to win a paradise*[5]*?*

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein[6], which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

*Enter Dumain, with a paper.*

*Long.* By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Stepping aside.*

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid[7], an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish[8]!

*Dum.* O most divine Kate!

*Biron.* O most prophane coxcomb!

[*Aside.*

[5] *To* LOSE *an oath to win a paradise?*] The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599, in which this sonnet is also found, reads—To *break* an oath. But the opposition between *lose* and *win* is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

[6] —the liver vein,] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

So, in Much Ado about Nothing:

"If ever *love* had interest in his *liver*." STEEVENS.

[7] All hid, all hid,] The children's cry at *hide and seek*. MUSGRAVE.

[8] —four WOODCOCKS in a dish!] See note on Much Ado about Nothing, Act V. Sc. I. DOUCE.

*Dum.* By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
*Biron.* By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie [9]. [*Aside.*
*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted [1].
*Biron.* An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*

9 By earth, she is BUT corporal; there you lie.] Old edition:
"By earth, she is *not*, *corporal*, there you lie."

Dumain, one of the lovers, in spite of his vow to the contrary, thinking himself alone here, breaks out into short soliloquies of admiration on his mistress; and Biron, who stands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleasure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumain was a young lord; he had no sort of post in the army: what wit, or allusion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him *corporal?* I dare warrant, I have restored the poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his mistress divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye; and Biron in flat terms denies these hyperbolical praises. I scarce need hint, that our poet commonly uses *corporal*, as *corporeal*. THEOBALD.

I have no doubt that Theobald's emendation is right.

The word *corporal* in Shakspeare's time, was used for *corporeal*. So, in Macbeth:—"each *corporal* agent."

Again:

"—— and what seem'd *corporal*, melted
"As breath into the wind."

Again, in Julius Cæsar:

"His *corporal* motion govern'd by my spirit."

This adjective is found in Bullokar's Expositor, 8vo. 1616, but *corporeal* is not.

*Not* is again printed for *but* in the original copy of The Comedy of Errors, and in other places. MALONE.

1 —amber COTED.] To *cote* is to outstrip, to overpass. So, in Hamlet:

"—— certain players
"We *coted* on the way."

Again, in Chapman's Homer:

"—— Words her worth had prov'd with deeds,
"Had more ground been allow'd the race, and *coted* for his steeds."

The beauty of *amber* consists in its variegated *cloudiness*, which Dumain calls *foulness*. The hair of his mistress in varied shadows exceeded those of amber. *Foul* may be used (as *fair* often is) as a substantive. Pliny in his Nat. Hist. b. xxxvii. ch. xi. p. 609, informs us that "Nero Domitius made a sonnet in the praise of

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.
*Biron.* Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*
*Dum.* As fair as day.
*Biron.* Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*
*Dum.* O that I had my wish!
*Long.* And I had mine! [*Aside.*
*King.* And I* mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*
*Biron.* Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*
*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood [2], and will remember'd be.
*Biron.* A fever in your blood, why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers [3]; Sweet misprision! [*Aside.*

* First folio and quarto omit *I.*

the haire of the Empresse Poppæa his wife, which he compared to *amber;* and from that time our daintie dames and fine ladies have begun to set their mind upon this colour," &c. STEEVENS.

*Quoted* here, I think, signifies *marked, written down.* So, in All's Well that Ends well:

" He's *quoted* for a most perfidious knave."

The word in the old copy is—*coted;* but that (as Dr. Johnson has observed in the last scene of this play) is only the old spelling of *quoted,* owing to the transcriber's trusting to his ear, and following the pronunciation. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, p. 45, n. 2:

" *Thu.* How *quote* you my folly?
" *Val.* I *quote* it in your jerkin."

To *cote,* is elsewhere used by our author, with the signification of *over-take,* but that will by no means suit here. MALONE.

The word here intended, though mispelled, is *quoted,* which signifies *observed* or *regarded,* both here and in every place where it occurs in these plays; and the meaning is, that—amber itself is regarded as foul when compared with her hair. M. MASON.

[2] —but a fever she
Reigns IN MY BLOOD,] So, in Hamlet:
" For, like the hectic, *in my blood* he rages." STEEVENS.

[3] —— why, then INCISION
Would let her out in saucers;] It was the fashion among the

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

*Biron.* Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

*Dum. On a day, (alack the day!)*
*Love, whose month is ever May,*
*Spied a blossom, passing fair,*
*Playing in the wanton air:*
*Through the velvet leaves the wind,*
*All unseen, 'gan passage find*[4];
*That the lover, sick to death,*
*Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.*
*Air*, quoth he, *thy cheeks may blow;*
*Air, would I might triumph so*[5]*!*
*But alack, my hand is sworn*[6],
*Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn*[7]*:*

young gallants of that age, to stab themselves in the arms, or elsewhere, in order to drink their mistress's health, or write her name in their blood, as a proof their passion.

Thus, in The Humorous Lieutenant, a gentleman gives the following description of him, when in love with the King:

"Thus he begins, though light and life of creatures,
"Angel-ey'd king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;
"And so proceeds to *incision*."

But the custom is more particularly described in Johnson's Cynthia's Revels, where Phantaste, describing the different modes of making love, says:—"A fourth with *stabbing* himself, and *drinking healths*, or *writing languishing letters in his blood*."—And in the Palinode, at the end of the play, Amorphus says: "From *stabbing of arms*, &c. Good Mercury deliver us!"

M. Mason.

4 —'gan *passage find;*] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, have—*can*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the line next but one, *Wish* (the reading of the old copies) was corrected by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

5 Air, *would I might triumph so!*] Perhaps we may better read:
"*Ah!* would I might triumph so!" Johnson.

6 —*my hand* is *sworn*,] A copy of this sonnet is printed in England's Helicon, 1614, and reads:
"But, alas! my hand *hath* sworn."
It is likewise printed as Shakspeare's, in Jaggard's Collection 1599. Steevens.

*Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;*
*Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.*
*Do not call it sin in me,*
*That I am forsworn for thee :*
*Thou for whom even Jove would swear*[8],
*Juno but an Ethiop were ;*
*And deny himself for Jove,*
*Turning mortal for thy love.*—
This will I send ; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain[9].
O, would the King, Birón, and Longaville,
Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long.* Dumain, [*advancing*,] thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society :
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

*King.* Come, sir, [*advancing*,] you blush; as his your case is such ;
You chide at him, offending twice as much :

[7] —*from thy* THORN:] So, Mr. Pope. The original copies read—*throne*. MALONE.

[8] —EVEN *Jove would swear*,] The word *even* has been supplied ; and the two preceding lines are wanting in the copy published in England's Helicon, 1614. STEEVENS.

*Swear* is here used as a dissyllable. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—*ev'n* Jove, which has been adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

I have endeavoured to shew in the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification, that the word inserted by Mr. Pope was unnecessary, without having recourse to Mr. Malone's suggestion of making *swear* a dissyllable. BOSWELL.

I would willingly abandon the adoption, if I could read the line without it, and persuade myself that I was reading a verse. But when was *swear* ever used as a dissyllable, at the end of a verse ? STEEVENS.

[9] — my true love's FASTING pain.] *Fasting* is *longing, hungry, wanting*. JOHNSON.

You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs [1] were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To* LONG.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To* DUMAIN.
What will Birón say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear [2]?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:
[*Descends from the tree.*

[1] ONE, her hairs —] The folio reads—*On* her hairs, &c. I some years ago conjectured that we should read—*One*, her hairs were gold, &c. i. e. the hairs of *one* of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the *other* as clear as crystal. The King is speaking of the panegyricks pronounced by the two lovers on their mistresses. On examining the first quarto, 1598, I have found my conjecture confirmed; for so it reads. *One* and *on* are frequently confounded in the old copies of our author's plays. See a note on King John, Act III. Sc. III. MALONE.

[2] A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?] The repeated article *A* (which is wanting in the oldest copy) appears to have been judiciously restored by the editor of the folio 1632. At least, I shall adopt his supplement, till some hardy critick arises and declares himself satisfied with the following line:

"Faith infring*ed*, which such *zeal* did swear?"

in which "ze—al" must be employed as a dissyllable. See Mr. Malone's note, p. 372. STEEVENS.

See the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL.

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving [3], that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches [4]; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote*; the king your mote* did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen [5]!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat [6]!

* First folio and quarto, *moth*.

[3] These WORMS for loving,] So, in The Tempest, Prospero addressing Miranda, says—

"Poor *worm*, thou art infected." STEEVENS.

[4] Your eyes do make no COACHES;] Alluding to a passage in the king's sonnet:

"No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee." STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*couches*. Mr. Pope corrected it. MALONE.

[5] — TEEN!] i. e. grief. So, in The Tempest:

"To think o' the *teen* that I have turn'd you to."

STEEVENS.

[6] To see a king transformed to a GNAT!] Mr. Theobald and the succeeding editors read—to a *knot*. MALONE.

*Knot* has no sense that can suit this place. We may read—*sot*. The rhymes in this play are such as that *sat* and *sot* may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

A *knot* is, I believe, a *true lover's knot*, meaning that the king laid—

"——his wreathed arms athwart
"His loving bosom—"

so long; i. e. remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *sat* is in some counties pronounced *sot*. This may account for the seeming want of exact rhyme.

In the old comedy of Albumazar, the same thought occurs:

"Why should I twine my arms to *cables?*"

So, in The Tempest:

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune * a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with theb oys,
And critick Timon [7] laugh at idle toys!

* First folio, *tuning*.

" ——— sitting,
" His arms in this sad *knot*."

Again, in Titus Andronicus:

" Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen *knot*:
" Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
" And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
" With folded arms."

Again, in The Raging Turk, 1631:

" —— as he walk'd,
" Folding his arms up in a pensive *knot*."

The old copy, however, reads—a *gnat*, and Mr. Tollet seems to think it contains an allusion to St. Matthew, xxiii. 24, where the metaphorical term of *a gnat* means a thing of least importance, or what is proverbially small. The smallness of a *gnat* is likewise mentioned in Cymbeline. STEEVENS.

A *knott* is likewise a Lincolnshire bird of the snipe kind. It is foolish even to a proverb, and it is said to be easily ensnared. Ray, in his Ornithology, observes, that it took its name from Canute, who was particularly fond of it. COLLINS.

So, in The Alchemist:

" My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, &c.
" *Knotts*, godwits," &c.

Again, in the 25th song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

" The *knot* that called was Canutus' bird of old,
" Of that great king of Danes his name that still doth hold,
" His appetite to please that far and near were sought."

STEEVENS.

" To see a king transformed to a *gnat*!" Alluding to the singing of that insect, suggested by the poetry the king had been detected in. HEATH.

The original reading, and Mr. Heath's explanation of it, are confirmed by a passage in Spenser's Fairy Queene, b. ii. c. ix.:

" As when a swarme of *gnats* at even tide
" Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
" Their *murmuring* small *trompettes sounden* wide," &c.

MALONE.

*Gnat* is undoubtedly the true reading, and is that, it seems, of the old copy. Biron is abusing the King for his sonnetting like a minstrel, and compares him to a *gnat*, which always sings as it flies. Besides, the word *gnat* preserves the rhyme, which is here to be attended to. M. MASON.

Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle *, ho!

*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy [8].

* First folio, *candle*.

[7] — CRITICK Timon —] *Critic* and *critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. Iago, speaking of the fair sex as harshly as is sometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's observation is supported by our author's 112th Sonnet:

"——my adder's sense
"To *critick* and to *flatterer* stopped are." MALONE.

[8] With MOON-like men, of strange inconstancy.] The old copy reads—"*men*-like men." STEEVENS.

This is a strange senseless line, and should be read thus:

"With *vane*-like men of strange inconstancy."

WARBURTON.

This is well imagined, but the poet perhaps may mean—with men like *common* men. JOHNSON.

The following passage in K. Henry VI. P. III. adds some support to Dr. Warburton's conjecture:

"Look, as I blow this *feather* from my face,
"And as the air blows it to me again,
"Obeying with my *wind* when I do blow,
"And yielding to another when it blows,
"Commanded always by the greatest gust;
"Such is the lightness of your common *men*."

*Strange*, which is not in the quarto or first folio, was added by the editor of the second folio, and consequently any other word as well as that may have been the author's; for all the additions in that copy were manifestly arbitrary, and are generally injudicious. MALONE.

Slight as the authority of the second folio is here represented to be, who will venture to displace *strange*, and put any other word in its place? STEEVENS.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me[9]? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state[1], a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

*King.* Soft; Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.*

*Jaq.* God bless the king!

*King.* What present hast thou there?

*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.* What makes treason here?

I agree with the editors in considering this passage as erroneous, but not in the amendment proposed. That which I would suggest is, to read *moon-like*, instead of *men-like*, which is a more poetical expression, and nearer to the old reading than *vane-like*.

M. Mason.

I have not scrupled to place this happy emendation in the text: remarking at the same time that a *vane* is no where styled *inconstant*, although our author bestows that epithet on the *moon* in Romeo and Juliet:

"——the *inconstant moon*
"That monthly changes—."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"——now from head to foot
"I am marble-*constant*, now the *fleeting moon*
"No planet is of mine." Steevens.

Again, more appositely, in As You Like It: "—being but a *moonish* youth, changeable,"—*inconstant*, &c. Malone.

[9] In PRUNING me?] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers. So, in King Henry IV. P. I.:

"Which makes him *prune* himself, and bristle up
"The crest of youth—." Steevens.

[1] —a gait, a STATE,] *State*, I believe, in the present instance, is opposed to gait (i. e. the motion,) and signifies the act of *standing*. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Her motion and her *station* are as one." Steevens.

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
*King.* If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.
*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson [2] misdoubts it; 'twas * treason, he said.
*King.* Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*
Where had'st thou it?
*Jaq.* Of Costard.
*King.* Where had'st thou it?
*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
*King.* How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.
*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
*Dum.* It is Birón's writing, and here is his name.
[*Picks up the pieces.*
*Biron.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*To Costard,*] you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
*King.* What?
*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, my liege, and I †,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
*Dum.* Now the number is even.
*Biron.* True, true; we are four:—

* First folio, *it was.*

† Folio and 4to.—He, he, *and you:* and you, my liege, and I.

[2] Our PARSON —] Here, as in a former instance, in the authentick copies of this play, this word is spelt *person;* but there being no reason for adhering here to the old spelling, the modern is preferred. MALONE.

Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, sirs; away.

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face *;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were † born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east [3],
Bows not his vassal head; and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star [4], scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón [5]:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

* First folio, heaven *will* show his face. † First folio, *are.*

[3] —the gorgeous east,] Milton has transplanted this into the third line of the second book of Paradise Lost:

"Or where *the gorgeous east* —." Steevens.

[4] She, an attending star,] Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion:

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fye, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs[6];
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine[7]!
A wife of such wood were felicity.

" You meaner beauties of the night,
" That poorly satisfy our eyes,
" More by your number than your light,
" You common people of the skies,
" What are you when the sun shall rise?" JOHNSON.

" —— Micat inter omnes
" Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
" Luna minores." *Hor.* MALONE.

[5] My eyes are then no eyes, nor I BIRÓN:] Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of *Birón* is accented on the second syllable. In the first quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, he is always called *Berowne*. From the line before us it appears, that in our author's time the name was pronounced *Biroon*. MALONE.

This was the mode in which all French words of this termination were pronounced in English. Mr. Fox always in the House of Commons said Touloon when speaking of Toulon. BOSWELL.

[6] To things of SALE a seller's PRAISE belongs;] So, in our author's 21st Sonnet:

" I will not *praise*, that purpose not to *sell*." MALONE.

[7] Is ebony like her? O WOOD divine!] *Word* is the reading of all the editions that I have seen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurr'd in reading (as I had likewise conjectured):

—— *O wood* divine! THEOBALD.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black[8].

*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night[9];
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well[1].

*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

8 —— beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.] So, in our poet's 132d Sonnet:

" —— those two *mourning* eyes become thy face:—
" O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
" To mourn for me;—
" Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
" And all they foul, that thy complexion lack."

See also his 127th Sonnet. Malone.

9 — Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;] In former editions:

—— the *school* of night.

*Black* being the *school* of night, is a piece of mystery above my comprehension. I had guessed it should be:

—— the *stole* of night,

But I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr. Warburton, who reads:

—— the *scowl* of night,

as it comes nearer in pronunciation to the corrupted reading, as well as agrees better with the other images. Theobald.

In our author's 148th Sonnet we have—

" Who art as *black* as *hell*, as *dark* as night." Malone.

1 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.] *Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. *Black*, says the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. Johnson.

" And beauty's *crest* becomes the heavens well," i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmost degree of fairness, becomes the heavens. So the word *crest* is explained by the poet himself in King John:

" —— this is the very *top*,
" The *height*, the *crest*, or *crest* unto the *crest*
" Of murder's arms."

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair[2],
Should ravish doters with a false aspéct;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

*Long.* And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*King.* 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakspeare therefore assumes the liberty to use it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*, as he has used *spire* in Coriolanus:

"—— to the *spire* and top of praises vouch'd."

So, in Timon of Athens: "—the *cap* of all the fools alive" is the top of them all, because *cap* was the uppermost part of a man's dress. Tollet.

Ben Jonson, in Love's Triumph through Calipolis, a Masque, says:

"To you that are by excellence a queen,
"The *top of beauty*," &c.

Again, in The Mirror of Knighthood, P. I. ch. xiv.:

"—in the *top and pitch of all beauty*, so that theyr matches are not to bee had." Steevens.

[2] — AND usurping hair,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Usurping hair* alludes to the fashion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men.

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

*Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [*Showing his shoe.*

*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

*Dum.* O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

*King.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?

*Biron.* O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets [3], how to cheat the devil.

*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.

*Biron.* O, tis more then need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms [4]:
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

The sentiments here uttered by Biron, may be found, in nearly the same words, in our author's 127th Sonnet. Malone.

[3] — some QUILLETS,] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est*:—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. Warburton.

[4] — affection's men at arms:] *A man at arms*, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *Ye soldiers of affection*. Johnson.

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn [5] his book:
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive?
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up [6]
The nimble spirits in the arteries [7];
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye [8]?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.

[5] — HATH forsworn —] Old copies—*have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[6] — PRISONS up —] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—*poisons* up. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. A passage in King John may add some support to it:

" Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy,
" Had bak'd thy blood, and made it *heavy*, *thick*,
" Which else *runs tickling* up and down the veins," &c.

MALONE.

[7] The nimble spirits in the ARTERIES;] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name, which is derived from αερα τηρειν. WARBURTON.

[8] Teaches such BEAUTY as a woman's eye?] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of *beauty* than any author. JOHNSON.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves [9],
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books [1];
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such firy numbers [2], as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors [3] have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain [4];
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;

9 With ourselves,] This hemistich, which is found both in the first 4to. and first folio, is omitted in all the modern editions. Mr. Capell has gone much further, and has cut out no less than fourteen lines of this speech. BOSWELL.

1 — our BOOKS;] i. e. our true *books*, from which we derive most information;—the *eyes* of women. MALONE.

2 In LEADEN contemplation, have found out
Such FIRY NUMBERS,] *Numbers* are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. Could you, says Biron, by solitary contemplation have attained such poetical *fire*, such spritely *numbers*, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty? JOHNSON.

"In *leaden* contemplation," So in Milton's Il Penseroso:

"With a sad, *leaden*, downward cast."

Again, in Gray's Hymn to Adversity:

"With *leaden* eye that loves the ground." STEEVENS.

3 Of BEAUTEOUS tutors —] Old copies—*beauty's*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

4 Other slow arts entirely KEEP the brain;] As we say, *keep* the house, or *keep* their bed. M. MASON.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd [5];
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled [6] snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides [7]?

[5] — the suspicious head of THEFT is stopp'd;] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a *thief* (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. WARBURTON.

"The *suspicious head* of theft is the *head suspicious* of theft." "He watches like one that fears robbing," says Speed, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona. This transposition of the adjective is sometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in Damon and Pythias:

"A *heavy* pouch *with golde* makes a light hart."

FARMER.

The *thief* is as watchful on his part, as the person who fears to be robbed, and Biron poetically makes *theft* a person. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason might have countenanced his explanation, by a passage in The Third Part of King Henry VI.:

"*Suspicion* always haunts the guilty mind:
"The *thief* doth fear each bush an officer:"

and yet my opinion concurs with that of Dr. Farmer; though his explanation is again controverted, by a writer who signs himself *Lucius* in The Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786: "The *suspicious head of theft* (says he) is the suspicious head of *the thief*. There is no man who listens so eagerly as a *thief*, or whose ears are so acutely upon the stretch." STEEVENS.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. MALONE.

[6] — cockled —] i. e. inshelled, like the fish called a *cockle*. STEEVENS.

[7] Still climbing trees in the HESPERIDES?] Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the *Hesperides*," and seems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we say, the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, &c.

Our poet's contemporaries, I have lately observed, are chargeable with the same inaccuracy. So, in Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, by Robert Greene, 1598:

Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair [8];
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony [9].

"Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,
"Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
"That watch'd *the garden*, call'd *Hesperides*."

The word may have been used in the same sense in The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, a poem, 1597:

"And, like the dragon of the *Hesperides*,
"Shutteth the garden's gate—." MALONE.

[8] As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;] This expression, like that other in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, of—

"Orpheus' harp was strung with poet's sinews,"

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair means no more than strung with gilded wire. WARBURTON.

"—— as sweet, and musical,
"As bright Apollo's lute, *strung with his hair*."

The author of the Revisal supposes this expression to be allegorical, p. 138: "Apollo's lute strung with sunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute *strung with sunbeams?* Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal sense; and in the style of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very same sort of conception occurs in Lyly's Mydas, a play which most probably preceded Shakspeare's. Act V. Sc. I. Pan tells Apollo: "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the *strings of Daphne's haire*, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes," &c. T. WARTON.

Lyly's Mydas, quoted by Mr. Warton, was published in 1592. The same thought occurs in How to Chuse a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602:

"Hath he not torn those gold wires from thy head,
"Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,
"And kept them to play musick to the gods?"

Again, in Storer's Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey, a poem, 1599:

"With whose hart-strings Amphion's lute is strung,
"And Orpheus' harp hangs warbling at his tongue."

STEEVENS.

[9] And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with THE harmony.] This nonsense we should read and point thus:

"And when love speaks the voice of all the gods,
"*Mark*, heaven drowsy with the harmony."

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the gods. Alluding to that ancient theogony, that love was the parent and support of all the gods. Hence, as Suidas tells us, Palæphatus wrote a poem called Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἔρωτος φωνὴ καὶ λόγος, The Voice and Speech of Venus and Love, which appears to have been a kind of cosmogony, the harmony of which is so great, that it calms and allays all kinds of disorders: alluding again to the ancient use of music, which was to compose monarchs, when, by reason of the cares of empires, they used to pass whole nights in restless inquietude. WARBURTON.

The ancient reading is—

"*Make* heaven ———." JOHNSON.

I cannot find any reason for Dr. Warburton's emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by his critick. The former reading, with the slight addition of a single letter, was, perhaps, the true one. "When love speaks," says Biron, "the assembled gods reduce the element of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator."

Mr. Collins observes that the meaning of the passage may be this:—That the voice of all the gods united, could inspire only drowsiness, when compared with the cheerful effects of the voice of Love. That sense is sufficiently congruous to the rest of the speech: and much the same thought occurs in The Shepherd Arsileus' Reply to Syrenus' Song, by Bar. Yong; published in England's Helicon, 1600:

"Unlesse mild *Love* possesse your amorous breasts,
"If you sing not to him, your songs *do wearie*."

Dr. Warburton has raised the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which, I believe, he was not possessed; but should either of these explanations prove the true one, I shall offer no apology for having made him stoop from the critick's elevation. I would, however, read:

"*Makes* heaven drowsy with *its* harmony."

Though the words *mark!* and *behold!* are alike used to bespeak or summon attention, yet the former of them appears so harsh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line several times over before I perceived its meaning. To *speak* the *voice* of the gods, appears to me as defective in the same way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on All's Well that Ends Well, observes, that to *speak a sound* is a *barbarism*. To *speak a voice* is, I think, no less reprehensible. STEEVENS.

The meaning is,—whenever love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.

**O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,**
**And plant in tyrants mild humility.**

"*Makes* heaven drowsy with the harmony." The old copies read *make*. The alteration was made by Sir T. Hanmer. More correct writers than Shakspeare often fall into this inaccuracy when a noun of multitude has preceded the verb. In a former part of this speech the same errour occurs:

"—*each* of you *have* forsworn—."

So, in Twelfth-Night: "—for every *one* of these *letters are* in my name."

Again, in King Henry V.:

"The *venom* of such *looks*, we fairly hope,
"*Have* lost their quality."

Again, in Julius Cæsar:

"The *posture* of your *blows are* yet unknown."

Again, more appositely, in King John:

"How oft the *sight* of *means* to do ill deeds
"*Make* ill deeds done."

So, Marlowe, in his Hero and Leander:

"The *outside* of her *garments were* of lawn."

See, also, the sacred writings: "The *number* of the *names* together *were* about an hundred and twenty." *Acts* i. 15.

MALONE.

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

"And when love speaks (the voice of all) the gods
"Make heaven drowsy with thy harmony."

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in Timon, is said *to speak with every tongue*; and *the gods* (being drowsy themselves *with the harmony*) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakspeare of having read Pindar, one should say, that the idea of music making the hearers drowsy, was borrowed from the first Pythian. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental transposition. We may read, as, I think, some one has proposed before:

"The voice *makes* all the gods
"*Of* heaven drowsy with the harmony." FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowsy, the present commentator might infer from the effect it usually produces on himself. In Cinthia's Revenge, 1613, however, is an instance which should weigh more with the reader:

"Howl forth some ditty, that vast hell may ring
"With charms all potent, earth *asleep to bring*."

Again, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"—— music call, and strike more dead,
"Than common *sleep*, of all these five the sense."

STEEVENS.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive[1]:
They sparkle till the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men[2];

So, also, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

" —— softly pray;
" Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
" Unless some dull and favourable hand
" Will whisper *musick* to my wearied spirit."

Again, in Pericles, 1609:

" —— Most *heavenly musick!*
" It nips me into listening, and *thick slumber*
" Hangs on mine eyes.—Let me rest." MALONE.

[1] From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:] In this speech I suspect a more than common instance of the inaccuracy of the first publishers:

" From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:"

and several other lines, are as unnecessarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verses, which Dr. Johnson has since inserted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his revisal. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

This and the two following lines are omitted by Warburton, not from inadvertency, but because they are repeated in a subsequent part of the speech. There are also some other lines repeated in the like manner. But we are not to conclude from thence, that any of these lines ought to be struck out. Biron repeats the principal topicks of his argument, as preachers do their text, in order to recall the attention of the auditors to the subject of their discourse. M. MASON.

[2] —a word that loves all men;] We should read;

—— a word all *women* love.

The following line:

" Or for men's sake (the authors of *these* women;)"

which refers to this reading, puts it out of all question.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might read thus, transposing the lines:

" Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;

Or for men's sake, the authors [3] of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them, lords [4];
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them [5].

" For women's sake, by whom we men are men;
" Or for men's sake, the authors of these women."

The antithesis of *a word that all men love*, and *a word which loves all men*, though in itself worth little, has much of the spirit of this play. Johnson.

There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to, " men's sakes, the authors of these *words*. Farmer.

I think no alteration should be admitted in these four lines, that destroys the artificial structure of them, in which, as has been observed by the author of The Revisal, the word which terminates every line is prefixed to the word *sake* in that immediately following. Tollet.

" —a word that loves all men;" i. e. that is pleasing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time:—*it likes me well*, for *it pleases me*. Shakspeare uses the word thus licentiously, merely for the sake of the antithesis. *Men* in the following line are with sufficient propriety said to be authors of women, and these again of men, the aid of both being necessary to the continuance of human kind. There is surely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been proposed to be made in these lines. Malone.

[3] —the AUTHORS —] Old copies—*author*. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Johnson. Malone.

[4] Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;] So, in King Richard III.:

" Advance our standards, set upon our foes—" Steevens.

[5] —but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.] In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

*King.* And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love [6], strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* *Allons! allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn [7];
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure [8].

[*Exeunt.*

of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe, had also an equivoque in his thoughts. Malone.

[6] Fore-run fair Love,] i. e. Venus. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Now for the love of *Love*, and *her* soft hours—."

Malone.

[7] —Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. The following lines lead us to the sense. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's first interpretation of this passage, which is preserved in Mr. Theobald's edition,—"if we don't take the proper measures for winning these ladies, we shall never achieve them,"—is undoubtedly the true one. Heath.

Mr. Edwards, however, approves of Dr. Warburton's second thoughts. Malone.

[8] If so, our copper buys no better treasure.] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third Act. Johnson.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### Another part of the Same.

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

*HOL. Satis quod sufficit* [9].

*NATH.* I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been [1] sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection [2], audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

9 *Satis quod sufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feast. STEEVENS.

1 —your reasons at dinner have been, &c.] I know not well what degree of respect Shakspeare intends to obtain for his vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the schoolmaster's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse;* and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident. Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniatreté.* JOHNSON.

So again, in this play:

"Yet fear not thou, but speak *audaciously*."

*Audacious* was not always used by our ancient writers in a bad sense. It means no more here, and in the following instance from Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, than *liberal* or *commendable boldness:*

"—she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and *audacious* ornaments." STEEVENS.

2 —without AFFECTION,] i. e. without affectation. So, in Hamlet: "—No matter that might indite the author of *affection.*" Again, in Twelfth-Night, Malvolio is called "an *affection'd* ass." STEEVENS.

*Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed [3], his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical [4]. He is too picked [5], too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

[3] —his tongue FILED,] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, are frequent in the use of this phrase. Ben Jonson has it likewise. STEEVENS.

[4] —thrasonical.] The use of the word *thrasonical* is no argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. FARMER.

It is found in Bullokar's Expositor, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

[5] He is too PICKED,] To have the beard *piqued* or shorn so as to end in a point, was, in our author's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions: so says the Bastard in King John:

" ———————— I catechise
" My *piqued* man of countries." JOHNSON.

See a note on King John, Act I. and another on King Lear, where the reader will find the epithet *piqued* differently spelt and interpreted.

*Piqued* may allude to the length of the shoes then worn. Bulwer, in his Artificial Changeling, says: " We weare our forked shoes almost as long again as our feete, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foote; and not only so, but they prove an impediment to reverentiall devotion, for our bootes and shooes are so long snouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's house." STEEVENS.

I believe *picked* (for so it should be written) signifies *nicely drest* in general, without reference to any particular fashion of dress. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dress themselves by *picking out* or *pruning* their broken or superfluous feathers. So Chaucer uses the word, in his description of Damian dressing himself, Canterbury Tales, v. 9885: " He kembeth him, he *proineth* him and *piketh*." And Shakspeare, in this very play, uses the corresponding word *pruning* for *dressing*, Act IV. Sc. III.:

" —— or spend a minute's time
" In *pruning* me —."

The substantive *pickedness* is used by Ben Jonson for *nicety in dress*. *Discoveries*, vol. vii. Whalley's edit. p. 116: " — too much *pickedness* is not manly." TYRWHITT.

Again, in Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Penniless, 1593: " — he might have showed a *picked* effeminate carpet knight, under the fictionate person of Hermaphroditus." MALONE.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms [6], such insociable and point-devise [7] companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable [8], (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie [9]; *Ne intelligis domini?* to make frantick, lunatick.

[6] —phantasms,] See Act IV. Sc. I.:

"A *phantasm*, a Monarcho —." STEEVENS.

[7] —point-devise —] A French expression for the utmost, or finical exactness. So, in Twelfth Night, Malvolio says:

"I will be *point-device*, the very man." STEEVENS.

[8] This is abhominable, &c.] He has here well imitated the language of the most redoubtable pedants of that time. On such sort of occasions, Joseph Scaliger used to break out:—"Abominor, execror. Asinitas mera est, impietas," &c. and calls his adversary: "Lutum stercore maceratum, dæmoniacum recrementum inscitiæ, sterquilinium, stercus diaboli, scarabæum, larvam, pecus postremum bestiarum, infame propudium, καθαρμα." WARBURTON.

Shakspeare knew nothing of this language; and the resemblance which Dr. Warburton finds, if it deserves that title, is quite accidental. It is far more probable, that he means to ridicule the foppish manner of speaking, and affected pronunciation, introduced at court by Lyly and his imitators. STEEVENS.

"——abhominable," Thus the word is constantly spelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books. So, in Lusty Juventus, 1561:

"And then I will bryng in
"*Abhominable* lyving." STEEVENS.

[9] — it insinuateth me of INSANIE; &c.] In former editions,— "it insinuateth me of *infamie: Ne intelligis, Domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

"*Nath.* Laus Deo, *bone* intelligo.

"*Hol.* Bome, boon *for* boon Priscian; a little scratch, 'twill serve."

Why should *infamy* be explained by making *frantick, lunatick?* It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant

*Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*
*Hol. Bone?*——*bone*, for *benè: Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

*Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.*

*Nath. Videsne quis venit?*
*Hol. Video, & gaudeo.*
*Arm.* Chirra! [*To Moth.*
*Hol. Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?
*Arm.* Men of peace, well encounter'd.
*Hol.* Most military sir, salutation.

should coin an uncouth affected word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have these learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the passage to its true purity:

"*Nath.* Laus Deo, *bone*, *intelligo*."

The curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in Terence find *bone vir;* but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it:

"*Bone?—bone*, for *benè: Priscian* a little scratched: 'twill serve." Alluding to the common phrase,—*Diminuis* Prisciani *caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin. Theobald.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Mr. Theobald has in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored. For *Ne intelligis domine? to make frantick, lunatick*, I read (nonne *intelligis, domine?*) to *be mad, frantick, lunatick*. Johnson.

*Insanie* appears to have been a word anciently used. In a book entitled, The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion from Time to Time, &c. written in verse by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman; without date, (though from the concluding stanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII.) I find the word used:

"In the days of sixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,
"With a multitude of people; but in the consequence,
"After a little *insanie* they fled tag and rag,
"For Alexander Iden he did his diligence." Steevens.

I should rather read—"it insinuateth *men* of insanie."

Farmer.

*Me* is printed for *men* in King Edward the Third, 1596, D 2.

"——— *me* like lanthorne shew,
"Light lust within themselves, even through themselves."

Malone.

*Moth.* They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps [1].

[*To Costard aside.*

*Cost.* O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words [2]! I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus* [3]: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon [4].

*Moth.* Peace; the peal begins.

*Arm.* Monsieur, [*To Hol.*] are you not letter'd?

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—

What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head?

*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

[1] They have been at a great FEAST of languages, and stolen the SCRAPS.] So, in Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, by Thomas Nashe, 1594:—"The phrase of sermons, as it ought to agree with the Scripture, so heed must be taken, that their whole sermon seem not a *banquet* of the broken *fragments* of scripture."
MALONE.

[2] — the ALMS-BASKET of words!] i. e. the refuse of words. The refuse meat of great families was formerly sent to the prisons. So, in The Inner Temple Masque, 1619, by T. Middleton: "—his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the *basket*." Again, in If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it, 1612: "He must feed on beggary's *basket*." STEEVENS.

The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket* in our author's time, and given to the poor. So, in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591: "Take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all those pieces of broken meat into a *basket* for the *poor*." MALONE.

[3] — *honorificabilitudinitatibus:*] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

It occurs likewise in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1604:

"His discourse is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus;* a great deal of sound and no sense." I meet with it likewise in Nash's Lenten Stuff, &c. 1599. STEEVENS.

[4] — a FLAP-DRAGON.] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which topers swallow in a glass of wine. See a note on King Henry IV. P. II. Act II. Sc. ult. STEEVENS.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn :—You hear his learning.

*Hol.* *Quis*, *quis*, thou consonant ?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

*Moth.* The sheep : the other two concludes it ; o, u[5].

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit[6] ; snip,

[5] The THIRD of the five vowels, &c.] In former editions : " *Moth.* The *last* of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the *fifth* if I.

" *Hol.* I will repeat them, *a*, *e*, *I*.—

" *Moth.* The sheep : the other two concludes it ; *o*, *u*."

Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same *vowel?* Though my correction restores but a poor conundrum, yet if it restores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his lowest conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way ; no matter which of us repeats them.

THEOBALD.

[6] — a quick VENEW of wit ;] A *venew* is the technical term for *a bout* at the fencing-school. So, in The Four Prentices of London, 1615 :

" —— in the fencing-school

" To play a *venew*." STEEVENS.

A *venue*, as has already been observed, is the technical term used by fencers for a *hit*. " A sweet touch of wit, (says Armado,) a smart *hit*." So, in The Famous Historie of Captain Thomas Stukely, b. l. 1605 : " — for forfeits, and *vennyes* given, upon a wager, at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty crowns."

MALONE.

Notwithstanding the positiveness with which my sense of the word *venue* is denied, my quotation sufficiently establishes it ; for who ever talked of *playing* a *hit* in a fencing school ? STEEVENS.

See Mr. Steevens's note on " Three *veneys* for a dish of stewed prunes," Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Sc. I. : " *Veneys*, i. e. *venues*, French. Three different set-tos, *bouts* (or *hits*, as Mr. Malone perhaps more properly explains the word), a technical term." MALONE.

Mr. Douce has corroborated Mr. Malone's explanation, by a number of examples. BOSWELL.

snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*[7]; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula* *; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house[8] on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or, *mons*, the hill.

* Folio and quarto, *preambulat.*

7 — I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà;*] So, as Dr. Farmer observes, in Greene's Quip for an upstart Courtier: "He walked not as other men in the common beaten waye, but compassing *circum circa*." The old copies read—*unum cita*.
STEEVENS.

Here again all the editions give us jargon instead of Latin. But Moth would certainly mean—*circum circa;* i. e. about and about: though it may be designed he should mistake the terms.
THEOBALD.

8 — the CHARGE-HOUSE —] I suppose, is the *free-school*.
STEEVENS.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward [9] between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head [1];—and among other im-

[9] — inward —] i. e. confidential, So, in K. Richard III.:
"Who is most *inward* with the noble duke?" STEEVENS.

[1] I do beseech thee, REMEMBER THY COURTESY;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:] I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor; and that we should read—I do beseech thee, remember *not* thy courtesy.—Armado is boasting of the familiarity with which the King treats him, and intimates ("but let that pass,") that when he and his Majesty converse, the King lays aside all state, and makes him wear his hat: "I do beseech thee, (will he say to me) remember *not* thy courtesy; *do not observe any ceremony with me;* be covered." "The putting off the hat at the table (says Florio, in his Second Frutes, 1591,) is a kind of *courtesie* or ceremonie rather to be avoided than otherwise."

These words may, however, be addressed by Armado to Holofernes, whom we may suppose to have stood uncovered from respect to the Spaniard.

If this was the poet's intention, they ought to be included in a parenthesis. To whomsoever the words are supposed to be addressed, the emendation appears to me equally necessary. It is confirmed by a passage in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "Give me your neif, mounsier Mustardseed. Pray you, *leave your courtesie*, mounsier."

In Hamlet, the prince, when he desires Osrick to "put his bonnet to the right use," begins his address with the same words which Armado uses: but unluckily is interrupted by the courtier,

portunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too ;—but let that pass :—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder ; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement [2], with my mustachio : but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable ; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world : but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck [3], with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel *, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior

* Folio and quarto, *Sir Holofernes.*

and prevented (as I believe) from using the very word which I suppose to have been accidentally omitted here :

" *Ham. I beseech you, remember*—

" *Osr.* Nay, good my lord, for my ease, in good faith."

In the folio copy of this play we find in the next scene :

" O, that your face were so full of O's—"

instead of—were *not* so full, &c. Malone.

By " remember thy courtesy," I suppose Armado means—remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off. Steevens.

[2] — dally with my EXCREMENT,] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in the Merchant of Venice. Johnson.

[3] — chuck,] i. e. chicken ; an ancient term of endearment. So, in Macbeth :

" Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest *chuck* —."

Steevens.

of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman [4], Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

*Arm.* Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious [5]; though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the worthies?—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

[4] — myself, OR this gallant gentleman,] The old copy has—*and* this, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. We ought, I believe, to read in the next line—shall pass *for* Pompey the great. If the text be right, the speaker must mean that the swain shall, in representing Pompey, *surpass* him, "because of his great limb." MALONE.

"Shall *pass* Pompey the great," seems to mean, shall *march* in the procession for him; *walk* as his representative.

STEEVENS.

[5] — to make an offence gracious;] i. e. to convert an offence against yourselves, into a dramatic propriety. STEEVENS.

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not[6], an antick. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via*[7], goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* *Allons!* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Another part of the Same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

*Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;

[6] — if this FADGE not,] i. e. suit not, go not, pass not into action. Several instances of the use of this word are given in Twelfth-Night,

Another may be added from Chapman's version of the 22d Iliad:

"This *fadging* conflict." STEEVENS.

[7] *Via,*] An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! come on!* STEEVENS.

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his god-head wax[8];
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse[9], of this light word?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Kath.* You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff[1];
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

*Kath.* So do not you; for you are a light wench.

[8] — to make his god-head WAX;] To *wax* anciently signified to *grow*. It is yet said of the moon, that she *waxes* and *wanes*.

So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song I.:

"I view those wanton brooks that *waxing* still do wane."

Again, in Lyly's Love's Metamorphoses, 1601:

"Men's follies will ever *wax*, and then what reason can make them wise?"

Again, in the Polyolbion, Song V.:

"The stem shall strongly *wax*, as still the trunk doth wither."

STEEVENS.

[9] — mouse,] This was a term of endearment formerly. So, in Hamlet:

"Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his *mouse*."

MALONE.

[1] — taking it IN SNUFF;] *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff of a candle*. See more instances of this conceit in King Henry IV. P. I. Act I. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

*Kath.* You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care [2].

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set of wit [3] well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

*Ros.* I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

*Prin.* Any thing like?

*Ros.* Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils [4]! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:

[2] —for, Past CURE is still past CARE.] The old copy reads—past *care* is still past *cure*. The transposition was proposed by Dr. Thirlby, and is supported by a line in King Richard II.:

"Things past *redress* are now with me past *care*."

So, also, in a pamphlet entitled Holland's Leaguer, 4to. 1632: "She had got this adage in her mouth. Things past *cure*, past *care*." MALONE.

[3] —a SET of wit—] A term from tennis, So, in King Henry V.:

"———— play a *set*
"Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard."

STEEVENS.

[4] 'WARE pencils!] The former editions read:

"*Were* pencils ——."

Sir T. Hanmer here rightly restored:

"'*Ware* pencils ——."

O, that your face were not * so full of O's [5]!

*KATH.* A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows [6]!

*PRIN.* But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain [7]?

*KATH.* Madam, this glove.

*PRIN.* Did he not send you twain?

*KATH.* Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy.
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

*MAR.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

* First folio omits *not so*.

Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

Johnson mistakes the meaning of this sentence; it is not a reproach, but a cautionary threat. Rosaline says that Biron had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Katharine compares her to a text B. Rosaline in reply advises her to beware of pencils, that is, of drawing likenesses, lest she should retaliate; which she afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the small pox oes, M. MASON.

[5] —so full of O's!] Shakspeare talks of "—firy *O's* and eyes of light," in A Midsummer-Night's Dream. STEEVENS.

[6] A POX of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!] "*Pox* of that jest!" Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But there needs no alarm—the *small pox* only is alluded to; with which, it seems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of *O's*." Davison has a canzonet on his lady's sicknesse of the *poxe:* and Dr. Donne writes to his sister: —"at my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *Poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." FARMER.

"A pox of that jest," &c. This line, which in the old copies is given to the Princess, Mr. Theobald rightly attributed to Katharine. MALONE.

[7] But what was sent to you from FAIR Dumain?] The old copies, after *But*, insert *Katharine*. We should, therefore, read:

"But, *Katharine*, what was sent you from Dumain?"

RITSON.

*Prin.* I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
*Prin.* We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.
*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week[8]!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service wholly to my behests[9];
And make him proud to make me proud that jests[1]!
So portent-like[2] would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

[8] — in by the week!] This I suppose to be an expression taken from hiring servants or artificers; meaning, I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him.

The expression was a common one. So, in Vittoria Corombona, 1612:

"What, are you *in by the week?* So; I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner." Again, in The Wit of a Woman, 1604:

"Since I am *in by the week*, let me look to the year."

STEEVENS.

[9] — wholly to my BEHESTS;] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, read—to my *device*. The emendation, which the rhyme confirms, was made by the editor of the second folio, and is one of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy.

MALONE.

Mr. Malone, however, admits three other corrections from the second folio in this very sheet. STEEVENS.

[1] And make him proud to make me proud that jests!] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be,—I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery.—*Edinburg Magazine, for Nov.* 1786. STEEVENS.

[2] So PORTENT-like, &c.] In former copies:

"So *pertaunt*-like, would I o'er-sway his state,
"That he should be my *fool*, and I his *fate*."

*Prin.* None are so [3] surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness [4].

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

In old farces, to show the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or *Fate;* which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakspeare alludes again in Measure for Measure:

"—— merely thou art *Death's Fool;*
"For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
"And yet run'st towards him still —."

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like*, should be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*. Warburton.

The emendation appeared first in the Oxford edition. Malone.

Until some proof be brought of the existence of such characters as *Death* and the *Fool*, in old farces, (for the mere assertion of Dr. Warburton is not to be relied on,) this passage must be literally understood, independently of any particular allusion. The old reading might probably mean—"so *scoffingly* would I o'ersway," &c. The initial letter in Stowe, mentioned by Mr. Reed in a note on the passage in Measure for Measure, here cited, has been altogether misunderstood. It is only a copy from an older letter which formed part of a Death's Dance, in which *Death* and the *Fool* were always represented. I have several of these alphabets. Douce.

[3] None are so, &c.] These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention. Johnson.

[4] — to wantonness.] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, have—to *wantons be*. For this emendation we are likewise indebted to the second folio. Malone.

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter* BOYET.

*PRIN.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is * in his face.

*BOYET.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

*PRIN.* Thy news, Boyet?

*BOYET.* Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*PRIN.* Saint Dennis to saint Cupid[5]! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

*BOYET.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

* First folio omits *is*.

[5] Saint Dennis to saint Cupid!] The princess of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

Johnson censures the Princess for invoking with so much levity the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid; but that was not her intention. Being determined to engage the King and his followers, she gives for the word of battle *St. Dennis*, as the King, when he was determined to attack her, had given for the word of battle *St. Cupid*:

"*Saint Cupid* then, and soldiers to the field."

M. MASON.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:*
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
*For*, quoth the king, *an angel shalt thou see;*
*Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
*I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come.*
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous [6] appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears [7].

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess [8],

[6] — spleen ridiculous —] Is, a ridiculous *fit* of laughter. Johnson.

The *spleen* was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter. So, in some old Latin verses already quoted on another occasion:

" *Splen* ridere facit, cogit amare jecur." Steevens.

[7] — passion's solemn tears.] So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

" Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears
" The passion of loud laughter never shed." Malone.

[8] Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,] The settling commerce in Russia was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—
And change you * favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

*Kath.* But, in this changing, what is your intent?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.

* First folio, *your*.

been several embassies employed thither on that occasion; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written: so that a mask of Muscovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since.

Warburton.

A mask of Muscovites was no uncommon recreation at court long before our author's time. In the first year of King Henry the Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign embassadors in the parliament-chamber at Westminster: "came the lorde Henry, Earle of Wiltshire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in twoo long gounes of yellowe satin travarsed with white satin, and in every ben of white was a bend of crimosen satin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." Hall, *Henry VIII.* p. 6. This extract may serve to convey an idea of the dress used upon the present occasion by the King and his lords at the performance of the play. Ritson.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*Prin.* No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face [9].

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's * heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in [1], if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The ladies mask.*

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in Russian habits, and masked; Moth, Musicians, and Attendants.*

*Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!*

*Boyet.* Beauties no richer than rich taffata [2].

* First folio, *keepers*.

9 — HER face.] The first folio, and the quarto, 1598, have —*his* face. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

1 — will NE'ER come in,] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—will *e'er*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

2 Beauties no richer than rich taffata.] i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron; but, surely, very absurdly: for he's one of the

*Moth.* *A holy parcel of the fairest dames,*
[The ladies turn their backs to him.
*That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!*

*Biron.* *Their eyes,* villain, *their eyes.*

*Moth.* *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!*
*Out—*

*Boyet.* True; *out,* indeed.

*Moth.* *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe*
*Not to behold—*

*Biron.* *Once to behold,* rogue.

*Moth.* *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,*
*——with your sun-beamed eyes—*

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess?

*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

zealous admirers, and hardly would make such an inference. Boyet is sneering at the parade of their address, is in the secret of the ladies' stratagem, and makes himself sport at the absurdity of their proem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmost propriety.

THEOBALD.

*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure[3] with her * on this grass.
*Boyet.* They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
*Ros.* It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
*Boyet.* If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.
*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
*Boyet.* She hears herself.
*Ros.* How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,

* So quarto; folio, *you*.

[3] To tread a MEASURE —] The measures were dances solemn and slow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*. See Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales. Sir John Davies, in his poem called Orchestra, 1622, describes them in this manner:

" But, after these, as men more civil grew,
" He did more *grave and solemn measures frame:*
" With such fair order and proportion true,
" And correspondence ev'ry way the same,
" That no fault-finding eye did ever blame,
" For every eye was moved at the sight,
" With sober wond'ring and with sweet delight.
" Not those young students of the heavenly book,
" Atlas the great, Prometheus the wise,
" Which on the stars did all their life-time look,
" Could ever find such measure in the skies,
" So full of change, and rare varieties;
" *Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,*
" *Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.*" REED.

See Beatrice's description of this dance in Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. I. MALONE.

Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars [4], to shine
(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our watry eyne.
*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st * but moonshine in the water.
*King.* Then, in our measure vouchsafe but † one change:
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange
*Ros.* Play, musick, then: nay, you must do it soon. [*Musick plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.
*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?
*Ros.* You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.
*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man [5].

* Folio and 4to. *requests.* † Quarto, *do but.*

4 Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,] When Queen Elizabeth asked an embassador, how he liked her ladies, "It is hard," said he, "to judge of stars in the presence of the sun." JOHNSON.

5 — the man.] I suspect that a line which rhymed with this, has been lost. MALONE.

Although these dialogues are for the most part in rhyme, yet many exceptions occur, as in p. 152:

"*Ros.* Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.
*King.* But your legs should do it.
*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
*King.* Why take we hands then?
*Ros.* Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts[6]; and so the measure ends.
*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.
*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.
*King.* Prize you * yourselves: What buys your company?
*Ros.* Your absence only.
*King.* That can never be.
*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
*Ros.* In private then.
*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*
*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
*Biron.* Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.
*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu!
Since you can cog[7], I'll play no more with you.

* First folio omits *you*.

" *Kath.* But in this changing, what is your intent?
" *Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs."
Neither the first nor third of these lines rhyme with any other.
BOSWELL.

[6] COURT'SY, sweet hearts;] See Tempest, Act I. Sc. II.:
" *Court'sied* when you have, and kiss'd—." MALONE.

*Biron.* One word in secret.
*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.
*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.
*Prin.* Gall? bitter.
*Biron.* Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
*Mar.* Name it.
*Dum.* Fair lady,—
*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
*Dum.* Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
*Kath.* What, was your visor made without a tongue?
*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
*Kath.* O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half
*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman [8];—Is not veal a calf?
*Long.* A calf, fair lady?
*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.
*Long.* Let's part the word.
*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:

[7] Since you can COG,] To *cog*, signifies *to falsify the dice*, and *to falsify a narrative*, or *to lye*. JOHNSON.

[8] VEAL, quoth the Dutchman;—] I suppose by *veal*, she means *well*, sounded as foreigners usually pronounce that word; and introduced merely for the sake of the subsequent question. MALONE.

The same joke occurs in The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll
"*Doctor.* Hans, my very speciall friend; fait and trot me be right glad for see you *veale*.
"*Hans.* What, do you make a *calfe* of me, M. Doctor?" BOSWELL.

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.
*Kath.* Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*
*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things[9].
*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
*King.* Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Musick, and Attendants.*
*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
*Ros.* Well-liking wits[1] they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

9 Fleeter than arrows, BULLETS, wind, thought, swifter things.] Mr. Ritson observes, that, for the sake of measure, the word *bullets* should be omitted. STEEVENS.

1 WELL-LIKING wits —] *Well-liking* is the same as *embonpoint*. So, in Job xxxix. 4: "—Their young ones are in *good liking*." STEEVENS.

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.
*Ros.* O! they were all [2] in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
*Prin.* Birón did swear himself out of all suit.
*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No *point*, quoth I [3]; my servant straight was mute.
*Kath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?
*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.
*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.
*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!
*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps [4].

[2] O! they were all, &c.] *O*, which is not found in the first quarto or folio, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[3] No POINT, quoth I;] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation; but, if properly spoken, is not sounded like the point of a sword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and the other passages it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly from what it is at present.

The former supposition appears to me much the more probable of the two.

In The Return from Parnassus, 1606, Philomusus says—"Tit, tit, tit, *non poynte; non debet fieri*," &c. See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. "Punto;—never a whit;—*no point*, as the Frenchmen say." MALONE.

[4] —better wits have worn plain statute-caps.] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute-cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

*Woollen caps* were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of Queen Elizabeth. "Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss

But you will hear? the king is my love sworn.
*Prin.* And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.
*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.
*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

to be taken notice of—it concerned the Queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all above the age of six years, (except the nobility and some others,) should on *sabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." *Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. p. 74. Grey.

This act may account for the distinguishing mark of Mother *Red-cap*. I have observed that mention is made of this sign by some of our ancient pamphleteers and playwriters, as far back as the date of the act referred to by Dr. Grey. *If that your cap be wool*—became a proverbial saying. So, in Hans Beerpot, a comedy, 1618:

"You shall not flinch; *if that your cap be wool*,
"You shall along." Steevens.

I think my own interpretation of this passage is right.
Johnson.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for sallies of imagination. In Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub says: "—though my husband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit." Again, in The Family of Love, 1608: "'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *statute-caps*."

Again, in Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier, 1606:

"—— in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a *shop-keeper*."

That these sumptuary laws, which dictated the form and materials of caps, the dimensions of ruffs, and the length of swords, were executed with great exactness but little discretion, by a set of people placed at the principal avenues of the city, may be known from the following curious passage in a letter from Lord Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury, June 1580: "The French Imbasidore, Mounswer Mouiser, [Mauvisiere, or, rather, Malvoisier,] ridinge to take the ayer, in his returne cam thowrowe Smithfield; and ther, at the bars, was steayed by thos officers that sitteth to cut sourds, by reason *his raper was longer than the statute:* He was in a great feaurie, and dreawe his raper. In the meane season my Lord Henry Seamore cam, and so steayed the matt.r Hir Ma^tie is greatlie ofended with the ofisers, in that

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown [5].

they wanted jugement." See Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. ii. p. 228. Steevens.

The statute mentioned by Dr. Grey was repealed in the year 1597. The epithet by which these statute caps are described, "*plain* statute caps," induces me to believe the interpretation given in the preceding note by Mr. Steevens, the true one. The king and his lords probably wore *hats* adorned with feathers. So they are represented in the print prefixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from some stage tradition. Malone.

5 Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are ANGELS VAILING clouds, or roses blown.] This strange nonsense, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus:

"Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud:
"Or *angels veil'd in* clouds: are roses blown,
"Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown."

But he, willing to show how well he could improve a thought, would print it:

"Or *angel-veiling* clouds ——"

i. e. clouds which veil angels: and by this means gave us, as the old proverb says, *a cloud for a Juno*. It was Shakspeare's *purpose* to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. Theobald's *chance* to compare her to a *cloud*: and perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However, I supposed the poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare *a masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The Oxford editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more subtile and refined, and says it should not be——

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear[6];
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt Princess*[7], *Ros. Kath. and Maria.*

"——angels *veil'd in* clouds;"

but

"——angels *vailing* clouds:"

i. e. *capping* the sun as they go by him, just as a man vails his bonnet. Warburton.

I know not why Sir T. Hanmer's explanation should be treated with so much contempt, or why *vailing clouds* should be *capping the sun*. *Ladies unmask'd*, says Boyet, *are* like *angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. What is there in this absurd or contemptible? Johnson.

Holinshed's History of Scotland, p. 91, says: "The Britains began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged:" i. e. they began to descend the hills, or come down from them to meet their enemies. If Shakspeare uses the word *vailing* in this sense, the meaning is—Angels descending from clouds which concealed their beauties; but Dr. Johnson's exposition may be better.

Tollet.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval* [Terme de batelier] Down, downward, down the stream. So, in the French Romant de la Rose, v. 1415:

"Leaue aloit *aval* enfaisant
"Son melodieux et plaisant."

Again, in Laneham's Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle, 1575: "—as on a sea-shore when the water is *avail'd*." Steevens.

[6] —shapeless gear;] *Shapeless*, for uncouth, or what Shakspeare elsewhere calls *diffused*. Warburton.

[7] *Exeunt Princess*, &c.] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth Act here. Johnson.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither * ?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas [8];
And utters it again when Jove doth please:
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels [9], meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

* So quarto; folio omits *thither*.

8 — PECKS up wit, AS PIGEONS PEAS;] This expression is proverbial:

" Children pick up words *as pigeons peas*,
" And utter them again as God shall please."

See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

*Pecks* is the reading of the first quarto. The folio has—*picks*. That *pecks* is the true reading, is ascertained by one of Nashe's tracts; Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, 1594: " The sower scattered some seede by the highway side, which the foules of the ayre *peck'd up*." MALONE.

9 — wassels,] *Wassels* were meetings of rustic mirth and intemperance. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" —— Antony,
" Leave thy lascivious *wassels*."——

See note on Macbeth, Act I. Sc. VII. STEEVENS.

*Waes heal*, that is, be of health, was a salutation first used by the Lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a custom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth-night, to carry a *wassel* or *waissail* bowl from house to house, which was presented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in process of time *wassel* signified intemperance in drinking, and also a meeting for the purpose of festivity. MALONE.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp [1]: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly [2]; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales bone [3]:

[1] He can CARVE too, and LISP:] The character of Boyet, as drawn by Biron, represents an accomplished squire of the days of chivalry, particularly in the instances here noted.—"Le jeune Ecuyer apprenoit long-temps dans le silence cet art de *bien parler*, lorsqu'en qualité d' *Ecuyer* TRANCHANT, il étoit debout dans les repas & dans les festins, occupé à *couper les viandes* avec la propreté, l'addresse & l'elegance convenables, et à les faire distribuer aux nobles convives dont il étoit environné. Joinville, dans sa jeunesse, avoit rempli à la cour de Saint Louis *cet office*, qui, dans les maisons des Souverains, étoit quelquefois exercé par leurs propres enfans." *Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, tom. i. p. 16. HENLEY.

"I cannot cog, (says Falstaff in The Merry Wives of Windsor,) and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these *lisping* hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel —." On the subject of *carving*, see Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Sc. II. MALONE.

[2] A MEAN most meanly; &c.] The *mean*, in musick, is the *tenor*. So, Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth too swift to make the sound equal; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the sweetest."

Again, in Herod and Antipater, 1622:

"Thus sing we descant on one plain-song, kill;
"Four parts in one; the *mean* excluded quite."

Again, in Drayton's Barons' Wars, Cant. iii.:

"The base and treble married to the *mean*." STEEVENS.

[3] —as white as WHALES bone:] *As white as whales bone* is a proverbial comparison in the old poets. In The Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. 1. st. 15:

"Whose face did seem as clear as chrystal stone,
"And eke, through feare, *as white as whales bone*."

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the Princess, usher'd by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, and Attendants.*

*Biron.* See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now[4]?

And in L. Surrey, fol. 14, edit. 1567:

"I might perceive a wolf, *as white as whales bone*,
"A fairer beast of fresher hue, beheld I never none."

Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brightest precious stones, in describing the position of Pallas:

"A hundred steppes mounting to the halle,
"One of jasper, another of *whales bone*;
"Of diamantes, pointed by the rokky walle."

*Crowne of Laurell*, p. 24, edit. 1736. T. Warton.

"—as *whales* bone:" The Saxon genitive case. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"Swifter than the *moones* sphere."

It should be remember'd that some of our ancient writers supposed *ivory* to be part of the *bones of a whale*. The same simile occurs in the old black letter romance of Syr Eglamoure of Artoys, no date:

"The erle had no chylde but one,
"A mayden *as white as whales bone*."

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of Syr Isembras, bl. l. no date:

"His wyfe *as white as whales bone*."

Again, in the Squhr of Low Degree, bl. l. no date:

"Lady *as white as whales bone*."

Again, in Nash's Lenten Stuff, &c. 1599:

"——his herrings which were *as white as whales bone*," &c.

Steevens.

This *white whale his bone*, now superseded by ivory, was the tooth of the *Horse-whale*, Morse, or Walrus, as appears by King Alfred's preface to his Saxon translation of Orosius.

Holt White.

[4] — Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?] These

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.
*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.
*Prin.* Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
*King.* We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.
*Prin.* This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight * in perjur'd men.
*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath [5].
*Prin.* You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:

* Folio and quarto, *delights.*

are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themselves so much upon teaching, as a thing no where else to be learnt, is a modest silent accomplishment under the direction of nature and common sense, which does its office in promoting social life without being taken notice of. But that when it degenerates into show and parade, it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality. WARBURTON.

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not comprized in the quotation. JOHNSON.

"Till this man show'd thee?" The old copies read—"Till this *mad* man," &c. STEEVENS.

An error of the press. The word *mad* must be struck out.
M. MASON.

[5] The virtue of your eye MUST break my oath.] I believe our author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodness* and *power* are both comprised, *must dissolve* the obligation of the oath. The Princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity. JOHNSON.

So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam? Russians?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise[6].
We four, indeed, confronted here with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me.—My gentle sweet[7],
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet[8]

[6] My lady, (TO THE MANNER of the days,)
In courtesy, gives UNDESERVING PRAISE.] *To the manner* of the days, means according to the manner of the times.—*Gives undeserving praise*, means praise to what does not deserve it.
M. MASON.

[7] My, gentle sweet,] *Sweet* is generally used as a substantive by our author, in his addresses to ladies. So, in The Winter's Tale:

"——When you speak, *sweet*,
"I'd have you do it ever."

Again, in The Merchant of Venice:

"And now, good *sweet*, say thy opinion."

Again, in Othello:

"——O, *my sweet*,
"I prattle out of tune."

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,—

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

*Ros.* All the fool mine?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

*Biron.* Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

*Ros.* There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

*King.* We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

The editor of the second folio, with less probability, (as it appears to me,) reads—*Fair*, gentle sweet. Malone.

The word *fair*, which is wanting in the two elder copies, was restored by the second folio. Mr. Malone reads—"*My* gentle sweet."

"My *fair*, *sweet* honey monarch" occurs in this very scene, p. 439. Steevens.

[8] — when we greet, &c.] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. Johnson.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend [9];
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles [1], spruce affection [2],
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

9 — my FRIEND;] i. e. mistress. So, in Measure for Measure:
"——he hath got his *friend* with child." STEEVENS.

1 THREE-PIL'D hyperboles,] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. So, in The Winter's Tale, Autolycus says:
"I have worn *three-pile*." STEEVENS.

2 — spruce AFFECTION,] The modern editors read—*affectation*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection* for *affectation*; "—witty without *affection*." The word was used by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadrisyllable; and the rhyme such as they thought sufficient. MALONE.

In the Merry Wives of Windsor the word *affectation* occurs, and was most certainly designed to occur again in the present instance. No ear can be satisfied with such rhymes as *affection* and *ostentation*. STEEVENS.

See the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL.

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
*Ros.* *Sans* SANS, I pray you [3].
*Biron.* Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us* [4], on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

[3] *Sans* SANS, I pray you.] It is scarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obscured by the punctuation. It should be written *Sans* SANS, i. e. *without* SANS; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the last line of his speech, though just before he had *forsworn* all *affectation* in phrases, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

[4] Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,] This was the inscrip'ion put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

So, in Histriomastix, 1610:

"It is as dangerous to read his name on a play-door, as a *printed bill* on a plague-door."

Again, in The Whore of Babylon, 1607:

"Have *tokens* stamp'd on them to make them known,
"More dreadful than the *bills* that preach the plague."

Again, in More Fools Yet, a collection of Epigrams, by R. S. 1610:

"To declare the *infection* for his sin,
"A *crosse* is set without, there's none within."

Again, ibid.:

"But by the way he saw and much respected
"A doore belonging to a house infected,
"Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the custom still)
"*The Lord have mercy on us:* this sad bill
"The sot perus'd——." STEEVENS.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, 1632:

"*Lord have mercy on us* may well stand over their doors, for debt is a most dangerous city *pestilence*." MALONE.

*Prin.* No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.
*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
*Ros.* It is not so; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue[5]?
*Biron.* Peace; for I will not have to do with you.
*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
*Biron.* Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.
*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
*Prin.* The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
*King.* Madam, I was.
*Prin.* And were you well advis'd[6]?
*King.* I was, fair madam.
*Prin.* When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.
*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
*King.* Upon mine honour, no.
*Prin.* Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear[7].

[5] — how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that SUE?] That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies *to prosecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

[6] — well ADVIS'D?] i. e. acting with sufficient deliberation. So, in The Comedy of Errors:
" My liege I am *advis'd* in what I say." STEEVENS.

[7] — you FORCE not to forswear.] *You force not* is the same with *you make no difficulty*. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance. JOHNSON.
So, in Warner's Albion's England, b. x. ch. 59:
" —— he *forced* not to hide how he did err." STEEVENS.

*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline, What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

*Ros.* Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Ros.* By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

*King.* My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

*Biron.* Neither of either [8]; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent [9],
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany [1],

[8] Neither of either;] This seems to have been a common expression in our author's time. It occurs in The London Prodigal, 1605, and other comedies. Malone.

[9] — a consent,] i. e. *a conspiracy*. So, in K. Henry VI. Part I.:

"——— the stars
"That have *consented* to king Henry's death."
Steevens.

[1] — zany,] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a gross mimick. So, in Marston's Insatiate Countess, 1613:

"——— sung———
"To every seuerall *zanie's* instrument."

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight [2], some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in jeers [3]; and knows the trick

Again, in Antonio's Revenge, 1602:

"Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes,
"When they will *zany* men." STEEVENS.

[2] — some TRENCHER-KNIGHT,] See page 435:

"And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
"Holding a *trencher*," &c. MALONE.

[3] — some DICK,—

That smiles his cheek in JEERS;] Mr. Theobald says,—he "cannot for his heart, comprehend the meaning of this phrase."—It was not his *heart* but his *head* that stood in the way. *In years*, signifies into wrinkles. So, in The Merchant of Venice:

"With mirth and *laughter* let old *wrinkles* come."

See the note on that line.—But the Oxford editor was in the same case, and so alters it to *fleers*. WARBURTON.

Webster, in his Dutchess of Malfy, makes Castruchio declare of his lady: "She cannot endure merry company, for she says much *laughing* fills her too full of the *wrinckle*." FARMER.

Again, in Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue, &c. 1607:

"That light and quick, with *wrinkled laughter* painted."

Again, in Twelfth-Night: "—he doth *smile his cheek* into more lines than are in the new map," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—in *yeeres*. *Jeers*, the present emendation, which I proposed some time ago, I have since observed, was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton endeavours to support the old reading, by explaining *years* to mean *wrinkles* which belong alike to laughter and old age. But allowing the word to be used in that licentious sense, surely our author would have written, not *in*, but *into*, years—i. e. *into* wrinkles, as in a passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from Twelfth-Night: "—he does *smile his cheek into* more *lines* than are in the new map," &c. The change being only that of a single letter for another nearly resembling it, I have placed *jeers* (formerly spelt *jeeres*) in my text. The words—*jeer*, *flout*, and *mock*, were much more in use in our author's time than at present. In Othello, 1622, the former word is used exactly as here:

"And mark the *jeers*, the gibes, and notable scorns,
"That dwell in every region of his *face*."

Out-roaring *Dick* was a celebrated singer, who, with William Wimbars, is said by Henry Chettle, in his Kind Harts Dreame, to have got twenty shillings a day by singing at Braintree fair,

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is * :—And might not you [4],
[*To* BOYET.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

* Folio and quarto, *'tis*.

in Essex. Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumstance adds some support to the emendation now made. From the following passage in Sir John Oldcastle, 1600, it seems to have been a common term for a noisy swaggerer:

"O he, sir, he's a desperate *Dick* indeed;
"Bar him your house."

Again, in Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder, &c. 4to. 1600:

"A boy arm'd with a poking stick
"Will dare to challenge *cutting Dick*."

Again, in The Epistle Dedicatorie to Nashe's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596: "— nor Dick Swash, or *Desperate Dick*, that's such a terrible cutter at a chine of beef, and devoures more meat at ordinaries in discoursing of his fraies, and deep acting of his flashing and hewing, than would serve half a dozen brewers draymen." MALONE.

As the aptitude of my quotation from Twelfth-Night is questioned, I shall defend it, and without much effort; for Mr. Malone himself must, on recollection, allow that *in*, throughout the plays of Shakspeare, is often used for *into*. Thus, in King Richard III.:

"But first, I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave."

I really conceived this usage of the preposition *in*, to have been too frequent to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

[4] — in will, and error.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you,] I believe this passage should be read thus:

"—— in will and error.
"*Boyet*. Much upon this it is.
"*Biron*. And might not you," &c. JOHNSON.

"In will, and error." i. e. first in will, and afterwards in error. MUSGRAVE.

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire [5],
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd [6];
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.* Full merrily
Hath this brave manage [7], this career, been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

*Enter Costard.*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three?

*Cost.* No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

[5] — by the SQUIRE,] From *esquierre*, French, a *rule*, or *square*. The sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases. HEATH.

*Squire*, in our author's time was the common term for a *rule*. See Minsheu's Dict. in v. The word occurs again in the Winter's Tale. MALONE.

So, in Philemon Holland's translation of the Seventh Book of Pliny's Natural History, ch. 56: "As for the rule and *squire*, &c. Theodorus Samius devised them." STEEVENS.

[6] — Go, you are ALLOW'D;] i. e. you may say what you will; you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So, in Twelfth-Night:

"There is no slander in an *allow'd* fool." WARBURTON.

[7] Hath this brave MANAGE,] The old copy has *manager*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

*Cost.* Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:
You cannot beg us [8], sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man,—e'en one poor man [9]; Pompion the great, sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not

[8] You cannot BEG us,] That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot *beg* the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. JOHNSON.

It is the wardship of *Lunaticks* not *Ideots* that devolves upon the next relations. Shakspeare, perhaps, as well as Dr. Johnson, was not aware of the distinction. DOUCE.

It was not the *next relation* only who *begg'd* the wardship of an ideot. "A rich fool was begg'd by a lord of the king; and the lord coming to another nobleman's house, the fool saw the picture of a fool in the hangings, which he cut out; and being chidden for it, answered, you have more cause to love me for it; for if my lord had seen the picture of the fool in the hangings, he would certainly have begg'd them of the king, as he did my lands." *Cabinet of Mirth*, 1674. RITSON.

[9] —one man,—E'EN one poor man;] The old copies read—*in* one poor man. For the emendation I am answerable. The same mistake has happened in several places in our author's plays. See my note on All's Well that Ends Well, Act I. Sc. III.: "You are shallow, madam," &c. MALONE.

the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him [1].

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit Costard.*

*King.* Birón, they will shame us, let them not approach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*King.* I say, they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least* know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth [2];
When great things labouring perish in their birth [3].

* Quarto, *best.*

[1] —I know not the degree of the worthy; &c.] This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are solicitous about the history of the character they are to represent. Steevens.

[2] That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form, &c.] The old copies read—of *that* which it presents. Steevens.

The third line may be read better thus:

—— " the contents
" Die in the zeal of *him* which *them* presents."

This sentiment of the Princess is very natural, but less generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says, on a like occasion, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

" I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
" Nor duty in his service perishing." Johnson.

This passage, as it stands, is unintelligible.—Johnson's amendment makes it grammatical, but does not make it sense. What does he mean by the contents which die in the zeal of him who presents them? The word *content*, when signifying an affection of the mind, has no plural. Perhaps we should read thus:

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter Armado*[4].

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expence of

"Where zeal strives to content, and the content
"Lies *in the zeal of* those *which it present* —"

A similar sentiment, and on a similar occasion, occurs in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, when Philostrate says of the play they were about to exhibit:

"——— It is nothing,
"Unless you can find sport in their intents
"Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
"To do you service." M. Mason.

The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—of *that* which it presents. The context, I think, clearly shows that *them* (which, as the passage is unintelligible in its original form, I have ventured to substitute,) was the poet's word. *Which* for *who* is common in our author. So, (to give one instance out of many,) in The Merchant of Venice:

"——— a civil doctor,
"*Which* did refuse three thousand ducats of me:"

and $y^m$ and $y^t$ were easily confounded: nor is the false concord introduced by this reading [of them who presents it,] any objection to it; for every page of these plays furnishes us with examples of the same kind. So *dies* in the present line, for thus the old copy reads; though here, and in almost every other passage, where a similar corruption occurs, I have followed the example of my predecessors, and corrected the error. Where rhymes or metre, however, are concerned, it is impossible. Thus we must still read in Cymbeline, *lies*, as in the line before us, *presents*:

"And Phœbus 'gins to *rise*.
"His steeds to water at those springs
"On chalic'd flowers that *lies*."

Again, in the play before us:

"That in this spleen ridiculous *appears*,
"To check their folly, passion's solemn *tears*."

Again, in The Merchant of Venice:

"Whose own hard *dealings teaches* them suspect."

Dr. Johnson would read:

"*Die* in the zeal of *him* which *them* presents."

But *him* was not, I believe, abbreviated in old MSS. and therefore not likely to have been confounded with *that*.

The word *it*, I believe, refers to *sport*. *That sport*, says the Princess,—pleases best, where the actors are least skilful; where

thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*Armado converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*]

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?

*Biron.* Why ask you?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement [5]! [*Exit Armado.*

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies [6] in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

zeal strives to please, and the contents, or, (as these exhibitions are immediately afterwards called) great things, great attempts perish in the very act of being produced, from the ardent zeal of those who present *the sportive entertainment*. To "*present* a play" is still the phrase of the theatre. *It*, however, may refer to *contents*, and that word may mean the most material part of the exhibition. Malone.

[3] — labouring perish in their birth.] *Labouring* here means, *in the act* of parturition. So, Roscommon:

"The mountains *labour'd*, and a mouse was born."

Malone.

[4] *Enter* Armado.] The old copies read—Enter *Braggart*. Steevens.

[5] — I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!] This singular word is again used by our author in his 21st Sonnet:

"Making a *couplement* of proud compare —" Malone.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum[7]; and the whole world again,

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein[8].

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.*

[6] And if these four worthies, &c.] These two lines might have been designed as a ridicule on the conclusion of Selimus, a tragedy, 1594:

"If this first part, gentles, do like you well,
"The second part shall greater murders tell."

STEEVENS.

I rather think Shakspeare alludes to the shifts to which the actors were reduced in the old theatres, one person often performing two or three parts. MALONE.

[7] ABATE a throw at NOVUM;] *Novum* (or *novem*) appears from the following passage in Green's Art of Legerdemain, 1612, to have been some game at dice: "The principal use of them (the dice) is at *novum*," &c. Again, in the Bell-man of London, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: "The principal use of langrets, is at *novum*; for so long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, so long can you cast neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come." Again, in A Woman Never Vex'd: "What ware deal you in? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; sort them yourselves, either passage, *novum*, or mum-chance."

STEEVENS.

*Abate* throw—is the reading of the original and authentick copies; the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623.

*A bare* throw, &c. was an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the second folio. I have added only the article, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted. I suppose the meaning is,—Except or put the chance of the dice out of the question, and the world cannot produce five such as these. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abatre*, is used again by our author, in the same sense, in All's Well that Ends Well:

"—— those '*bated*, that inherit but the fall
"Of the last monarchy."

"A *bare* throw at novum" is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

[8] Cannot PRICK out, &c.] Dr. Grey proposes to read—*pick* out.

Pageant of the Nine Worthies[9].

*Enter* COSTARD *arm'd, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* *I Pompey am,*——

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am,*——

*Boyet.* With libbard's head on knee[1].

So, in King Henry IV. P. I.: "Could the world *pick* thee out three such enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phrase still in use among gardeners. To *prick* may likewise have reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

*Pick* is the reading of the quarto, 1598: Cannot *prick* out, that of the folio, 1623. Our author uses the same phrase in his 20th Sonnet, in the same sense:—*cannot point out by a puncture or mark*. Again, in Julius Cæsar:

"Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?"

MALONE.

To *prick* out, means to choose out, or to mark as chosen. The word, in this sense, frequently occurs in The Second Part of King Henry IV. where Falstaff receives his recruits from Justice Shallow:

"Here's Wart—Shall I *prick* him, Sir John?
"A woman's tailor, Sir—shall I *prick* him?
"Shadow will serve for summer. *Prick* him."

M. MASON.

9 Pageant of the Nine Worthies.] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31, is "The order of a showe intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621:

"First, 2 woodmen, &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in complete armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him his shield and penon of armes, dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be: 3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women."

Such a pageant as this, we may suppose it was the design of Shakspeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

"This sort of procession was the usual recreation of our ancestors at Christmas and other festive seasons. Such things, being chiefly plotted and composed by ignorant people, were seldom committed to writing, at least with the view of preservation, and are of course rarely discovered in the researches of even the most industrious antiquaries. And it is certain that nothing of the

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—*

*Dum.* The great.

*Cost.* It is great, sir;—*Pompey surnam'd the great;*
*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:*
*And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;*
*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.*
If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey,* I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great*.

kind (except the speeches in this scene, which were intended to burlesque them) ever appeared in print." This observation belongs to Mr. Ritson, who has printed a genuine specimen of the poetry and manner of this rude and ancient drama, from an orignal manuscript of Edward the Fourth's time. (Tanner's MSS. 407.) Reed.

[1] With libbard's head on knee.] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. Warburton.

In the church of Westley Waterless, Cambridgeshire, the brass figure of Sir John de Creke, has *libbards* faces at the joints of his shoulders and elbows.

The *libbard*, as some of the old English glossaries inform us, is the *male* of the *panther*.

This ornament is mentioned in Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:

"—posset cuppes carved with *libbard's* faces, and lyon's heads with spouts in their mouths, to let out the posset-ale most artificially."

Again, in the metrical Chronicle of Robert de Brunne:

"Upon his shoulders a shelde of stele,
"With the 4 *libbards* painted wele." Steevens.

See Masquine in Cotgrave's Dictionary: "The representation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow, or knee of some old fashioned garments." Tollet.

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

*Enter* Nathaniel *arm'd, for Alexander.*

*Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*
*By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:*
*My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.*

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right[2].

*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

*Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*—

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

*Biron.* Pompey the great,——

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

*Cost.* O, sir, [*To* Nath.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool[3], will be given to A-jax[4]: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror,

[2] — it stands too right.] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders. Steevens.

[3] — lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool,] This alludes to the arms given in the old history of The Nine Worthies, to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or *seiante in a chayer*, holding a battle-ax argent." *Leigh's Accidence of Armory*, 1597, p. 23. Tollet.

[4] — A-jax:] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*. Johnson. This conceit, paltry as it was, was used by Ben Jonson, and

and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires*.] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth *; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little o'erparted [5]:—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*PRIN.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter* HOLOFERNES *arm'd, for Judas, and* MOTH *arm'd, for Hercules.*

*HOL. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,*
*Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed* canus;
*And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,*
*Thus did he strangle serpents in his* manus:

* Quarto, *fayth*.

Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his Epigrams, has these two lines:

"And I could wish, for their eternis'd sakes,
"My muse had plough'd with his that sung *A-jax*."

So, Camden, in his Remains, having mentioned the French word *pet*, says, "Enquire, if you understand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or such as are well read in *A-jax*."

Again, in The Mastive, &c. a collection of epigrams and satires, no date;

"To thee, brave John, my book I dedicate,
"That wilt from *A-jax* with thy force defend it."

See also Sir John Harrington's New Discourse of a stale Subject, called, the Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596; his Anatomie of the Metamorphosed Ajax, no date; and Ulysses upon Ajax, 1596. All these performances are founded on the same conceit of *Ajax* and *Ajakes*. To the first of them a licence was refused, and the author was forbid the court for writing it. His own copy of it, with MS. notes and illustrations, and a MS. dedication to Thomas Markham, Esq. is now before me. STEEVENS.

See also Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. ix. p. 133, edition 1780. REED.

[5] —a little o'er-PARTED:—] That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable. MALONE.

Quoniam, *he seemeth in minority;*
Ergo, *I come with this apology.*—
Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

[*Exit* MOTH.

*HOL. Judas I am,*—

*DUM.* A Judas!

*HOL.* Not Iscariot, sir.—
*Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.*

*DUM.* Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

*BIRON.* A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

*HOL. Judas I am,*—

*DUM.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*HOL.* What mean you, sir?

*BOYET.* To make Judas hang himself.

*HOL.* Begin, sir; you are my elder.

*BIRON.* Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

*HOL.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*BIRON.* Because thou hast no face.

*HOL.* What is this?

*BOYET.* A cittern head [6].

*DUM.* The head of a bodkin.

*BIRON.* A death's face in a ring.

*LONG.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

*BOYET.* The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

*DUM.* The carv'd-bone face on a flask [7].

[6] A CITTERN HEAD.] So, in Fancies Chaste and Noble, 1638: "—A *cittern-headed* gew-gaw." Again, in Decker's Match me in London, 1631: "Fiddling on a *cittern* with a man's broken *head* at it." Again, in Ford's Lover's Melancholy, 1629: "I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece—"

"Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers shall wear thee on their *citterns*," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] —on a FLASK.] i. e. a soldier's powder-horn. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"—— like powder in a skilless soldier's *flask*,
"Is set on fire."

*Biron.* St. George's half-cheek in a brooch [8].
*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.
*Biron.* False; we have given thee faces.
*Hol.* But you have out-fac'd them all.
*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.
*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.
*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
*Boyet.* A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.
*Prin.* Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

*Enter Armado arm'd, for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.
*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
*King.* Hector was but a Trojan [9] in respect of this.

Again, in The Devil's Charter, 1607:
"Keep a light match in cock; wear *flask* and touch-box."
STEEVENS.

[8] St. George's half-cheek in a BROOCH.] A *brooch* is an ornamental buckle, for fastening hat-bands, girdles, mantles, &c. See a figure and description of a fine one, in Pennant's Tour in Scotland, vol. iii. p. 14. HARRIS.

[9] Hector was but a TROJAN —] A *Trojan*, I believe, was, in the time of Shakspeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in King

*Boyet.* But is this Hector?
*Dum.* I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.
*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector.
*Dum.* More calf, certain.
*Boyet.* No; he is best indued in the small.
*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.
*Dum.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
*Arm.* *The armipotent Mars, of lances*[1] *the almighty,*
*Gave Hector a gift,*—
*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.
*Biron.* A lemon.
*Long.* Stuck with cloves[2].
*Dum.* No, cloven.
*Arm.* Peace *!

* So quarto; folio omits *Peace.*

Henry IV. Part I.: "Tut there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of," &c. Again, in this scene: "unless you play the *honest* Trojan," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] —*of* LANCES —] i. e. of lance-men. So, in King Lear:
"And turn our imprest *lances* in our eyes." STEEVENS.

[2] Stuck with cloves.] An orange *stuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonson, in his Christmas Masque: "— he has an *orange* and rosemary, but not a *clove* to stick in it." A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same occasion.

The use, however, of an *orange*, &c. may be ascertained from The Second Booke of Notable Things, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l.: "Wyne wyll be pleasant in taste and savour, if an *orenge* or a *Lymon* (stickt round about with *Cloaves*) be hanged within the vessell that it touche not the wyne. And so the wyne wyll be preserved from foystines and evyll savor." STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1598, reads—A *gift* nutmeg; and if a *gilt* nutmeg had not been mentioned by Ben Jonson, I should have thought it right. So we say, a *gift*-horse, &c. We learn that a nutmeg was a common gift among the lower orders from Whimzies, or A New Cast of Characters, 1631. "If hee [an ostler] may make so much bold with you, hee will send his commends sweetned with a nutmeg, by you to the ostler of your next Inne. And this begits reciprocall curtesies betwixt them." MALONE.

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
*Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;*
*A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea*[3]
*From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*
*I am that flower,—*

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man *—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the Princess,*] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*Biron whispers Costard.*

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

*Cost.* The party is gone[4], fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,

* First folio omits, *when he breathed he was a man.*

[3] —*he would fight,* YEA,] Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plausibly reads—he would *fight ye;* a common vulgarism. STEEVENS.

I should read:

"—— that certain he would fight *ye,*"

which I think improves both the sense and the rhyme.—He would run *you* five miles in an hour—he would ride *you* from morning till night, is a mode of expression still in use. M. MASON.

[4] The party is gone,] These words in the old copies are given as the end of Armado's speech.

the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates[4]; stir them on! stir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man[5]; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms[6] again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed worthies.

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

[4] — more Ates;] That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. Johnson.

So, in King John:

"An *Até*, stirring him to war and strife." Steevens.

[5] — like a northern man;] *Vir Borealis*, a clown. See Glossary to Urry's Chaucer. Farmer.

Dr. Farmer quotes from memory. This derivation is not in Urry's Glossary, but it is found in An Optick Glasse of Humours, by T. W. 1663. Boswell.

[6] — my arms —] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. Johnson.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen[7]: since when, I'll be sworn, he

[7] —it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: &c.] This may possibly allude to a story well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his best services. The dying man told him he had but one request to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their past friendship, punctually to comply with it; which was not to suffer him to be stript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promised, the Spaniard closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprise, that he was without a shirt.

Warburton.

"True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: &c." This is a plain reference to the following story in Stowe's Annals, p. 98, (in the time of Edward the Confessor:) "Next after this (king Edward's first cure of the king's evil,) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Vifunius Spileorne, the son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, who, when he hewed timber in the wood of Brutheullena, laying him down to sleep after his sore labour, the blood and humours of his head so congealed about his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the space of nineteen years; but then (as he had been moved in his sleep) he *went woolward* and bare-footed to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindness." Dr. Grey.

The same custom is alluded to in an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c.

"And when his shirt's a washing, then he must
"Go *woolward* for the time; he scorns it, he,
"That worth two shirts his laundress should him see."

Again, in A Merry Geste of Robyn Hood, bl. l. no date:

"Barefoot, *woolward* have I hight,
"Thether for to go."

wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Again, in Powell's History of Wales, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons slew 1000 priests and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay brethren, &c. who were come bare-footed and *woolward* to crave mercy," &c. STEEVENS.

In Lodge's Incarnate Devils, 1596, we have the character of a *swashbuckler*: "His common course is to go always untrust; except when his *shirt is a washing*, and then he goes *woolward*."

FARMER.

"*Woolward*."—"I have no shirt: I go *woolward* for penance." The learned Dr. Grey, whose accurate knowledge of our old historians has often thrown much light on Shakspeare, supposes that this passage is a *plain reference* to a story in Stowe's Annals, p. 98. But where is the connection or resemblance between this monkish tale and the passage before us? There is nothing in the story, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the singular expression *go woolward*; which, at the same time is not explained by the annotator, nor illustrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this sense it seems to be used in Pierce Plowman's Visions, Pass. xviii. fol. 96, b. edit. 1550:

"*Wolward* and wetshod *went* I forth after
"As a rechless reuke, that of no wo retcheth,
"And yedeforth like a lorell," &c.

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon wol, *plague*, secondarily *any great distress*, and weard, *toward*. Thus, says he, it signifies, "in magno discrimine & expectatione magni mali constitutus." I rather think it should be written *woolward*, and that it means *clothed in wool*, and *not in linen*. This appears, not only from Shakspeare's context, but more particularly from an historian who relates the legend before cited, and whose words Stowe has evidently translated. This is Ailred, abbot of Rievaulx, who says, that our blind man was admonished, "Ecclesias numero octoginta *nudis pedibus* et *absque linteis* circumire." *Dec. Scriptor.* 392, 50. The same story is told by William of Malmsbury, Gest. Reg. Angl. lib. ii. p. 91, edit. 1601. And in Caxton's Legenda Aurea, fol. 307, edit. 1493. By the way it appears, that Stowe's Vifunius Spileorne, son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, ought to be Wulwin, surnamed de Spillicote, son of Wulmar de Lutegarshelle, now Ludgershall: and the wood of Brutheullena is the forest of Bruelle, now called Brill, in Buckinghamshire.

T. WARTON.

To this speech in the old copy, *Boy* is prefixed, by which designation most of Moth's speeches are marked. The name of *Boyet*

*Enter a Messenger, Monsieur* MERCADE.

*Mer.* God save you, madam!

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life.

*Mer.* Even so; my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath:
I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion [8], and I will right myself like a soldier.
[*Exeunt Worthies.*

*King.* How fares your majesty?

is generally printed at length. It seems better suited to Armado's page than to Boyet, to whom it has been given in the modern editions. MALONE.

[8] I have seen the day of WRONG through the little hole of discretion,] This has no meaning. We should read,—the day of *right;* i. e. I have seen that a day will come when I shall have justice done me, and therefore I prudently reserve myself for that time. WARBURTON.

I believe it rather means,—I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of discretion, (i. e. not been too forward to resent them,) and shall insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier. To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

"One may see day at a little hole," is a proverb in Ray's Collection: "Day-light will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's.

Again, in Churchyard's Charge, 1580, p. 9:

"At *little hoales* the *daie* is *seen*." STEEVENS.

The passage is faulty; but Warburton has mistaken the meaning of it, and the place in which the error lies.

Armado means to say, in his affected style, that "he had discovered that he was wronged, and was determined to right himself as a soldier;" and this meaning will be clearly expressed if we read it thus, with a very slight alteration:—"I have seen the *day* of wrong, through the little hole of discretion." M. MASON.

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal [9] opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath [1], your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue [2]:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks

9 — liberal —] *Free to excess.* So, in The Merchant of Venice:

" —— there they show
" Something too *liberal*." STEEVENS.

1 In the CONVERSE of breath,] Perhaps *converse* may, in this line, mean *interchange*. JOHNSON.

*Converse of breath* means no more than conversation "made up of breath," as our author expresses himself in Othello. Thus also, in the Merchant of Venice:

" Therefore I scant this *breathing courtesy*." STEEVENS.

2 A heavy heart bears not an HUMBLE tongue:] Thus all the editions; but, surely, without either sense or truth. None are more *humble* in speech, than they who labour under any oppression. The Princess is desiring her grief may apologize for her not expressing her obligations at large; and my correction is conformable to that sentiment. Besides, there is an antithesis between *heavy* and *nimble;* but between *heavy* and *humble*, there is none. THEOBALD.

The following passage in King John, inclines me to dispute the propriety of Mr. Theobald's emendation:

" ——*grief* is proud, and makes his owner *stout*."

By *humble*, the Princess seems to mean *obsequiously thankful*. STEEVENS.

So, in the Merchant of Venice;

" Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key
" With 'bated breath, and whispering *humbleness*," &c.

A heavy heart, says the Princess, does not admit of that verbal obeisance which is paid by the humble to those whom they address. Farewell therefore at once. MALONE.

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme parts of time extremely form *
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides [3]
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince [4];
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not; my griefs are double [5].

* First folio and quarto, *formes*.

[3] And often, AT HIS VERY LOOSE, decides, &c.] *At his very loose*, may mean, *at the moment of his parting*, i. e. of his *getting loose*, or away from us.

So, in some ancient poem, of which I forgot to preserve either the date or title:

"Envy discharging all her pois'nous darts,
"The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,
"At her fierce *loose* that weakly never parts,
"But in despight doth force her to retire." STEEVENS.

[4] — which fain IT WOULD convince;] We must read:

"—— which fain *would it* convince;"

that is, the entreaties of love which would fain *over-power* grief. So Lady Macbeth declares: That she will *convince* the chamberlains with wine. JOHNSON.

If Johnson was right with respect to the meaning of this passage, I should think that the words, as they now stand, would express it without the transposition which he proposes to make. Place a comma after the word *it*, and *fain it would convince*, will signify the same as *fain would convince it*.—In reading, it is certain that a proper emphasis will supply the place of that transposition. But I believe that the words *which fain it would convince*, mean only what it would wish to succeed in obtaining. To *convince* is to *overcome*; and to prevail in a suit which was strongly denied, is a kind of conquest. M. MASON.

[5] I understand you not; my griefs are DOUBLE.] I suppose, she

*Biron.* Honest plain words [6] best pierce the ear of grief;—
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms [7],

means, 1. on account of the death of her father; 2. on account of not understanding the king's meaning.—A modern editor, [Mr. Capell,] instead of *double*, reads *deaf;* but the former is not at all likely to have been mistaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. Malone.

[6] Honest plain words, &c.] As it seems not very proper for Biron to court the Princess for the King in the king's presence at this critical moment, I believe the speech is given to a wrong person. I read thus:

"*Prin.* I understand you not, my griefs are double:
"Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.
"*King.* And by these badges," &c. Johnson.

Too many authors sacrifice propriety to the consequence of their principal character, into whose mouth they are willing to put more than justly belongs to him, or at least the best things they have to say. The original actor of Biron, however, like Bottom in The Midsummer-Night's Dream, might have wrested this speech from an inferior performer. I have been assured, that Mercutio's rhapsody concerning the tricks of Queen Mab, was put into the mouth of Romeo by the late Mr. Sheridan, as often as he himself performed that character in Ireland. Steevens.

I think Johnson judges ill in wishing to give this speech to the king; it is an apology not for him alone, but for all the competitors in oaths, and Biron is generally their spokesman. M. Mason.

In a former part of this scene Biron speaks for the king and the other lords, and being at length exhausted, tells them, they must woo for themselves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this respect; but think with Dr. Johnson that the line "Honest," &c. belongs to the Princess. Malone.

[7] Full of STRANGE shapes, of habits, and of forms,] The old copies read—Full of *straying* shapes. Both the sense and the

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us [8] to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters full of love:
Your favours, the embassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time [9]:

metre appear to me to require the emendation which I suggested some time ago: "*strange* shapes" might have been easily confounded by the ear with the words that have been substituted in their room. In Coriolanus we meet with a corruption of the same kind, which could only have arisen in this way:

"———— Better to starve
"Than crave the *higher* [hire] which first we do deserve."

The following passages of our author will, I apprehend, fully support the correction that has been made:

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
"Applied to cautels, all *strange forms* receives."

*Lover's Complaint.*

Again, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"——the *impression* of *strange* kinds
"Is *form'd* in them, by force, by fraud, or skill."

In King Henry V. 4to. 1600, we have—*Forraging* blood of French nobility, instead of *Forrage in* blood, &c. Mr. Capell, I find, has made the same emendation. Malone.

[8] Suggested us—] That is, *tempted* us. Johnson.

So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*."

Steevens.

[9] As bombast, and as lining to the time:] This line is obscure. *Bombast* was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called

But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*wadding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight; whence the same name is given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The Princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure.

JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falstaff, "—my sweet creature of *bombast*."

STEEVENS.

"We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
"Your favours the embassadors of love;
"And in our maiden council rated them
"At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
"As bombast, and as lining to the time:
"But more devout than *these in our* respects,
"Have we not *been*, and therefore met your loves
"In their own fashion, like a merriment."] The sixth verse being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton proposes to read:

"But more devout than *this* (*save* our respects)
"Have we not been;—"

Dr. Johnson prefers the conjecture of Sir T. Hanmer:

"But more devout than *this*, *in* our respects."

I would read, with less violence, I think, to the text, though with the alteration of two words:

"But more devout than these are *your* respects
"Have we not *seen*." TYRWHITT.

The difficulty, I believe, arises only from Shakspeare's remarkable position of his words, which may be thus construed.—*But we have not been more devout*, or made a more serious matter of your letters and favours than these *our respects*, or considerations and reckonings of them, are, and as we have just before said,—we rated them in our maiden council at courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy. TOLLET.

The quarto, 1598, reads:

"But more devout than *this* our respects."

There can be no doubt, therefore, that Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture is right. The word *in*, which the compositor inadvertently omitted, completes both the sense and metre. MALONE.

*Ros.* We did not quote them so[1].
*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in[2]:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds[3],
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love[4];
Then, at the expiration of the year,

[1] We did not QUOTE them so.] The old copies read—*coat*.
We should read—*quote*, esteem, reckon; though our old writers spelling by the ear, probably wrote—*cote*, as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.
*Cote* is only the old spelling of *quote*. So, again, in our poet's Rape of Lucrece, 1594:
"Yea, the illiterate—
"Will *cote* my loathed trespass in my looks." MALONE.
"We did not *quote* 'em so," is,—we did not regard them as such. So, in Hamlet:
"I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him." See Act II. Sc. I.
STEEVENS.

[2] To make a WORLD-WITHOUT-END bargain in:] This singular phrase, which Shakspeare borrowed probably from our liturgy, occurs again in his 57th Sonnet:
"Nor dare I chide the *world-without-end* hour."
MALONE.

[3] — and thin WEEDS,] i. e. clothing. MALONE.

[4] — and LAST love;] *Last* is a verb. If it *last* love, means, if it *continue* to be love. STEEVENS.

Come challenge, challenge me [5] by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest [6],
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank [7];
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

[5] Come challenge, challenge me —] The old copies read (probably by the compositor's eye glancing on a wrong part of the line,) "Come challenge *me*, challenge me," &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

[6] To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,] Dr. Warburton would read—*fetter*, but *flatter* or *sooth* is, in my opinion, more apposite to the king's purpose than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read:

"To flatter *on* these *hours of time* with rest;"

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay pass in quiet. Johnson.

[7] — are rank;] The folio and quarto, 1598, read—are *rack'd*. Steevens.

"— your sins are *rack'd;*" i. e. *extended* "to the top of their bent." So, in Much Ado About Nothing:

"Why, then we *rack* the value."

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—are *rank*. Malone.

Rowe's emendation is every way justifiable. Things *rank* (not those which are *racked*) need *purging*. Besides, Shakspeare has used the same epithet on the same occasion in Hamlet:

"O! my *offence* is *rank*, it smells to heaven."

Steevens.

But seek the weary beds of people sick[8].

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Kath.* A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Kath.* Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says Maria?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,

[8] *Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.] These six verses both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expunged; and therefore I have put them between crotchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's draught, which he afterwards rejected, and executed the same thought a little lower with much more spirit and elegance. Shakspeare is not to answer for the present absurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Rosaline's speech too long in the second plan, had abridg'd it to the lines above quoted; but, in publishing the play, stupidly printed both the original speech of Shakspeare, and their own abridgement of it. THEOBALD.

What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour [9] of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans [1],
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;

9 — FIERCE endeavour —] *Fierce* is *vehement, rapid.* So, in King John:

" ——*fierce* extremes of sickness." STEEVENS.

1 — DEAR groans,] *Dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dere*, sad, odious. JOHNSON.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate, consequential.* So, already in this scene:

" —— full of *dear* guiltiness." STEEVENS.

But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital[2].

*Prin.* Ay, sweet, my lord; and so I take my leave. [*To the King.*

*King.* No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter Armado.*

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

[2] The characters of Biron and Rosaline suffer much by comparison with those of Benedick and Beatrice. We know that Love's Labour's Lost was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have seen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumstance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of Much Ado about Nothing. Steevens.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.
*Arm.* Holla! approach.

*Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

## SONG.

Spring. *When daisies pied*[3], *and violets blue,*
*And lady-smocks all silver-white,*
*And cuckoo-buds*[4] *of yellow hue,*
*Do paint the meadows with delight,*

[3] *When daisies pied*, &c.] The first lines of this song that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. Johnson.

[4] —*cuckoo-buds*—] Gerard, in his Herbal, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in English *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-Bells*, and at Namptwich in Cheshire *ladie-smocks*." Shakspeare, however, might not have been sufficiently skilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has observed, that Lyte in his Herbal, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowslips* are in French, of some called *coquu*, prime vere, and brayes de *coquu*. This, he thinks, will sufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he supposes *cowslip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's Dictionary, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. Steevens.

*Cuckoo-buds* must be wrong. I believe *cowslip-buds*, the true reading. Farmer.

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonson's works, many years ago proposed to read *crocus* buds. The cuckoo-flower, he observed, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himself no mean botanist, has distinguished it:

"*Albaque* cardamine," &c. Malone.

Crocus *buds* is a phrase unknown to naturalists and gardeners. Steevens.

*The cuckoo then, on every tree,*
*Mocks married men, for thus sings he,*
*Cuckoo;*
*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,*
*Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,*
*And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,*
*When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,*
*And maidens bleach their summer smocks,*
*The cuckoo then, on every tree,*
*Mocks married men, for thus sings he,*
*Cuckoo;*
*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,*
*Unpleasing to a married ear!*

III.

WINTER. *When icicles hang by the wall*[5],
*And Dick the shepherd blows his nail*[6],
*And Tom bears logs into the hall,*
*And milk comes frozen home in pail,*

5 *When icicles hang* BY THE WALL,] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of frost. So, in King Henry IV.:

" Let us not *hang* like roping *icicles*,
" Upon our *houses' thatch*."

Our author (whose images are all taken from nature) has alluded in The Tempest, to the drops of water that after rain flow from such coverings, in their natural unfrozen state:

" His tears run down his beard like *winter's drops*
" *From eaves of reeds*." MALONE.

6 *And Dick the* SHEPHERD BLOWS HIS NAIL,] So, in K. Hen. VI. Part III.:

" What time *the shepherd, blowing of his nails*,
" Can neither call it perfect day or night." MALONE.

*When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,*
*Then nightly sings the staring owl,*
*To-who;*
*Tu-whit, to-who*[7], *a merry note,*
*While greasy Joan doth keel the pot*[8].

[7] —*nightly sings the staring owl,*
*To-who; tu-whit, to-who,*] So, in Lyly's Mother Bombie:
"*To-whit, to-whoo, the owle* does cry." HOLT WHITE.
"*Tu-whit, to-who,*—" These terms were employed also to denote the musick of birds in general. Thus, in the song of Spring, in Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600:
"Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds doe sing,
"Cuckow, jugge, jugge, pu we, *to witta woo.*"
But, in Sidney's verses at the end of the Arcadia, they are confined to the owl:
"Their angel-voice surpriz'd me now;
"But Mopfa her *too-whit, to-hoo,*
"Descending through her hoboy nose,
"Did that distemper soon compose:
"And, therefore, O thou precious *owl,*" &c. TODD.

[8] —*doth* KEEL *the pot.*] This word is yet used in Ireland, and signifies *to scum the pot.* GOLDSMITH.
So, in Marston's What You Will, 1607:—"Faith, Doricus, thy brain boils, *keel* it, *keel* it, or all the fat's in the fire."
STEEVENS.
To *keel the pot* is certainly to *cool it*, but in a particular manner: it is to stir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over*.
FARMER.
"—*keel the pot.*" i. e. cool the pot. "The thing is, they mix their thicking of oatmeal and water, which they call *blending the litting* [or *lithing,*] and put it in the pot, when they set on, because when the meat, pudding and turnips are all in, they cannot so well mix it, but 'tis apt to go into lumps; yet this method of theirs renders the pot liable to boil over at the first rising, and every subsequent increase of the fire; to prevent which it becomes necessary for one to attend to cool it occasionally, by lading it up frequently with a ladle, which they call *keeling the pot*, and is indeed a greasy office." *Gent. Mag.* 1760. This account seems to be accurate. RITSON.
To *keel* signifies to *cool* in general, without any reference to the kitchen. So, in the ancient metrical romance of The Sowdon of Babyloyne, MS. p. 80:
"That alle men shall take hede
"What deth traytours shall fele,
"That assente to such falshede,
"Howe the wynde theyr bodyes shal *kele.*"

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,*
*And coughing drowns the parson's saw*[9],
*And birds sit brooding in the snow,*
*And Marian's nose looks red and raw,*
*When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl*[1],
*Then nightly sings the staring owl,*
*To-who;*

Again, in Gower De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 121, b:

"The cote he found, and eke he feleth
"The mace, and then his herte *keleth*
"That there durst he not abide."

Again, fol. 131, b:

"With water on his finger ende
"Thyne hote tonge to *kele*."

Mr. Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical History of The Battle of Floddon, that it is a common thing in the North "for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot."

"Gie me beer, and gie me grots,
"And lumps of beef to swum abeen;
"And ilka time that I stir the pot,
"He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen*." STEEVENS.

9 —*the parson's* SAW,] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. So, in the fourth chapter of the first Book of The Tragedies of John Bochas, translated by Lidgate:

"These old poetes in their *sawes* swete
"Full covertly in their verses do fayne." STEEVENS.

Yet in As You Like It, our author uses this word in the sense of a sentence or maxim: "Dead shepherd, now I find thy *saw* of might," &c. It is, I believe, so used here. MALONE.

1 *When roasted crabs*, &c.] i. e. the wild apples so called. Thus, in The Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"And sometimes lurk I *in a gossip's bowl*,
"In very likeness of a *roasted crab*."

Again, in Like Will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587:

"Now *a crab* in the fire were worth a good groat:
"That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Toss-pot."

Again, in Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600:

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,*
*While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt*[2].

"Sitting in a corner, turning *crabs*,
"Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale."

"*When roasted crabs* hiss *in the bowl*,—" Hence, perhaps, the following passage in Milton's Epitaphium Damonis:

"—— grato cum *sibilat* igni
"Molle pyrum,—" Steevens.

The bowl must be supposed to be filled with ale: a toast and some spice and sugar being added, what is called *lamb's wool* is produced. So, in King Henry V. 1598 (not our author's play):

"Yet we will have in store a *crab in the fire*,
"With nut-brown ale, that is full stale," &c. Malone.

[2] In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden Queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare. Johnson.

## ACT I. SCENE I. Page 289.

This CHILD OF FANCY, that Armado hight, &c.] This, as I have shown in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as Monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of The Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and instead of giving us an account of these books of chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised

to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the provincial writers, called likewise romances; and so, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable satire to bring them back to their senses. The French suffered an easier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough discredited the books of chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the *refined politicks* of his countrymen: of which they were as much possessed as the Spaniards of their *romantick bravery:* a *bravery* our Shakspeare makes their characteristic in this description of a Spanish gentleman:

" A man of complements, whom *right and wrong*
" *Have chose as umpire* of their mutiny:
" This *child of fancy*, that Armado hight,
" For interim to our studies, shall relate,
" In *high-born words*, the worth of many a knight,
" From *tawny* Spain, lost in the world's debate *."

The sense of which is to this effect: "This gentleman," says the speaker, "shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the romances, and in their very style." Why he says *from tawny Spain*, is, because these romances, being of the Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subjects of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.

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* From tawny Spain, &c.] This passage may, as Dr. Warburton imagines, be in allusion to the Spanish Romances, of which several were extant in English, and very popular at the time this play was written. Such, for instance, as Amadis de Gaule, Don Bellianis, Palmerin d'Oliva, Palmerin of England, the Mirrour of Knighthood, &c. But he is egregiously mistaken in asserting that " the heroes and the scene were generally of that country," which, in fact, (except in an instance or two, nothing at all to the present purpose,) is never the case. If the words *lost in the world's debate* will bear the editor's construction, there are certainly many books of chivalry on the subject. I cannot, however, think that Shakspeare was particularly conversant in works of this description: but, indeed, the alternately rhyming parts, at least, of the present play, are apparently by an inferior hand; the remains, no doubt, of the *old platform*. RITSON.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians: the one, who under the name of Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, wrote The History and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the Saracens out of France and the south parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of those peers, whom the old romances have rendered most famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakspeare makes Alençon, in The First Part of King Henry VI. say: "Froyssard, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the Third did reign." In the Spanish Romance of Bernardo del Carpio, and in that of Roncesvalles, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan en encantador;* and in that of Palmerin de Oliva *, or simply Oliva, those of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Olivier* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the priest in Don Quixote, when he delivers the knight's library to the secular arm of the housekeeper: "Eccetuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro llamado Roncesvalles; que estos en llegando a mis manos, an de estar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission alguna †." And of Oliver he says: "essa Oliva se haga luego raxas, y se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas ‡." The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the Bernardo del Carpio, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be seen in the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad-sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of *our* plain and sensible ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagancies

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* Dr. Warburton is quite mistaken in deriving Oliver from (Palmerin de) Oliva, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spanish language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero, is entitled in Spanish, "Historias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Castilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid, 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus: "Histoire d'Olivier de Castille, & Artus d'Algarbe son loyal compagnon, & de Heleine, Fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. translatée du Latin par Phil. Kamus, in fol. Gothique." It has also appeared in English. See Ames's Typograph. p. 94, 47.

PERCY.

† B. I. C. 6.

‡ Ibid.

than the Spaniards, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, that is of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, *to swagger*. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula, of which the inquisitor priest says: "segun he oydo dezir, este libro fué el primero de Cavallerias qui se imprimiò en Espana, y todos los demás an tomado principio y origen deste ‡;" and for which he humorously condemns it to the fire, *coma à Dogmatazador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests, by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *second* race or class. And as Amadis de Gaula was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, Amadis de Græcia was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in these romances as Roncesvalles is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Ariosto and Tasso, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: Ariosto choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain;* and Tasso, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia:* Ariosto's hero being Orlando, or the French *Roland:* for as the Spaniards, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the Italians, by another make it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in Turpin's famous History of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir John Maunderville, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon. "And also a zonge man, that wist not of the dragoun, went out of the schipp, and went through the ile, till that he cam to the castelle, and cam into the cave; and went so

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‡ B. I. c. 6.

longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he saughe a damyselle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a myrour: and sche hadde moche tresoure abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folye. And he abode till the damyselle saughe the schadowe of him in the myrour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And sche asked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he sayde, nay. And then sche sayde, that he might not ben hire limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and sche scholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kysse hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in lykeness of a dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hideous and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and herefore drede the nought. And zyf thou kysse me, thou schalt have all this tresoure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle. And he departed," &c. p. 29, 30, ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a romance adventure. This honest traveller believed it all, and so, it seems, did the people of the isle. "And some men seyne (says he) that in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykenesse of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And they of the isles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have less credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times, therefore, may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be supposed, that these *children of fancy* (as Shakspeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, insinuating that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*,) should stop * in the midst of so extraordinary a career, or confine themselves within the lists of

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* "For it is not to be supposed, that these Children of Fancy, as Shakspeare calls them, *insinuating thereby that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood*, should stop," &c.] I cannot conceive how Shakspeare, by calling Armado the Child of Fancy, insinuates that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood. The showing that a woman had a child, would be a strange way of proving her in her infancy.—By calling Armado the Child of Fancy, Shakspeare means only to describe him as fantastical.

M. Mason.

the *terra firma*. From *him*, therefore, the Spanish romances took the story of the British Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjuror Merlin. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of chivalry,) the wars of Christians against Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or design, they changed the Saxons into Saracens. I suspect by design; for chivalry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even the wooden image which turned round on an axis, and served the knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino* and *Sarazino;* so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Launcelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called The History of Saint Greaal. This saint Greaal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made saints of the knights-errant, so they made knights errant of their tutelary saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a saint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself: "Là confession (says the preacher) ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant; et si tu es moult & eloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peus estre recordé si non par trois choses: premierement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle este la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c'est le signe de merite.—Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont grande partie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant son plein point de vint menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant, qu'ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—Apres prinst discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut." Hence we find the divinity lectures of Don Quixote, and the penance of his 'squire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Lastly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monastery; or turned hermit, and became a saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those dia-

logues between Sancho and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn saint or archbishop.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As first, the nature of the subject, which was a religious war or crusade; secondly, the quality of the first writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted justs and tournaments, because he understood they had much hindered the crusade decreed in the council of Vienna. "Torneamenta ipsa & hastiludia sive juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consuevere frequentiús exerceri, specialiter interdixit." *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the crusades by turning the fondness for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we see the books of knight-errantry so full of solemn justs and torneaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule where he makes his knight purpose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation*. WARBURTON.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at least, very much misplaced. There is not a single passage in the character of Armado, that has the least relation to *any story in any romance of chivalry*. With what propriety, therefore, a dissertation on the *origin and nature of those romances* is here introduced, I cannot see; and I should humbly advise the next editor of Shakspeare to omit it. That he may have the less scruple upon that head, I shall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be sufficient to show, that the learned writer's hypothesis was formed upon a very hasty and imperfect view of the subject.

At setting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly,—that "Monsieur Huet, the Bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these [books of chivalry] in that superficial work."—The fact is true, that Monsieur Huet has said very little of romances of chivalry; but the imputation with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of—"putting the change upon his reader," and "dropping his proper subject" for another, "that had no relation to it more than in the name," is unfounded.

It appears plainly from Huet's introductory address to De

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* See Part II. l. 5, c. 1.

Segrais, that his object was to give some account of those romances which were then popular in France, such as the Astrée of D'Urfé, the Grand Cyrus of De Scuderi, &c. He defines the romances of which he means to treat, to be *fictions des avantures amoureuses;* and he excludes epic poems from the number, because— "Enfin les poëmes ont pour sujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occasion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour sujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plûpart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Espagnols sont bien moins amoureux que militaires." After this declaration, surely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to stigmatise his work as superficial, upon account of that omission. I shall have occasion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *superficial work*, (as he is pleased to call it,) seems to have shut his eyes against every ray of good sense and just observation, has condescended to borrow from it a very gross mistake.

Dr. W.'s own positions, to the support of which his subsequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two: 1. That romances of chivalry being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country; 2. That the subjects of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. The first position, being complicated, should be divided into the two following: 1. That romances of chivalry were of Spanish original; 2. That the heroes and the scene of them were generally of that country.

Here are therefore three positions, to which I shall say a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premise a sort of definition of a romance of chivalry: if Dr. W. had done the same, he must have seen the hazard of systematizing in a subject of such extent, upon a cursory perusal of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the discussion of a question of antiquity.

A romance of chivalry, therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verse or prose, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themselves in their several situations and adventures, agreeably to the institutions and customs of chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether historical or fictitious, and in whatever country, or age, the scene of the action may be laid, if the actors are represented as knights, I should call such a fable a romance of chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehensive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever so much; let any other be substituted in its room; Dr. W.'s *first* position, *that ro-*

*mances of chivalry were of Spanish original*, cannot be maintained. Monsieur Huet would have taught him better. He says very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spanish romances, "*sont posterieurs à nos Tristans et à nos Lancelots, de quelques centaines d'années.*" Indeed the fact is indisputable. Cervantes, in a passage quoted by Dr. W. speaks of Amadis de Gaula (the first four books) as the *first book of chivalry printed in Spain*. Though he says only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written*. And indeed there is no good reason to believe that Amadis was written long before it was printed. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a system, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s *second* position, *that the heroes and the scene of these romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the second volume of Du Fresnoy's Bibliotheque des Romans, and look over his lists of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will see that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With respect to the general scene of such irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were used, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am sensible of the impropriety of asserting any thing positively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to assert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the scene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in those few romances which treat expressly of the affair at Roncesvalles.

His *last* position, *that the subjects of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians, against the Saracens of Asia and Africa*, might be admitted with a small amendment. If it stood thus: *the subjects of* some, *or a* few, *of these romances were the crusades*, &c. the position would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to support a system.

After this state of Dr. W.'s hypothesis, one must be curious to see what he himself has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two first* positions he says not one word: I suppose he intended that they should be received as axioms. He begins his illustrations of his *third* position, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms*, for a reason which will appear): "Indeed *the wars* of the Christians against *the Pagans* were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians, the one, who under the name of Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, wrote The History and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers;—the other our Geoffry of Monmouth." Here we see the reason for changing the terms of *crusades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans;* for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pseudo-

Turpin, might be called a crusade against the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a crusade, nor a single Saracen in his whole history; which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I must observe too, that the speaking of Turpin's history under the title of The History of the Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, is inaccurate and unscholar-like, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that history.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect some account of the first builders and their edifices; but instead of that we have a digression upon Oliver and Roland, in which an attempt is made to say something of those two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakspeare, and Don Quixote, and some modern Spanish romances. My learned friend, the Dean of Carlisle, has taken notice of the strange mistake of Dr. W. in supposing that the feats of Oliver were recorded under the name of Palmerin de Oliva; a mistake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the first page of the book. And I very much suspect that there is a mistake, though of less magnitude, in the assertion, that "in the Spanish romance of Bernardo del Carpio, and in that of Roncesvalles, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of Roldan el Encantador." Dr. W.'s authority for this assertion was, I apprehend, the following passage of Cervantes, in the first chapter of Don Quixote: "Mejor estava con Bernardo del Carpio porque en Roncesvalles avia muerto à Roldan el Encantado, valiendose de la industria de Hercules, quando ahogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los braços." Where it is observable, that Cervantes does not appear to speak of more than one romance; he calls Roldan *el encantado*, and not *el encantador;* and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be understood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expressing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment*.

But this is a small matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the press for *encantado*. From this digression Dr. W. returns to the subject of the old romances in the following manner. "This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula." According to all common rules of construction, I think the latter sentence must be understood to imply, that Amadis de Gaula was one of the elder romances, and that the subject of it was the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain; whereas, for the reasons already given, Amadis, in comparison with many other romances, must be considered as *a very modern one;* and the subject of it has not the least connection with *any driving of the Saracens whatsoever*.—But what follows is still more extraordinary. "When

this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as Amadis de Gaula was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, Amadis de Græcia was at the head of the latter."—It is impossible, I apprehend, to refer *this subject* to any antecedent but that in the paragraph last quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain*. So that, according to one part of the hypothesis here laid down, the subject *of the driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*, was well exhausted by the old romances (with Amadis de Gaula at the head of them) before the crusades; the first of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the crusades happened in the interval between Amadis de Gaula, and Amadis de Græcia; a space of twenty, thirty, or at most fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of Amadis de Græcia is mentioned by Du Fresnoy. What induced Dr. W. to place Amadis de Græcia at the head of his *second race or class* of romances, I cannot guess. The fact is, that Amadis de Græcia is no more concerned in supporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy sepulchre, than Amadis de Gaula in driving the Saracens out of France and Spain. And a still more pleasant circumstance is, that Amadis de Græcia, through more than nine-tenths of his history, is himself a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he supposes to have had their ground-work in Turpin's history. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our Geoffry, he interposes a curious solution of a puzzling question concerning the origin of lying in romances. "Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the Travels of Sir J. Maundevile."—He then gives us a story of an enchanted dragon in the isle of Cos, from Sir J. Maundevile, who wrote his Travels in 1356; by way of *proof*, that the tales of enchantments, &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the East! The proof is certainly not conclusive. On the other hand, I believe it would be easy to show, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very sufficient stock of lies of her own growth, to furnish materials

for every variety of *monstrous embellishment*. At most times, I conceive, and in most countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than necessity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our Geoffry of Monmouth. And him he dispatches very shortly, because, as has been observed before, it is impossible to find any thing in him to the purpose of *crusades*, or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spanish romances, it must be quite unnecessary to say much of Geoffry, as, whatever they have of "the British Arthur and his conjurer Merlin," is of so late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from Geoffry's own book. As to the doubt, "Whether it was by blunder or design that they changed the Saxons to Saracens," I should wish to postpone the consideration of it, till we have some Spanish romance before us, in which King Arthur is introduced carrying on a war against Saracens.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the several facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in support of his *third* position. In support of his *two first* positions, as I have observed already, he has said nothing; and, indeed, nothing can be said. The remainder of his note contains another hypothesis concerning *the strange jumble of nonsense and religion in the old romances*, which I shall not examine. The reader, I presume, by this time is well aware that Dr. W.'s information upon this subject is to be received with caution. I shall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he sets out.—"In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. *The first romance of* Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of *Saint Graal*.—So another is called *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men."—I believe no one, who has ever looked into the common romance of King Arthur, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the Saint Graal was the first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights. And as to the other supposed to be called *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*, there is no reason to believe that any romance with that title ever existed. This is the mistake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from Huet. The reader will judge. Huet is giving an account of the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the curate and barber saved from the flames.—"*Ceux qu'ils jugent dignes d'etre gardez sont* les quatre livres d'Amadis de Gaule,—Palmerin d'Angleterre,—Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie éleison de Montauban (*car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie éleison et Paralipomenon etoient les noms de quelques saints*) où les subtilitez *de la Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie*, et les tromperies *de la Veuve re-*

*posée*, sont fort louées."—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he says of *Kyrie éleison of Montauban*, as well as the witticism in his last sentence, from this passage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *saint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is still more evident (from the passage of Cervantes, which is quoted below *,) that Huet was mistaken in supposing *Kyrie éleison de Montauban* to be the name of a separate romance. He might as well have made *La Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve reposée*, the names of separate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of Tirante le Blanc.—And so much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakspeare will, I believe, readily consent to omit the dissertation here examined, though it certainly has no more relation to the play before us, than to any other of our author's dramas. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious observations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and, I think, I may venture to foretell, that Dr. Warburton's futile performance, like the pismire which Martial tells us was accidentally incrusted with amber, will be ever preserved, for the sake of the admirable comment in which it is now *enshrined*.

"——quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,
"Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis." MALONE.

*Enter Holofernes*,] There is very little personal reflexion in Shakspeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and, as, himself says:

"—— his taxing like a wild-goose flies,
"Unclaim'd of any man —."

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of

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* Don Quixote, lib. i. c. vi. "Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui esté *Tirante el Blanco!* Dadmele acà, compadre, que hago cuenta que he hallado en èl un tesoro de contento, y una mina de passatiempos. *Aqui está Don Quirieleyson de Montalvan*, valeroso Cavallero, y su hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonseca, con la batalla que el valiente Detriante [r. de Tirante) hizo con el alano, *y las agudezas de la Donzella Plazer de mi vida, con los amores y embustes de la viuda Reposada*, y la Senora Emperatriz, enamorado de Hippolito su escudero."

*Aqui está Don Quirieleyson*, &c. HERE, i. e. *in the romance of Tirante el Blanco, is Don Quirieleyson*, &c.

that language under the title of A World of Words, which, in his epistle dedicatory he tells us, "is of little less value than Stephens's Treasure of the Greek Tongue," the most complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who criticised his works, "sea-dogs or land-critics; monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their toongs adders forks, their lips aspes poison, their eyes basiliskes, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swordes of Turks, that strive which shall dive deepest into a *Christian lying bound before them*." Well, therefore, might the mild Nathaniel desire Holofernes to *abrogate scurrility*. His profession too is the reason that Holofernes deals so much in Italian sentences.

There is an edition of Love's Labour's Lost, printed in 1598, and said to be *presented before her Highness this last Christmas*, 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his World of Words, recentibus odiis; and in the preface quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. "There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting on *a good sonnet* of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a Rymer.—Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plaies, and scowre their mouths on Socrates, those very mouths they make to vilifie, shall be the means to amplifie his virtue," &c. Here Shakspeare is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the *sonnet* of *the gentleman his friend*, we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praiseful princess*, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes say, *He will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.* And how much John Florio thought this *affectation argued facility*, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. "His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an AS." With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio*. From the ferocity of this man's temper, it was that Shakspeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant, of Thubal Holoferne. WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of Shakspeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms, which, perhaps, in our author's time, *set the playhouse in a roar*, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was

pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I considered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the Rhombus of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of pastoral entertainment, exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, has introduced a school-master so called, speaking *a leash of languages at once*, and puzzling himself and his auditors with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the present play. Sidney himself might bring the character from Italy; for as Peacham observes, the school-master has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, that they plaie in England, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies;* but representations of *histories* without any decorum."—The scraps of Latin and Italian are transcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about Venice, which has been corrupted so much. The *affectation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewise a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the sonnets to his patrons:

"In Italie your lordship well hath seene
"Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
"Their language learnt, in sound, in style, in sense,
"Prooving by profiting, where you have beene.
"—— To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

We see, then, the character of the schoolmaster might be written with less learning, than Mr. Colman conjectured: nor is the use of the word *thrasonical*, [See this play, Act V. Sc. I.] any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. Stanyhurst writes, in a translation of one of Sir Thomas More's Epigrams:

"Lynckt was in wedlocke a loftye *thrasonical* hufsnuffe."

It can scarcely be necessary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. Colman has advanced in the appendix to his Terence. If this gentleman, at his leisure from modern plays, will condescend to open a few old ones, he will soon be satisfied that Shakspeare was obliged to learn and repeat in the course of his profession, such Latin *fragments* as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis est*, which is quoted from Timon, may be found, not in plays only, but in every *tritical* essay from that of King James to that of Dean Swift inclusive. I will only add, that if Mr. Colman had previously looked at the panegyric on Cartwright, he could not so strangely have misrepresented my argument from it: but thus it must ever be with the most ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me,

however, take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleased to use on this occasion.

Mr. Warton informs us in his Life of Sir Thomas Pope, that there was an old play of Holophernes acted before the Princess Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verses above cited, are prefixed to Florio's Dict. 1598. MALONE.

In support of Dr. Farmer's opinion, the following passage from Orlando Furioso, 1594, may be brought: "— Knowing him to be a *Thrasonical* mad cap, they have sent me a *Gnathonical* companion," &c.

Greene, in the dedication to his Arcadia, has the same word: "— as of some *thrasonical* huffe-snuffe."

Florio's first work is registered on the books of the Stationers' Company, under the following title: "Aug. 1578. Florio his First Frute, being Dialogues in Italian and English, with certen Instructions, &c. to the learning the Italian Tonge." In 1598, he dedicated his Italian and English Dictionary to the Earl of Southampton. In the year 1600, he published his translation of Montaigne. Florio pointed his ridicule not only at dramatic performances, but even at performers. Thus, in his preface to this work; "— as if an owle should represent an eagle, or some tara-rag player should act the princely Telephus with a voyce as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce." STEEVENS.

Assuredly Shakspeare had not John Florio in his thoughts when he formed the character of Holofernes; nor has any probable ground been stated for such a supposition. The merely saying that the plays exhibited long before Shakspeare's, under the denomination of Histories, were not regular tragedies, and did not observe a due dramatick decorum, cannot surely be considered as a personal offence, especially to one that, when Florio's *Second Frutes* was published, had not I believe written a single historical drama. Add to this, that Florio, like our poet, was particularly patronised by Lord Southampton, and therefore we may be confident he would not make the Italian an object of ridicule, even if he had deserved it: of which Warburton has given no satisfactory proof. A contemporary writer describes him as a very homely man, but does not add one word that warrants the supposition that he was a fantastick pedant. "For profitable recreation" (says Sir William Cornwallis the younger) that noble French Knight, the Lord de Montaigne, is most excellent; whom, though I have not been so much beholding to the French as to see in his original, yet divers of his pieces I have seen translated, they that understand both languages, say very well done; and I am able to say (if you will take the word of ignorance), translated into a style admitting as few idle words as our language will endure. It is well fitted in that newe garment; and Montaigne speaks now good English. It is done by a fellow

less beholding to nature for his fortune then witte; yet less for his face than fortunes: the truth is, he lookes more like a good fellowe than a wise man, and yet he is wise beyond either his fortune or education." Essaies, 16mo. 1600.

John Florio was born in the year 1545, and probably came into England early in the reign of Elizabeth. He published his first set of Dialogues in Italian and English, in 1578; and in May, 1581, became a member of Magdalen College, in Oxford, as a servitor of M'Barnaby Barnes, a son of the Bishop of Durham's, though he is not noticed by Antony Wood. How long he continued at the University I am unable to ascertain. He died in 1625. Daniel, the poet, was his brother-in-law. Shakspeare's pedant, though not I conceive intended to represent this inoffensive man, had, I make no doubt, an archetype; and I think the character was formed out of two pedants in Rabelais: Master Tubal Holophernes, and Master Janotus de Bragmardo. Holophernes taught Gargantua his A.B.C.; and afterwards spent forty-six-years in his education. We have, however, no specimen in Rabelais of his method of teaching, or of his language. But the oration of Janotus de Bragmardo for the recovery of the bells, is exactly what our poet has attributed to his pedant's *leash of languages.* MALONE.

That Florio was not meant by Holofernes may be farther shown by an examination of that writer's general style, which is characterized by a fondness for the most homely phrases that our language can supply. But after all, may not Shakspeare have intended a general satire upon the pedantry which was prevalent in his time. See before, p. 362, the quotation from "Lingua," or for the practice of an earlier period, see Wilson's Arte of Rhetorique, 1553, folio 86, where he has given us a ludicrous specimen of an "ynkehorne letter." BOSWELL.

END OF VOL. IV.

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